On a Mexican Mustang

A. E. Sweet
and
J. A. Knox

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ON A MEXICAN MUSTANG

THROUGH TEXAS

FROM THE GULF TO THE RIO GRANDE

BY

ALEX. E. SWEET AND J. ARMOY KNOX

EDITORS OF 'TEXAS SIFTINGS'

A NEW IMPRESSION

WITH TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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Try this book on the public without a preface. If it ~~fails~~ is not a success then, next time, we will buy a ready-made preface and write a book to fit it.

Yours

Alex E. Sweet

J. Armoy Knox

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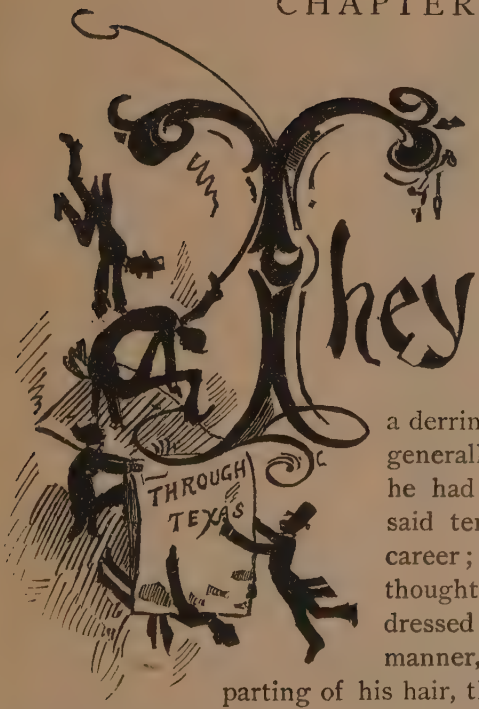
ON A MEXICAN MUSTANG.

CHAPTER I.



They called him a desperado and a gambler.

They said that he "always went heeled, toted a derringer, and was a bad crowd generally." It was rumored that he had killed five, eight, some said ten men during his short career; yet no one would have thought, to look at the well-dressed young man, mild of manner, and careful as to the parting of his hair, that he was the fire-eater he was reputed to be.

He was as unlike the gory desperado of "the villain-still-pursued-her" style of literature as a divinity student is unlike the life-insurance agent of real life. Tottering under the responsibility of a copious diamond breastpin, and carrying a

small cane in his gloved hand, he might have been taken for a hotel clerk, were it not for his conciliatory and gentlemanly manners.

When Phil Parker was pointed out to strangers as a gambler, and a man who had checked several of his acquaintances through to the other world, it was always added that he was a gentleman for all that, and was never known to take an unfair advantage of any of his victims, nor to go back on a friend.

AN EIGHTEEN-CARAT DESPERADO.

This high-toned and honorable desperado "operated" in one of the inland cities of Texas two years ago. He was one of the chief features of the place. He was a character so associated with the city, that to speak of it without mentioning Phil Parker would be like writing a description of Sheffield without alluding to the matter of cutlery.

A stranger stopping a few days in the city where Parker lived, would be apt to leave with the impression that the place consisted of a wretchedly poor jail, a very handsome court-house, and of Phil Parker and several thousand other inhabitants.

Unlike most professional gamblers, he was seldom "broke." When, in the language of the fraternity, he "struck it rich," and was in funds, he would sometimes celebrate the occasion by a free use of the flowing bowl. This made him enthusiastic on the subject of shooting; his enthusiasm culminating in a

visit to some friend's saloon, where he would exhibit his proficiency in the use of the revolver by shattering mirrors, lamp-chimneys, bottles, and other fragile articles, concluding with the laconic remark to the bar-keeper, "Them's mine: put 'em on the slate."

His right to indulge in such mild eccentricities was seldom disputed, for two reasons, — first, to do so would be a risk of the class that insurance companies term extra-hazardous; and, secondly, Phil always dropped in after he became sober, and paid for all the damage done. On several occasions the glass of every lamp on the square was shattered by pistol-bullets fired by some person or persons unknown.

In connection with this, it is a noteworthy fact, that, on every one of these occasions, Phil Parker was in town, and also, that, strange to say, the intelligent and ever-vigilant policeman had just stepped around the corner to obtain a clew from a man regarding a case that was being "worked up" by that lynx-eyed officer (the man wore an apron, and furnished the clew in a tumbler). Thus it was that the unfortunate absence of the peace-officer at the critical moment prevented him from seeing or arresting the offender.

The subject of this sketch was very much respected wherever he was known, especially by the police.

Mat Woodlief, a noted gambler, once kept a saloon in one of the little railroad towns on the Sunset Route. One night a big blustering Texan came into the saloon with some friends. After forming himself into a hollow square around eight or ten able-bodied glasses of whiskey, he became boisterous, and began exhuming old grievances about the war, and its consequences to him in the loss of his plantation and negroes (he never owned a slave in his life, and the only connection he ever had with a plantation was through a hoe-handle). He abused the Yankees, calling them liars and thieves, and using toward them all manner of vile epithets. He said, "I can make the biggest man of them eat dirt, *I* can. I'm hell on the Wabash, *I* am. The durned body-snatchers, they took all of my niggers; but I'll get even with 'em yet. There ain't one of them man enough to stand up with me in a fair fight. I just

want one of them to contradict me, an' I'll bore holes in him till he can't hold water. I wish one of the cowardly *coyotes* would come along now, till I'd carve out the material for a funeral. I'm just pining away for a fight. I'm a raw-hide Texan, *I* am; but I can lick daylight out'n the biggest Yankee ever grew in New England."

During this harangue Phil Parker, who had been playing a quiet game of poker in the back-room, appeared upon the scene. He was dressed in black, a linen duster on his left arm, and a silk hat of the latest style perched jauntily over his right eyebrow. Sucking the end of an ivory-headed walking-cane, this eighteen-carat desperado sauntered up to the bellicose Texan.

THE BELLICOSE TEXAN.

"My friend," said he, "I'm a Yankee from Massachusetts: I'm a harmless and inoffensive drummer, — *suaviter in modo, sed fortiter in re,* as we say in the classics, — and it is with pain that I have heard you ventilate your opinion as you have just now done. I do not like to hurt your feelings, sir: but my duty, under the circumstances, compels me to tell you that you are a coward; my regard for truth causes me to remark that you are a liar; and my wish for a candid interchange of compliments prompts me to state that I do not think you are brave enough to kill a worm, nor that you have the courage to quarrel with a crippled flea."

The warlike mutilator of Yankees was speechless with surprise. The temerity of the man from Massachusetts horrified him.

As Parker concluded his remarks with a bow, the big Texan was boiling over with suppressed rage, and attempted to draw his pistol; but, before his hand touched the stock, a bullet from Parker's six-shooter clipped the lobe off his ear, and the weapon

itself descended on his head, and stretched him senseless on the floor. Parker, assisted by one of his friends, placed the unconscious man in a hack, drove him to a drug-store, had a doctor sew up the wounded ear, and instructing the druggist to "tell that blowhard that he has been fooling with Phil Parker of ——, who has marked him with his private ear-mark," returned to finish his game in the back-room of Woodlief's saloon.

Two years after the date of the occurrence described above, I spent six days in a little town in one of the New-England States with Phil Parker. I did not know then, nor for some time afterwards, who he was. During those six days I knew him only as "the man from Texas."

When I first met "the man from Texas," he wore a wide-brimmed black *sombrero*, ornamented with a silver cord and tassel. His long boots of alligator-skin reached to his knees; and between the crown of the one and the soles of the others there was six feet two inches of a man whose equal was not in Warren County on the day the train went through the bridge. Before the accident, he was sitting in the smoking-car, with his feet out of the window. His coat was off, and he was smoking cigarettes; the train rushing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, panting through cuttings, rattling over trestles, and shooting around curves, like a house on fire. It was a sad accident. The alliterative head-lines in the newspapers next morning spoke of it as, —

AN AWFUL ACCIDENT!

DIRE AND DREADFUL DISASTER!
BROKEN BRIDGE!
ELEVEN LIVES LOST!
PARALYZED PASSENGERS!
BRUISED AND BLEEDING BRAKEMEN!
ETC., ETC., ETC.

The blame was widely distributed. The directors, the engine-driver, and the rotten timbers, — all had their share of censure; but the praise was all for one man. He it was who carried the

scalded and disfigured engine-driver up on the bank, getting the skin burnt off his right hand while doing so. Up to his neck in water, he wrenched the window out of a car, and saved an old lady's life. He tore handkerchiefs into strips, and bound up wounded arms and legs. He organized those who were unhurt, and directed their efforts in rescuing the more unfortunate passengers; and, after all who were alive had been placed out of further danger, he rushed into the burning express-car, and saved a dog that was chained, and in danger of burning to death. He procured restoratives from the neighboring farmhouses, and staid with the people until the relief-train arrived. He did the physical labor of ten men, though suffering from a burned hand and a crushed foot. His praise resounded through all the valley that day. In the excitement of the moment, no one thought to ask his name. We spoke of him as "the man from Texas."

His injuries compelled him to remain over at the next town. With saddle-bags on his arm, he passed out of the depot, modestly bowing in response to the hearty cheers from those he had assisted in their hour of need.

I stopped in the same town for the purpose of having some slight injuries which I had received attended to. "The man from Texas" and I stopped at the same hotel. We soon became acquainted; but, while he staid in the town, no one found out what his name was. On the hotel register he had written what the passengers on the wrecked train called him, — "the man from Texas."

I was very much interested by his tales of frontier life. Without a trace of boastfulness in his tone, he spoke of his twelve thousand head of horned cattle, his herd of eight hundred horses, and his army of *vaqueros* and herders who attended to his stock. He described the pleasures of hunting antelope and buffalo on the plains, of landing four-pound trout on the banks of the beautiful San Marcos, and of shooting alligators in the bayous and lagoons of Eastern Texas. He gave me a cordial invitation to "come and stay a month or two" at his ranch on the Rio Frio.

I had purposed taking a holiday of six months, and spending

it in travel through Europe; but I changed my intention when I had listened for a few hours to descriptions of life in the Lone Star State from the lips of "the man from Texas." And when he spoke of the health to be found on the Western prairies, the clear air, the pure water, and the beneficial influence of exercise derived from a travelling copartnership with a Texas or Mexican pony, I at once decided to change the intended route of travel, and instead of walking, knapsack on back, over the beaten tracks of Europe, to take a trip through the comparatively unknown wilds of Texas on board of a Mexican mustang.

"The man from Texas" did not tell me his name; but he described the location of his ranch, and told me how to reach it. I accepted his invitation; and, although I met him afterwards, I never saw his ranch. I subsequently discovered that it was identical with the location of his castle in Spain.

The result of my acceptance of his invitation was to me three months of a vagabond life on the western frontier of Texas, thirteen weeks of Bedouin-like meanderings among the cattle on a thousand hills, out of reach of the newsboy's cry, and far from the sound of the street-car bells.

I left New York on the fourth day of May, on board the steamship "City of San Antonio," and arrived in Galveston on the 14th of the same month.

Galveston, as seen from the deck of the steamboat, is a strange and unique city. It is built on an island of sand, no part of which is more than six feet above high-water mark.

As the sun went down below the low coast-line, we sighted the city, which lay apparently on the bosom of the placid waters of the bay. Its towers, domes, and minarets, glittering in the last rays of the setting sun, would have reminded one very much of Venice, if Galveston had had any towers, domes, and things.

The short twilight gave place to clear moonlight, as we steamed up the bay. Looking across at the city cradled on the bosom of the deep, with the silver radiance of the moonlight bathing her white buildings and sandy streets in a flood of tender light, there is a weird and mystic influence in the

scene: a sort of baseless-fabric-of-a-vision feeling comes over the beholder; and, if there is a sentimental spark in his nature, he "drops into poetry."

Galveston is the chief port of Texas, and is in communication, by steam and sail ships, with all parts of the commercial world. The island on which the city is built is some thirty miles long, and from one to two miles in breadth. It is separated from the mainland by a bay several miles wide, affording a safe harbor for light-draught ships. Railroad bridges built on piles connect the island with the mainland. These bridges are each one mile in length. Galveston Island is celebrated for its beach, which runs the full length of the island on the ocean side. When the tide is out, it is one of the finest drives in the United States. So smooth and hard is it, that the impress of a horse's hoof is barely discernible.

Except in the business part of the city, almost all the houses are built of wood, — light, airy structures, painted white, with verandas and galleries (usually on the south side), where, in the summer-time, the inhabitants sit in the cool of the evening, enjoying the balmy Gulf-breezes and the perfume of the oleander and orange trees.

The oleander grows to a height of twenty feet, and many of the streets are lined with them on both sides. The orange grows and matures in most of the gardens; and, in the fall, the rich golden fruit, with its tropical suggestions, adds much to the attractions of the place.

A more cosmopolitan population than that of Galveston does not exist anywhere in the world. All the nations of the earth, and the islands of the seas, are represented on her streets. The musical nobleman of sunny Italy, and the deceptive Mongolian, are as much at home as the festive Milesian or solid Teuton; and, for diversity of languages, a Galveston street-corner crowd could beat the builders of the Tower of Babel in one inning, with several languages to spare.

The following is from a Texas paper: —

"The stranger from a colder clime and less flowery land, who visits Galveston in early spring, and rambles about that portion of the city devoted to private residences, is involuntarily thrown into ecstasies. Here he in-

hales the perfume of the orange-blossom, and gazes in rapture upon the never-ending oleander. Here are vine-covered bowers in the full glory of verdure, and walks glittering with the beautiful and myriad-hued shells gathered from the beach. Here are flowers so rich in hue and variety as to awaken dreams of the Orient."

Now, I believe every word of the above to be true, not even excepting the "ecstasies;" but why did he not add, "Here are back-yards and alleys, whose exuberant perfumes and exhalations are, to say the least of them, painfully Oriental"? There is nothing improves fiction so much as a little seasoning of truth.

It is claimed that the Board of Health uses every precaution to keep the city clean, even going to such extremes as to use disinfectants to prevent the dead letters at the post-office from emitting an offensive odor.

PIRATE LAFITTE.

In 1771 Galveston Island was the rendezvous and headquarters of the world-renowned pirate Lafitte, and his followers. It was then called Campeachy Island. On this lonely shore the gentle buccaneer garnered his prizes, buried his treasures, and despatched his prisoners. To the philanthropist of to-day it is gratifying to learn, from the pages of history, that Jean Lafitte never roasted a prisoner when a rope or shotgun was handy; and it must have soothed the last moments of many of his victims to know that he, the Bold Rover of the Spanish Main, was "a man of polite and easy manners, dressed in green uniform and otter-skin cap."

It has been said that Lafitte was a man of poetic temperament, little versed in the world's guile and craftiness. I think

this truth is strongly padded with fiction, and that the statement is not strengthened by the following facts: —

When the British were preparing to attack New Orleans, Commodore Percy, commanding the English naval forces, sent the war-brig "Sophia" for Lafitte, and offered him a commission in the navy and one thousand pounds sterling for his assistance and co-operation in the attack on New Orleans. Lafitte pocketed the bullion, and said he would call around in the morning, and inaugurate hostilities. In fact, he committed himself so far as to intimate that he would "make it devilish hot in New Orleans." That night, however, Lafitte called on the Governor of Louisiana, and offered his services against the British, in consideration of a full pardon for all his past offences against the United States. The offer was accepted; and Lafitte and his followers intimidated the British with such success that they left so utterly beaten, that this the first "great fraud in Louisiana" was never even investigated. It was left for the historian to record the fact, that bulldozing is not a thing of yesterday, but an institution of the State, venerable with the mildews of antiquity.

I have always thought it a pity that Lafitte was born before his time. What a fine field there would be for his disinterested statesmanship in the halls of the United-States Congress to-day! I know he would feel so much at home among the many other th — thrifty representatives.

The city of Houston, fifty miles from Galveston, situated at the head of navigation on Buffalo Bayou, is a commercial rival of Galveston. Each tries to supplant the other in the affections of the country merchants, and in securing the trade of the interior. There is an amount of jealousy exhibited in a small way by the inhabitants of both cities; and the calling of each other names, such as "sand-crabs" and "mud-turtles," is one of the harmless ways in which they ventilate their spleen.

Sometimes they take a more practical way of evincing their fraternal feelings, and nine sand-crabs go up to the Bayou City, and, with an equal number of mud-turtles, contest the national game. The appearance of the contestants next morning is not always unconnected with sticking-plaster; but, as the

wounds are seldom fatal, these games are of little practical benefit to the community.

There is, both in Galveston and Houston, a society for the promotion of commercial relations with the interior, called the Board of Health. The Board hibernates during cold weather, but comes out fresh and ready for work in the summer.

The duty of these Boards is to find yellow-fever germs. This is the way they go about it: —

Some time during the month of June, the Board of Health at Galveston receives information that a man has arrived at New Orleans, who, within twenty-one days, has drunk a cup of coffee, the bean from which the coffee was made having been imported from Rio, where yellow-fever was epidemic last year. As there is cause to fear that a germ may have concealed itself in a bean, a sort of stowaway germ, and conveyed itself into the man's stomach, and in consequence of the danger of infection, the president of the Board of Health of Galveston telegraphs to the Board of Health at New Orleans, stating that next day Galveston will quarantine against New Orleans.

The people of Galveston regret the necessity that compels them to use these stringent measures; but the health of the State must be cared for, even though it should prevent the interior merchants from receiving goods from New Orleans, and cause them to patronize the Galveston market. The citizens of Galveston believe in the proverb that says "Prevention is better than cure."

The Galveston Board of Health telegraphs to the Board of Health at New Orleans every day, and sometimes oftener, and the New-Orleans Board of Health answers back. This is the style of telegrams: —

GALVESTON, TEX., Aug. 4, 188-.

To President Board of Health, New Orleans.

It is rumored that there are three cases of yellow-fever in your city. How is it?

PRESIDENT GALVESTON BOARD OF HEALTH.

Then the president of the New-Orleans Board of Health answers, and says, —

DAVID GLENN HUNT MEMORIAL
GALVESTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE

"The health of New Orleans never better; not a single case of fever in the city."

They keep this up for several months.

It is said that the Galveston Board has its telegram-blanks lithographed by the hundred, leaving the number of "rumored" cases blank, so that, when they want to send off a telegram for the purpose of assuaging public anxiety, they have nothing to do but to fill in the numeral according to the size of the rumor.

As soon as the Galveston Board gets down to steady work sending off telegrams, the president of the Houston Board begins to think that he had better be doing something to earn his salary and the affection of the citizens of Houston. So he discovers that on board of a schooner that sailed for New York, calling at New Orleans, and now bound for Galveston, there is a passenger who sat at the same table with the man who drank the germ-impregnated coffee ten days before, and who saw the man drink the coffee without any sugar or other disinfectant.

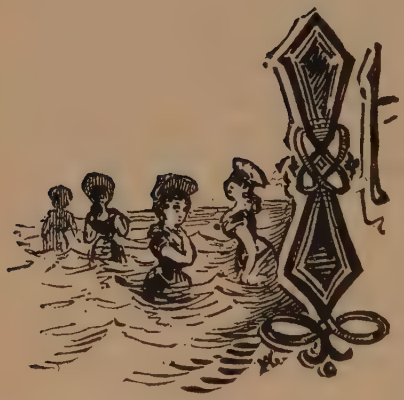
The members of the Board of Health at Houston meet, and edit a telegram, which they forward to the Board at Galveston. The telegram states, that if the Galveston Board allows the schooner to come into port, or discharge her cargo or passengers, Houston will immediately quarantine Galveston. The Houstonians dislike very much to be compelled to appear so particular; but the germ must be kept away from the people of the interior, even if, in doing so, the people of the interior be kept away from Galveston, and therefore be compelled to buy their goods in Houston. The people of Houston believe in the maxim, "Self-interest is the first law of nature."

Sometimes, when Houston quarantines Galveston for a length of time, the sand-crabs become restless: they want to leave their sand-bar, and go out among the green fields, and by the side of the murmuring brooks, of the interior. Or perhaps a mud-turtle from Houston may be in Galveston when the quarantine edict is pronounced, and he wants to get back home because he has business to attend to there, and because, under the circumstances, the society of the inhabitants of the sand-bar is oppressive. He cannot get away, however; for the road

to Houston and the interior is guarded by quarantine officers, assisted by long-range duck-guns.

On one occasion during the quarantine season (in 1873, I think), the Galvestonians determined to go to Houston anyhow. They sent a delegation to test the matter. The delegates proceeded, boldly and defiantly, to within a short distance of the Houston city limits. They were beginning to feel proud of their success, when they received a check. The Houston Board of Health checked their progress. The delegation expostulated; but it was of no use. Then the Houston Board of Health received, in its turn, a check, — on the First National Bank, for two thousand dollars. The delegation went into Houston. Next day the quarantine was raised. When it comes to strategy, the crab gets away with the turtle.

CHAPTER II.



WAS Sunday; and I strolled along the clean, broad, straight streets, and wide, smooth sidewalks, shaded by fragrant oleanders. The private residences, particularly those on a very broad fashionable avenue that ran east and west, were large and elegant. The stores on the strand were four or five stories high, massive in structure, and most of them built of brick. The island itself seemed to be composed entirely of sand. These facts put me to thinking. I had been taught to believe that every thing printed in the Bible was solid fact, — to believe it literally; and I was never permitted to get over or around a difficult place by taking it for granted that the meaning was allegorical or symbolical. I had swallowed Jonah and the whale without much trouble; and I assisted, so to speak, in constructing the universe in six days of twenty-four hours each. I had always, as a boy, entertained serious doubts about the literal truth of some of the Bible statements being intended for facts; but there was one assertion, to question the truth of which never occurred to me. I had never doubted but that the story of the foolish man who built his house upon the sand was founded on an actual occurrence. Nothing could be more natural than that an edifice built on such an uncertain foundation should fall as soon as it was subjected to the action of the elements.

Here in Galveston I filed away this popular fallacy along with other delusions of my youth. All around me were thousands of substantial houses built on the sand, and showing no signs of crumbling to pieces. I was bewildered. Meeting an old gentleman of clerical appearance, I stopped him, and asked him if it ever rained in Galveston.

"Oh, yes! we have such heavy rains that the streets are sometimes flooded."

"Why, then, do not these houses fall? They are built on the sand, and they ought to fall."

"My dear sir, you now refer to a subject that has caused me more mental distress than any other. Every thing else in the Bible, except that sand parable, I can explain. Why these houses do not fall, being built on the sand, is the only question connected with the Bible teaching that I cannot answer. I have the matter under advisement, however." Bidding me good-day, he went into a large brick church on Broadway.

I met at the hotel a very intelligent gentleman, who gave me quite a satisfactory explanation of the matter. He was a practical architect, and knew whereof he spoke. He said, —

"There is no greater mistake than to suppose that sand, and particularly wet sand, does not make a good foundation. If you dig down a foot and a half anywhere on Galveston Island, you strike wet sand. You can erect the largest edifice in the world on wet sand; and it will never show the slightest sign of sinking, and the walls will never crack."

"That is certainly very strange."

"Yes, but it is a fact all the same. Sand makes a foundation ten times better than the black, waxy earth they have in the interior of the State. Nearly all the buildings in Houston are cracked. It is almost impossible to prevent them from falling, even when they have mortgages on them. When they undertook to build the big market-house of Houston, they were very much puzzled to know how to obtain a secure foundation: so they sent to New York for an architect to superintend the job. The man understood his business: so he told them their soil was not suited to build upon, and that, if they wanted their market-house to stand, they should bring up

several hundred car-loads of sand from Galveston Island, the sand to be used as a foundation."

"What did the Houston people say to that?"

"They did not say much. They were too mad to talk. They thought the architect had been hired by the Galveston people to insult them. I don't know what became of the man: he was never heard of afterwards."

I perceived that my new acquaintance shared the popular prejudice against Houston. What he said, however, about sand being a good material for a foundation, is true: hence the mystery about the man who built his house on the sand is darker and more impenetrable than ever.

After dinner I strolled out to inspect Galveston's greatest natural attraction, the beach. Imagine a floor of fine, hard, level sand, a hundred yards wide and thirty miles long, with the blue Gulf breaking upon it, and you have Galveston Beach. The blue waves, the still bluer sky, and the soft Gulf-breeze blowing steadily inland over the white-capped billows, make an impression that is not readily effaced from the mind of a person of poetic temperament; although he will doubtless think, that, for twenty cents, a piece of soap ought to be furnished with the bathing-suit by the blear-eyed outcast who has charge of the bathing-facilities. On Sunday afternoons the beach is the fashionable promenade. Thousands of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, many of them accompanied by children, probably their own, saunter along the edge of the Gulf, watching the flight of the white-winged sea-gull, the lofty plunge of a lonely-nosed pelican, who is after some little fish whose acquaintance he is anxious to make. The young bloods of the city dash past in their fancy turn-outs; for the beach is almost the only part of the island where they can drive, as almost everywhere else the sand is too deep. Although the beach was dotted with numerous bath-houses, few persons were disporting themselves in the brine, except at the end of the streets, where the street-car line terminated. At that point was gathered an immense crowd, composed almost entirely of well-dressed gentlemen. Many of them were quite well advanced in years; but the majority seemed to be of that age

at which it becomes difficult to say, at first glance, where the boy leaves off, and the man begins. They were all gazing intently at some persons who were in the surf. By the earnest expression of their countenances, and the close attention they paid, I imagined that the disciples of John the Baptist were performing their ancient rite on some persons who desired to join the church. I took a seat on a bench beside a pleasant-looking gentleman, and remarked, —

"The Baptists seem to be pretty numerous in Galveston. Are all those gentlemen who are looking on Baptists?"

The man looked at me very intently; but, before he could reply, a female shriek was heard, and a roar of laughter went up from the assembled congregation on the beach. Never having heard of any such hilarity being a part of the ceremony of baptism, I was very much surprised. My companion explained, that on Sunday no respectable persons went into the surf, and the beach was given up to the *demi-monde*. The parties in the water, upon whom I had supposed baptism was being performed, were members of a local variety-show, who were cutting up all manner of antics in the waves. The crowd of well-dressed gentlemen were not religiously engaged, as I had supposed.

"But are bathers allowed to appear in such a scanty costume?" I asked; for the female bathers were dressed so lightly as to justify the inference that the water of the Gulf of Mexico was too warm to admit of much clothing being worn.

"There is a city ordinance forbidding such exhibitions, and a policeman is kept out here on the beach to arrest all persons who violate the ordinance; but I suppose, this being Sunday, he is in church, and these parties are here taking advantage of his absence. No, by Jove! there he is!" and my companion pointed to a man in a blue coat, who was leaning over his horse's neck, intently gazing on the aquatic sports.

"Why does he not arrest them?" I asked.

"He will probably arrest them as soon as he has taken a good look at them. He has to look at them closely in order to identify them in court. As soon as he is satisfied that he will know them again, he will take them in charge."

Suddenly the officer of the law aroused himself, and stood up in his stirrups.

"Now he is going to take them in out of the damp," remarked my companion. At a break-neck pace, the ever-vigilant policeman charged down the beach, past the scantily dressed bathers, until he checked up his foaming steed several hundred yards beyond. "Hello, there!" he shouted in a voice that silenced the tumultuous roar of the Gulf. Slowly a small boy emerged from the waves, and, trembling in every limb, sought the hostile shore. A well-dressed gentleman, evidently the father of the boy, expostulated with the policeman, who said, "It's agin the city ordinance for anybody over six years of age to go in bathing, unless he is covered from the neck to the knees."

"But that boy is not six yet," replied the father.

"He looks as if he was six and a half, at least," said the policeman, turning his head modestly away from the boy.

"And his bathing-suit comes down to his knees," continued the father, pointing to the dripping garments of the shivering boy, on whose face all manner of misery and distress was depicted.

"It's at least an inch above his knees, and that is an immodest exposure," replied the guardian of the morals of the city of Galveston, looking furtively at the boy, and instantly looking away again.

Just at this crisis a shout went up from the crowd already mentioned, who were looking at the exhibition in the surf; and the policeman, fearing that he was missing something, galloped hastily back. When I got up to leave, that policeman still had his eagle eye riveted on the violators of the bathing ordinance, all of whom were over six years of age, and none of them were covered from neck to knee. The little boy who had so outraged the public sense of propriety, profiting by the opportunity, had made good his escape.

Probably no city in the United States enjoys such bathing-facilities as does this Texas seaport. A finer beach for bathing-purposes could not be made to order. The water deepens very gradually, there is no undertow, and all the conditions are

favorable to making Galveston a first-class watering-place. One would suppose, that, during the extreme heat of summer, Galveston would be crowded with people from the interior of the State; but such is not the case. On the contrary, the comparatively few people from the interior who go there to spend the summer do not equal in number the Galvestonians who go off to Long Branch and Saratoga, where it is actually many degrees hotter than it is on their own island. One reason why so few Texans take advantage of the bathing-facilities of Galveston is the dread they have of yellow-fever, which in former years used to be almost the only disease people died of in Galveston. When a prominent citizen, instead of dying of yellow-fever, died of *delirium tremens*, or went off with a shark while fishing, an inquest was held, and a verdict rendered to the effect that the deceased came to his death in an improper and illegitimate manner, and that he was guilty of culpable negligence in so doing. Of course, the natives became used to yellow-fever, and in time got to liking it, although a great many never gave it a second trial. Strangers, who had an imperfect idea of the dread disease, conceived a prejudice against it, and refused to go to Galveston to amuse themselves in summer. Yellow-fever in Galveston has become a thing of the past; but the scare is as big as, if not bigger than, it ever was. There has not been a case of yellow-fever in Galveston for many years; but that fact, instead of re-assuring the people of the interior, has precisely the opposite effect. They say, "If there has been no yellow-fever in Galveston for so long, they will be sure to have it this year;" arguing on the principle, that, after a man at billiards has made an incredible number of points, the next shot is almost sure to be a miss. For these reasons, Galveston is deserted in summer.

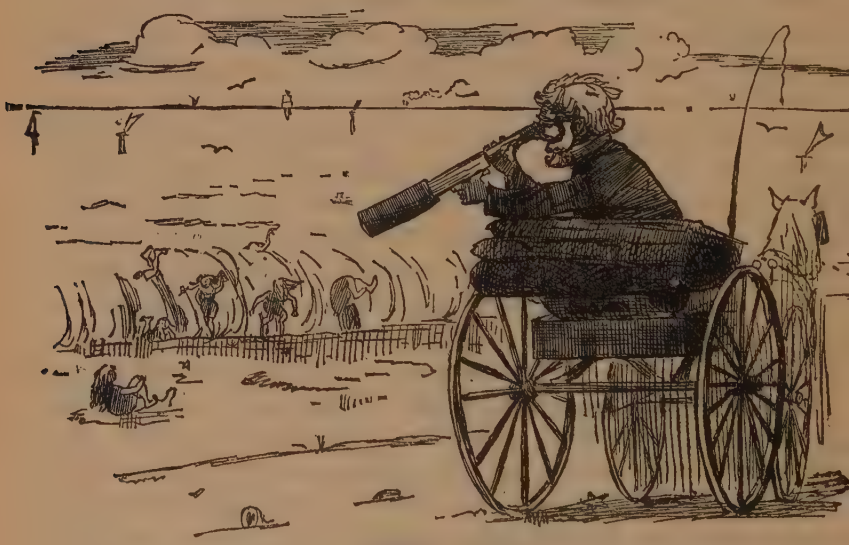
As I walked along the beach with my newly-made acquaintance, we met a very elegantly dressed old gentleman with a white head, who, sitting in his buggy, was looking at the female bathers with a spy-glass four feet long.

"What do you mean by looking at the bathers with that spy-glass?" asked my companion indignantly.

"It is not my fault that my eyesight is impaired. I am an

old man, and have to use a spy-glass." And he kept on taking observations.

The favorite topic of conversation is the condition of the bar, on which the water is so shallow that large ships find it profitable to stay outside. If there were water enough on the bar to allow vessels to come up to the wharves, Galveston would have a great deal more trade than she has. The trouble is, that the bar cannot be removed without money; and a great deal of money is required for the purpose. When it comes to



ADMIRING NATURE.

eating up money without furnishing any practical equivalent, Galveston bar is almost a rival to a four-horse daily paper in a one-horse town. The United-States Government has been making alleged efforts to remove the bar, but the appropriations have been too small. The Government might keep on, through the endless ages of eternity, appropriating seventy thousand dollars a year; and at the expiration of that term there would be just about the same depth of water as there always has been, which is about twelve feet, although it usually averages a foot or so more whenever a reporter goes out with some interested parties to inspect the bar, and the contractors

furnish champagne, etc. If the reporter enjoys himself very much, the depth of water on the bar has been known to increase to sixteen feet; but that is only on extraordinary occasions. The ship-captain whose vessel draws more than twelve feet, reads these deep-water statements, and believes them. He hoists anchor, and endeavors to come into harbor; but he gets stuck on the bar, and stays there. The ship springs a leak, and the owners in England despair when they hear of it. They telegraph back to sell the ship before she goes to pieces, which is done. The Galveston merchant buys her up for a couple of hundred dollars, hires a tug to pull her off the bar, pumps the water out, refits her at a trifling expense, gives her a new name, and holds a banquet on board, at which the press is represented, of course, and the great natural advantages of Galveston, and the enterprise of the Island City, are discussed.

I forgot to mention that this information was imparted to me by a Houston man. He stated positively that the local journalists were the only persons or agencies that had ever succeeded in deepening Galveston bar; also that the greatest material advantage of Galveston was that bar; that foreign vessels got wrecked on it without being damaged to any extent, and having been bought up for a song by the Galveston merchant, at a slight expense for refitting, yield a profit of many thousand per cent. I subsequently found that the whole story was a Houston slander, gotten up with a view to shipwrecking the prosperity of Galveston; and I merely refer to the matter to illustrate the rivalry between the two seaports.

The merchants of Galveston do an immense business, and some of the establishments are very extensive indeed. I was shown over one establishment by the urbane proprietor. All proprietors are urbane. The first thing I was shown was a long row of domestics. I do not mean a long line of menials drawn up in a row, but a long display of cotton goods. There was enough calico in sight to have furnished every woman in the country with a dress, with a large enough remnant left over to furnish the baby with a wrapper. The proprietor merely waved his hand at the display in an offhand sort of a way, and said, "As you see, our calicoes have not yet arrived. We have

only a few remnants left over from last year's stock. I really wish we had a few prints to show you."

We next passed through the blanket department. They were stacked up in double rows ten feet high for a few hundred yards.

"As you observe," remarked the merchant, "we are just about out of blankets. We have a few cargoes on the way, but at present we have hardly as many as it would take to supply the Houston market for a year."

And so it was all the way through. I was requested not to pay any attention to about an acre of every imaginable kind of notions. He said that it was not the right time of the year for notions. Those that I saw were merely kept on hand to supply the Houston merchants, and for samples. The counting-room was swarming with a small army of book-keepers and clerks. He looked over the busy scene, and said, —

"There is nobody here. Nearly all the regular employees have gone to Houston on an excursion. I feel like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted, after the last reveller has been removed by the police. This is the off season, and our store looks like a country graveyard; but it is, of course, a great deal more lively than it is in Houston during the busy season."

To my great surprise, I found an old friend at the dinner-table. We used to call him "the doctor" at college, because he had attempted the study of medicine. After a cordial interchange of greetings, and a mutual order for soup, the doctor said, —

"Who would have thought it?"

I echoed the doctor's question.

"Why! I thought you were in Europe," said he in an injured tone.

"And I supposed you were in California."

"What brought you here anyhow?"

"I came to see — well, to see" —

"Yes, I see you are evidently at sea," said the doctor, who, besides possessing a large share of that popular moral quality called "cheek," had a propensity for puns that had more than once caused a coolness between him and some of his best friends.

When I inquired why the doctor came to Texas, he intimated that fortuitous circumstances and an insecure cellar-grating — his uncle lived only two days after the accident — had enabled him to devote his time to the study of doing nothing, and that he had taken a fancy to see Texas, shoot buffalo, hunt Indians, and — "and that sort of a thing, you know."

I told the doctor that I had not made up my mind as to whether I would devote my attention to shooting Indians and buffalo, or not, but that, no doubt, I would meet some of "that sort of thing, you know," as I expected to travel across the

MEETING OF THE DOCTOR AND PARTNER.

State to the Rio Grande. I invited the doctor to accompany me.

"Go on horseback?" said the doctor.

"Yes."

"Camp out?"

"I reckon."

"Lots of Indians on the route, ain't there?"

"*Quien sabe?*"

"Carry a rifle?"

"By all means."

"Then, by Jove! you may count on me, and, if possible, let's start on the 20th. As Macbeth says, 'The deed I'll do before this purpose cools.'"

CHAPTER III.

EIGHT o'clock on the morning of the 20th of May, a procession might have been seen passing across the plank that connected the steamboat "Charles Fowler" with one of Galveston's wooden piers. The procession was armed, carried saddle-bags, and consisted of the doctor and myself. In view of a journey into the domain of "ye wild sauvauges," we had had the hair of our heads cut so close that we were almost as bald as the venerable Ethiopian renowned in song. We were attired in a costume that seemed to be a cross between a second-class tramp's undress uniform and the habiliments of a Comanche brave; and attached to our person at every point where any thing could be buckled or hung were weapons of all sorts, from the murderous Spencer rifle to the soothing and medicinal pocket-flask.

After being interviewed by a reportorial fiend, on the supposition that we were the nucleus of "another Mexican revolution," we at length got safe on the steamboat bound for Houston. Our luggage was also safe, although it looked dangerous. It consisted, besides the arsenal before alluded to, of two blankets, two saddles, and two pairs of saddle-bags. Each of the latter contained one other shirt, several pounds of tobacco, and a change of pipes. The doctor wanted to buy two or three

quarts of glass beads with which to conciliate such Indians as we might take prisoners, and would not want to shoot. I demonstrated to him that we had no room in our saddle-bags for beads, and that we had better kill all our Indians anyhow. He reluctantly agreed with me, and used the money he had intended to invest in the beads in the purchase of a silver-handled hunting-knife, that would be handy in case any scalping would have to be done.

Leaving Galveston, we steamed across the bay, heading for the mouth of the bayou. Buffalo Bayou is navigable from its

EXTRAORDINARY OUTFIT.

mouth to Houston, a distance of fifty miles, although it does not average forty yards in width. Steamers run daily to Houston; but owing to the windings of the bayou, and lack of sea-room, they go very slowly, taking ten hours to make the trip. The tides ebb and flow in the bayou as far inland as Houston.

The country on each side is level prairie. We can see very little of it, as both banks are high, and covered with a dense growth of timber. Often the overhanging branches brush against the smoke-stack; and as we lean over the stern rail, while the steamboat makes a sharp curve, we can pluck the

gorgeous, wax-like flowers of the magnolia. Flowers of every hue and fragrance line the banks; and high above all towers the lofty oak, from the branches of which hang festoons of Spanish moss, shadowing all beneath, and giving a sombre and funereal appearance to the trees on which it hangs. I do not know why, but whenever I see a tree draped in that shaggy moss I think of death.

The mails are landed and received at several points without stopping the boat. Occasionally we stop to wood up; and it is an interesting sight to see a gang of semi-nude and perspiring negroes throw two or three cords of wood aboard in as many minutes. But no other incident worthy of note occurs to vary the monotony of the trip.

The day was hot, — ninety-five in the shade, and a hundred and something awful in the sun. After dinner we chose a shady place abaft, and for the remainder of the trip tried to give ourselves up to the soporific influence of the day, the scene, and cigars; but it was decreed that we should not have peace. I had just stretched myself out on a soft plank, with my head on a coil of rope, and was beginning to feel comfortable, when an old man, who seemed to be on the shady side of one hundred and fifty winters, came and sat down beside me. He had only one eye and two visible teeth, but what he lacked in those features he made up in hair. Twisting up his mouth as if he were preparing to whistle to a deaf dog up a blind alley, this superannuated old hen-coop said, —

"Was you born in old Tennessee?"

"No, I was born in March," I replied.

"We are all marchin' on'ard to the tomb," said the old man, heaving a sigh and a used-up chew of fine-cut overboard.

I asked him if it was yellow-fever germs that was the matter with him. He was not much of a mine of yellow-fever information, but he wanted to tell me all about the campaign of James K. Polk and Clay in 1842. A board of health could not stop him when he got under way, and so for twenty-seven miles I had to listen to ancient Whig and Democratic history. It was interesting, and some of these days I intend to inflict ten or fifteen miles of it on an unprotected public.

COMING UP THE BAYOU.

Several stockmen behind us were talking about dry seasons. One man said that he had seen the Brazos River so low that he had crossed it in a pair of low shoes without wetting his feet.

"Mister," said a tall, solemn-looking cow-boy, "that ain't nothin'. I came down the Potomac in '67 when we couldn't see the banks for the clouds of dust raised by the steamer's wheels. Dry season! You jest bet it was!"

At this point the man who had crossed the Brazos looked sadly and resignedly from one to the other of the group, and invited the crowd to adjourn to the bar, and "wood up."

Alligators taking their noonday *siesta* on cypress stumps and rotten logs rolled off into the water at the approach of the steamboat. A great deal of ammunition was wasted by the passengers in attempts to shoot these reptiles. Either on account of the strength of the alligator's skin or of the whiskey dispensed at the bar, the shooting was barren of results.

The old Tennessean came to the front again. This time he told me of his early life,—his fighting in Mexico, and his losses during the late fratricidal struggle. Then he went to sleep. He didn't sleep long, but his sleep was loud and hearty. I think, by the expression of his mouth, that he was dreaming of the time long ago, when he was surrounded by the clash and din of battle in Mexico. When the dinner-gong was turned loose within two feet of his ear, he was probably at that point in his military career where he stepped behind a tree to avoid obstructing the progress of a cannon-ball; for he awoke in a wild and demonstrative manner, and assumed a warlike attitude behind the smoke-stack. When he had rubbed his eyes, and realized his situation, he simply remarked, "Ah!" and marched boldly into the saloon amidst the clash and the din of the dinner-dishes. After dinner he came out of the saloon, picking his solitary pair of teeth with the back of his pocket-comb, and was approaching me with the evident intention of discharging some more ancient history at me, when I had business out on the bow of the boat, where the old man could not climb. When I got out there, I fell into a revery. The old Tennessean fell into a bucket of tar in his eagerness

to follow and corner me; and, in the language of the immortal Bunyan, "I saw him no more."

I thought how much like life, travelling on a steamboat is. The first thing you know, you find yourself on board in fine spirits, early in life. You soon get acquainted with your fellow-travellers; and, about the time you get to know them, they begin to get off at way-landings. At every wharf somebody gets off, and strangers get on; but the boat still keeps going. You admire the landscape; and, when you get thirsty, the bar-keeper puts bitters in a glass, and gives you a piece of lemon-peel to chew. These are the pleasures of life: they hardly counterbalance the misery you may expect from slippery decks and old hitching-posts from Tennessee; but the boat keeps moving, all the same. Life and travelling in a steamboat have their pleasures: but there are rapids and snags and hard pulls up stream; and, if you do not take care, you are apt to get a cinder in your eye. Some people, who are born with a dozen silver spoons and an electro-plated napkin-ring in their mouths, never get a single cinder in their eyes during the whole trip from Babydom to Styx Ferry; while other poor devils miss their meals, never wear fine clothes, and are not once called Major or Colonel while they are on board. They get a nice fresh cinder in their eyes at every turn of life, and when they die they get their names spelled wrong in the obituary notices that the superintendent of the poor-house furnishes with his weekly report.

In such manner does the journey of life resemble travelling on a river-boat, only a great deal more so, and mixed worse than this simile. But whether you are born with the family plate in your mouth, or doomed to sport a cinder in your eye through life, one thing is certain, — the boat moves on.

At last, when you least expect it, the pilot, with the hour-glass and scanty attire, comes aboard, and steers you across Styx Ferry into the harbor of ——

"Barnes House! Finest hotel in the city! Best of accommodations, and moderate charges! Step right this way, and ride up in the omnibus; won't cost you a cent!"

Thus was my revery interrupted by the hotel-runner. The

Barnes House, now a hotel celebrated for the toughness of its beefsteaks and the flowery and picturesque mendacity of its proprietor, was once the house in which the rough pioneers of 1845 made the laws of the young republic. We were assigned to a room, that, in the early days of the republic, formed a part of the legislative halls of Texas.

Houston is the railroad centre of Texas, and, in population and wealth, the second city in the State. The railroads bring to the city a constantly increasing trade, as the rich and productive lands of the interior are being speedily developed, and the extension of the roads is keeping pace with the westward progress of the frontier.

The Abbe Domenick, a French priest, writing of Houston in 1840, said, "Houston is a small and muddy village, consisting of several log-huts, and very much infested with red ants and Methodists."

The city has now from eighteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. The houses in the business part are of brick. Many beautiful residences, mostly of wood, are to be seen in a walk through its streets and shady avenues.

Houston is celebrated for the luxuriant beauty of her private gardens, and for the fluent muddiness of her streets. The main thoroughfares have not been improved by the labor of man since their foundations emerged out of the profundity of chaos on the day of creation. These arteries of commerce and convenience are often spoken of as being "bottomless;" and one occasionally hears the gentle drayman or Christian hack-driver, as he ploughs his way through the tough alluvian, begin some encouraging remark to his mules by an allusion to that other place with a bottomless reputation.

In Houston, roses are in bloom at Christmas; and, in fact, all the year round the balmy air is filled with the perfume of a thousand fragrant flowers, wafted hither and thither by the gentle breezes that come from the Gulf of Mexico. The myrtle, the jessamine, and the magnificent magnolia flourish here, and diffuse the sweet aroma of their presence with a profusion and extravagance that is absolutely sinful.

In these warm latitudes, in the cool of the evening, a group

of men is always to be found sitting around in chairs under the hotel awning. The group usually consists of the hotel guests, the landlord, and the married men who come "down town to meet a man at the office after supper." Their occupation at these times consists in carving their initials in the arms of the hotel chairs, and their amusement in competitive lying.

When we came out from supper, some of the men were balancing themselves on the hind-legs of the chairs, their feet on the columns of the awning, and their thoughts straying in the realms of imagination.

One jovial-looking liar, with the wreck of a watermelon on his knee, and an impediment in his speech, had just finished a thrilling narrative of an encounter he once had, down in the old Caney bottom, with a hybrid monster, part *coyote* and part bull-dog, where his escape was owing to a special providence, assisted by a brindled steer, on whose back he dropped from the tree up which he had taken refuge.

This reminded the landlord of a story: "When I was keeping restaurant up at Bryan, before the railroad got there, I was trying to raise a pair of young pups, — you know, them little Mexican dogs that have got no hair, except a tuft on the top of their heads. When they were about six weeks old, their mother was run over by a delivery-wagon, and died. I had a sow that at the time had a family of young ones about the size of the dogs. I wanted to save the pups if possible, as I had promised one of them to old man Brown: so I took a fool notion that I'd try if the old sow would raise them. Would you believe it, gentlemen! they just took to her as kindly as if she had been their own mother. And there I had six young pigs and two six-weeks-old pups growing up together in perfect harmony.

"In about a week, along came a skipjack of an Englishman, — one of them 'you know, you know' sort of dam fools; that kind of human outrage that has always 'seen something better than that' in the Old Country, and tells it with an every-thing-different-there-you-know air of superiority. He had been blowin' around promiscuous for a day or two, before I thought of the pups. He had sort o' aggravated me more than common

that morning by his talk of the 'dawgs and 'orses' they had in England. I posted some of the boys, and told them to be handy in the evening. So, just as it might be now, we were all sitting around on the gallery, as it was beginning to get dark. Says I to the Englishman, 'Major, talking about them dogs you mentioned this morning, do you have any rooter dogs in your country?'—'Any what?' says he. 'Rooter dogs,' says I: 'we use them for hunting tarantulas, and for harvesting goober peas. They're a cross between the wild Mexican hog and the bulldog. You see, the bite of a tarantula will kill a common dog in less'n a minute,' says I; 'whereas snake-bites and such like don't fizzle on a hog. Well, the rooter being half hog, half dog,' says I, 'is just what we want. If it hadn't been for their introduction into the country, the tarantula trade would never have been developed; and as for gathering goober peas, — they grow under ground, you know, — the rooter dog is the greatest labor-saving animal known. You see, the hog part of him roots the goobers out, while the-sagacity-of-the-dog part enables him to be taught to pile the peas up in little heaps all along the row.' The Englishman seemed half way to believe it all; but he laughed in a knowing sort of a way, and he says, says he, 'Aw, now! tell that to the marines: you know you cawn't expect a fellow to believe all that.'—'Well,' says I, 'you can believe it or not. These gentlemen here all know that it's nothing but the truth I'm telling you. Some of them keep rooter dogs themselves; and besides all that, if you'll come back to the yard with me, I'll show you two genuwine rooter pups that I am raising right now. You will see them with their mother; and I reckon that'll convince you.' The Englishman looked around; but, as he couldn't detect a smile anywhere, — for the boys were all as solemn-looking as a row of turkey buzzards holding a *post-mortem* examination on a dead horse, — he says, 'I don't mind stwolling around to see the blawsted things anyhow.' So we all got up, and filed into the stable-yard; and there, sure enough, lay the old sow, and the two pups beside her. I had had the colored boy carry off all the young shotes before we came into the yard. Great cracky! you should have seen that Englishman

stare, and screw his glass in his eye, when Jim Johnson put one of the pups in his hand, that he might, as Jim said, examine and see for himself that we had some *pro*-ducts that they couldn't raise in England.

"One of the boys showed him where the hog part was developed in the skin, bristles on the back, and curl in the tail, while another called his attention to the cropping-out of the dog in the head and paws.

"Before we got through with the exhibition of the peculiar

ROOTER DOG.

and valuable points of the pup, the Englishman was trembling with eagerness to become possessed of one of them, that he might carry it back to the Old Country with him. He offered me twenty dollars for it. I wanted thirty. After some argument, he authorized me to make a charge on his bill for 'One rooter dog, twenty-five dollars,' with the understanding that I was to take care of it until it could be safely weaned. He was as proud of his purchase as a schoolboy with a new gum-boil; and, till late in the night, the boys sat around, relating

interesting reminiscences of tarantula hunts, giving him points in natural history, and furnishing valuable statistics relative to the goober interests.

"But, bless your soul! the fun didn't begin till next morning, when the Englishman got to spoutin' about the dawg down to Schmidt's drug-store, and some derned fool that wasn't in the secret dropped the bung out of the whole business. They devilled the poor fellow almost to death. At first he tried to make believe that he had twigged the racket from the start, and was merely humoring the joke; but that was too weak. Then he swore, and cussed the 'demmed country, you know,' but finally got into good humor, and set 'em up all round. He couldn't stand the endless quizzing, however, and next morning hired a team, and lit out for San Antonio."

[I omit the profanity with which this story was emphasized, as it was not intended for publication, merely given as a guaranty of good faith.]

It might be well to state the fact here that Texans are not bigoted, and have no prejudice against any nationality. They are of many nationalities themselves, and associating with people from all climes gives them enlarged and liberal views. Sectional feeling is unknown, except in isolated cases. The immigrant or traveller from the Northern States always receives a hearty welcome in Texas. There is one thing, however, that a Texan loves better, even, than the hanging of a horse-thief; and that is the playing of practical jokes on young men "green from the States." These jokes are usually harmless in their character, and take the form of extravagant tales regarding Texas, its products, Indians, lawlessness, manners and customs of its people, accompanied by advice as to how the stranger should act under certain described circumstances. If a man is a good horseman, and does not affect style either in dress or speech, he will be exempt from the infliction of jokes, and will be warmly welcomed by the native. In fact, if he can swear a little when occasion demands it, if his pants are of jean, and if he does not wear that effeminate luxury, socks, his welcome will be of the most tropical character. The phrase "green from the States" suggests another fact. Texans speak of "going

back to the States," "when I lived back in the States," "imported stock from the States," thereby unconsciously ignoring the fact that Texas is one of the United States.

Not long since, Texas was an independent republic: then such expressions were consistent, and had meaning. The old citizens have not yet been able to disabuse their minds of the idea that Texas is a separate and superior Territory. Strengthening this, is their pride in the vast extent of their State: they love to speak of it as "the future great empire;" and truly, as far as area, combined with natural resources, is concerned, the world has seldom seen a greater.

The morning after our arrival in Houston, we walked out to see the city (it would be more exact to say that we waded).

The alleged reason why the streets are not kept in a better condition is, that there is no money with which to improve them. The city owes $1,800,000. Houston has about 18,000 inhabitants. On an average, every citizen owes $112.

The consequences of Houston lacking cash in the city treasury are visible everywhere. There are so few policemen, that some of them walk over more ground in a day than a professional pedestrian does. At night they are so far apart that they cannot hear each other snore. Now, in Galveston there is one policeman to every five or six saloons; but in Houston one policeman has to drink beer in fifteen different places, some of them two miles apart. This is very hard on a policeman. If he is found asleep on his beat, he is banged on the head, and paid off in depreciated scrip worth fifteen cents on the dollar. One policeman has so much to do that he becomes exhausted, and cannot carry a drunken man to the lock-up without having to make three trips of it. For a while the city was so poor that it could not pay for a policeman's whole time, and he was only hired for a few hours. The revellers would wait until his time was up, and then break every city ordinance there was.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE ARE many "oldest" inhabitants in Houston. They generally open out on a stranger by stating, that, when they came here in '40, there was only one two-story house in the place. After you have listened to the talk of one of these pioneer veterans for some time, you begin to feel that the creation of the world, the arrangement of the solar system, and all subsequent events, including the discovery of America, were provisions of an all-wise Providence, arranged with a direct view to the advancement of the commercial interests of Houston. One of the old inhabitants told me all about the New-Orleans railroad, which, he said, was expected to leave Galveston high and dry on the quicksands of adversity, while Houston would keep on flourishing like a green bay horse in a Blue-grass pasture. I said that I did not see how a road direct to New Orleans could help Houston much.

"Well, no," he said, "that's so: it won't help us much, except to the extent that it will give Galveston hell."

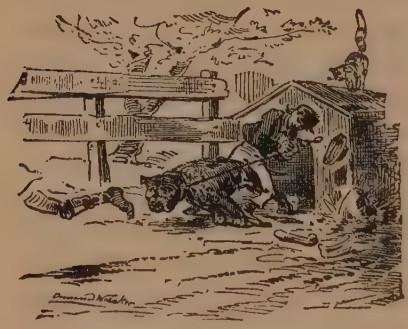
There seems to be an innate animosity towards Galveston; and almost every conversation on the resources and prospects ends with some remark that reminds one of the *delenda est* of the old Roman senator. It does not do to express your opinion about any particular Houston institution, unless the opinion is prepared expressly for the Houston market. For instance: I was in a drug-store, getting some medicine, and had a very interesting meteorological conversation with the proprietor while he was folding up a little powder that he took out of a

bottle labelled "Pluribus Unum, Nox Vomica, Vox Populi," or words to that effect. As he was about to hand me the powder, I inadvertently remarked, —

"Your city seems to be pretty well laid out."

All in the world I meant to say was, that the streets were broad and straight; but, before I could explain myself, all present jumped to their feet. My special friend the druggist glared at me, and then bawled out, —

"Houston is well laid out, is she? you leprous outcast from Galveston! I tell you, you vile Galveston emissary, that Houston is a lively enough corpse to lay out that little fishing-town at the other end of the bayou. You come here swelling around, and trying to break up our trade, do you? So Houston is well laid out, is she? We will see who is laid out next!" and he began blowing a police-whistle.



TURN THE BULLDOG LOOSE.

The cashier ran up stairs for his shot-gun, while a junior member of the firm bawled out to the porter, —

"John, turn the bulldog loose: it's time to feed him."

These episodes tended to make my stay in that portion of the city monotonous. Besides, I was afraid, if they kept on, I might become exasperated: so I said, "Don't let me detain you from your business," and adjourned *sine die*.

It was the same thing everywhere we went. After the doctor had returned to the hotel to get his shoes scraped, he made some remark to the hotel clerk about the dust on the street being in rather a juicy condition.

"Yes," said the clerk, with great complaisance: "we never suffer from drouth here, sir; and we never have to dig sand out of our ears, as they have to do in Galveston. Down there they had to dig an artesian well twenty-five hundred deep, and use it as a sort of anchor to keep their old sand-bar of an island from moving off."

I had heard about Houston being a seaport, but I thought it was a joke. I knew, however, there was a bar; for one of the very first gentlemen I was introduced to took me to see it. It was very much like the bars at other seaport towns I had seen. There were two inches of water on the Houston bar, in a tumbler; and I supposed the rest of the seaport was to match. The next man that said seaport to me, I took him off to one side, told him that I always liked to get the latest marine intelligence, hence I wanted to know seriously if there was any seaport in town. He said he was willing to make an affidavit that there was a seaport in town. Then I told him I wanted him to take me out for a drive on the beach, where I could disport in the ocean's wild roar, and see the white-winged messengers of commerce laden with cloves from where the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle, and other condiments from far distant Cathay. The Houston man looked me square in the eye, and said, —

"It seems to me you have a damned sight of curiosity for a stranger. Do you want to go to see it right away?"

"Right off," I replied.

"Well, le'me see," he mused: "I have got an engagement with a man, and it's nine o'clock already. If I don't hurry up, I'll miss the street-car." And off he went.

Still I was dissatisfied. I yearned to see that seaport, even if I had to employ a detective to hunt it up. I knew it was in Houston concealed somewhere, but I was afraid it would be removed to a place of safety before I could see it. The next gentleman I was introduced to also had something to say about that seaport. I asked, —

"Do you let strangers see it every day, or only on Sundays, or how? Does it keep open all the season? Money is no object, if I can only get to see it. I don't suppose it will take me very long."

Said he, "Come with me, and I'll show you the shipping."

He took me down behind the Hutchins House; and, in a slough at least forty feet wide and three feet deep, I saw the fleet. One of the merchantmen had two masts, and carried at least three wagon-loads of sand. It did not seem to have much

first-class accommodation for passengers who might want to cross the Atlantic in any thing like style. The other vessel had only one mast, and did not have as many tons' displacement as the larger craft.

"How did they get there?" I asked. "By the ship-channel?"

"By tug."

"They must have a pretty heavy tug of it getting up here. I do not see any iron-clads or ships-of-war. Can you not show me the tug of war between here and Galveston?"

"Oh, yes! you may joke; but this is a seaport, all the same, according to an Act of the Legislature."

I had heard that the Legislature made laws, but I never knew it made seaports.

"Why," said my Houston friend, "we cannot help being seaports. The other day there was a porpoise killed right near the city."

"On purpose?" I asked; for I was hungry for news.

"How can we help being a seaport? Did you ever hear of a porpoise being killed in a town that was not a seaport?"

I took a last look at the fleet, — one of which a man, in the mean time, had pulled out on the land to dry, — sighed, and went back to the hotel.

The seaport at Houston, unlike that at Galveston, is kept where you can find it. It is not taken in after dark. The people do not seem to be afraid a stranger will take it away with him in a bucket when he leaves. The Houston seaport is of a very inconvenient size, — not quite narrow enough to jump over, and a little too deep to wade through without taking off your shoes. When it rains, the seaport rises up twenty or thirty feet, and the people living on the beach, as it were, swear their immortal souls away on account of their harbor facilities. The Houston seaport was so low when I saw it, that there was some talk of selling the bridges to buy water to put into it.

All seaport towns suffer from those marine monsters known as mosquitoes. In inland towns you have to raise them in a cistern, or worry along without them. Both coast towns, Galveston and Houston, have fine natural facilities for raising

mosquitoes. I have tried both brands of mosquitoes, or rather both of them have tried me; and I cannot tell which is the best to avoid associating with. The mosquito, like the sailor, is bred on the water; but he will not return to you after many days, because he will never leave you. In Galveston they grow to such a large size, that a stranger is apt to mistake them for pelicans. A Galvestonian asked me if I had seen any pelicans.

"Are they big birds, that have long bills?" I inquired.

"Yes: that's the kind of an insect they are."

"Are they always flying about the bars, looking for something to eat?"

"Precisely."

"Then my room is full of them, and they raise a blister every time they bite."

MOSQUITO.

In regard to the merits of the rival brands of mosquitoes, it is with pain I state that both Galveston and the other maritime haven are prone to clothe the naked truth with the flowery garments of fiction. In Houston they showed me affidavits stating that in Galveston the mosquitoes were so large as to be included in the cow ordinance, while in Galveston I was told that the Houston mosquitoes wore forty-five-inch undershirts. There is probably a happy medium between the two. I do not know how happy the medium is; but, if he is not under a mosquito-bar, there is a limit to his bliss. The truth is, that the coast-town mosquito rarely exceeds in size the ordinary Texas mocking-bird.

[N.B. — When I left New York, I could not have told a lie to save my life; and here, after three-days' residence in Texas, this is what I have come to — and all the time I have been associating with the higher classes. They say in Houston that I caught the infection in passing through Galveston.]

Let me advise all persons visiting Texas ports of entry to leave their mosquitoes behind: they can get new ones cheaper.

The hotel clerk informed us that there were Indians in town.

He told us, however, not to be alarmed; that they were friendly Indians, of the Muscogee tribe. They lived in the bottoms of the Trinity River, and occasionally came to town, and exchanged the fruits of the chase for whiskey and other fruits of civilization. He said they were on good terms with their white brothers, and that the city officials not unfrequently entertained them in one of their public buildings over night, and gave them public receptions next morning, at which the mayor and members of the legal profession considered it their duty to be present.

Here, thought I, is an opportunity not to be lost. I shall interview the noble red man. It will make a thrilling chapter in my book, sound romantic — good subject for an illustration — full-page woodcut: in the foreground, myself and a warrior of the Muscogees sitting on a decayed log, smoking the calumet of peace, and holding a council; in the background, my horse, the Indian's pony, and a slain deer; the warrior, Howling Jews-Harp, a young chief, tall, well-built, and straight as a pine, dressed — painted, I should say — in the manner that only distinguished chiefs who have killed many a warrior have a right to assume, a crest of feathers from an eagle's wing surrounding his head, moccasons gorgeously embroidered on his feet, a buffalo robe hanging with careless grace from his left shoulder, his gestures noble, his carriage graceful, and his face stamped with the majesty and manliness characteristic of the untutored child of the forest, his language — well, I knew all about that. I had been reading up the Indian lately, and felt that I was pretty well informed as to his mode of expressing himself. I had just read the following, referring to the Texas Indians, in a late copy of the Galveston "News:" —

"Their languages are not poetical, but they use the most simple and natural metaphors. No one can have been among them without having noticed the intensity of feeling, and power of language in expressing it, and without having heard bursts of wild, unpremeditated eloquence. Their powers of description are remarkable. So bright and clear is the impression produced, that one feels that he has seen what they describe. In this regard, they often recall the vivid semi-barbaric pictures of Homer, as they stand out in the original Greek poetry, but not the dim photographs of his translators."

I once read a book by a man named Cooper, who evidently knew what he was writing about. He described the Indian — "Nature's Nobleman" — with a master hand, and with a minuteness of detail, that, after perusing his books, left nothing to be learned regarding their habits, characteristics, and language. With regard to the latter, I felt myself capable of conversing with an average Indian in his own language, and of making myself understood. It always flatters a foreigner to speak to him in his native language.

I thought I would open the conversation, or interview, after this fashion: —

"Does my brother, the great chief of the Muscogees, ever indulge in the spiked ice-water of the pale-faces?"

He would reply, "The pale-faced hunter is kind: the sachem of the Muscogees is thirsty, and he don't care if he should."

And then, while discussing the national beverage, we would continue, —

"My red brother does not know my name. It is well that I should tell him, that he may know to whom he speaks."

"Wah! that is useless. I know that my white brother is a great chief. He drinks fire-water like a veteran. Yet, let him speak: the ears of the red brother are open."

"Howling Jews-Harp sees before him an American citizen, an author, a writer, a man who tells the truth. His weapons are the pen and the scissors. His tongue is not forked."

"Good! Let my brother open his ears: a chief is about to speak. Howling Jews-Harp is a renowned warrior. His name makes the Comanches tremble like squaws. The Comanches are dogs. Many scalps hang in the smoke of his wigwam. Howling Jews-Harp is a sachem of his tribe. Three hundred warriors will follow him on the war-path. The Muscogees are men."

So, thought I, as this imaginative dialogue in the figurative language of the forest-children passed through my mind — so we shall converse together; and the noble red man may, perchance, invite me to his village, to share with him in the dangers and the pleasures of the chase. The thought was delightful; but I did not have time to think much, for the

doctor was as enthusiastic as I was, and we hurried off to find the Indians, and to enjoy some of their "bursts of wild, unpremeditated eloquence."

After passing down Main Street, and turning into the market square, we descried the object of our search, — three solitary horsemen riding on little ponies. One after the other, they slowly filed up the street. Their ponies were the most miserable specimens of the equine race I had ever seen. The doctor said that they would require to be blanketed before they would be in a condition to cast a shadow. Venison hams and wild turkey hung on either side of their dilapidated saddles. The appearance of the Indians was in keeping with that of their ponies and equipments. Short of stature, stupid of countenance, and ragged in the matter of clothes, they were certainly not as impressive as we had anticipated. No war-paint, no bows and arrows, no beaded moccasons, no — yes, they did have feathers in their hair. Cooper's tales were not all lies. This, to me, was the one hopeful oasis in the blank desert of disappointment. They looked as if they had slept in a feather bed that had sprung a leak during the night.

These Indians understand English, but speak it as little as possible. It is to be supposed that they also understand the use of water; but it never seems to occur to them that it was meant to be used, even in whiskey. At any rate, water is a blessing that the aborigines have never been known to abuse.

I approached the chief of the party. I knew he was the chief, because he was the drunkest of the three; and all the chiefs I had known were chiefs of fire-departments, and they — but let that pass. I said, —

"Does my red brother desire to replenish his depleted exchequer by the sale of the products of the chase, — the victims of his unerring aim?"

With a "burst of wild, unpremeditated eloquence," he replied, —

"Yes, six-bit one dam heap big turkey."

The doctor suggested, "Perhaps the chief prefers to speak in the language of the pale-faces. — Do you wish to sell the game you have got?"

The untutored replied, in "the vivid, semi-barbaric style of Homer," "Wash yar givin' us? Much big dead-beat. No money, no venison. *Sabe?*"

The doctor weakened; but, resolving to give him one more trial, he said, —

"Do you ever make garments of the skins of the game you kill?"

The Indian looked at the doctor for a moment; and the far-

VISIT TO THE MUSCOGEE INDIANS.

off dawn of a smile illuminated his greasy features, as he replied, —

"Well, hardly — hic — ever."

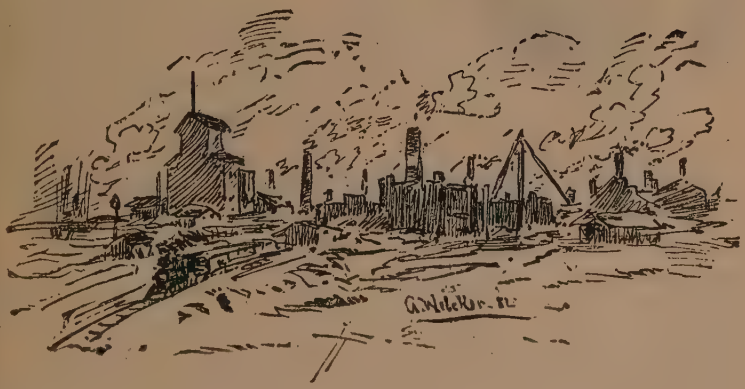
The doctor was disgusted. He pulled me away; and, as we went back to the hotel, we talked the matter over, and unanimously agreed that the Indian, when tamed by civilization and diluted with cheap fire-water, was a miserable fraud.

Here was another idol broken, another tradition shattered, a romance reduced to reality. The noble savage is a fraud, a fiction, a myth. He does not exist, he never did exist; and yet we have gone on for years believing in him, and even occasionally becoming sad and melancholy when we thought that the last remnants of a noble race were gradually disappearing

from the earth, crowded out by civilization and a paternal government. After this, in what shall we put faith? Can we believe any thing? Science and patient investigation are making astonishing revelations. The truth of yesterday is the error of to-day. The orthodox doctrines of our youth become heterodox as we advance in life. The day may soon come when the children of this world will have become so wise in their generation, that the fumes of a sulphur match will be unsuggestive of a state of existence beyond the sunset glow of this life, and when men will be asked to believe that there never was such a thing as an Havana-filled five-cent cigar. Even now scepticism has advanced so far, that we are solemnly assured that there never were any good old times when politicians were honest. It has even been hinted that Benjamin Franklin was not really the inventor of the cooking-stove bearing his name. Shall we, in like manner, be asked to give up our faith in Jonah, Sindbad the sailor, and other historic men and things? We had believed all the stories about the straight tongue of the Indian; we had believed that the poetic and figurative language of the dusky savage was a reality. May we not be asked some day to believe that the blank verse spoken by the king and courtiers of Shakspeare's time was but the creation of the poet's brain? Who knows what fond delusion we may have to give up, what ancient tradition we may have to discard? This is an age of analysis, investigation, and reality; and, in the light of experience and research, many of the world's beliefs have been examined, and found to have been but the hallucinations of a perturbed brain, the offspring of unsubstantial romance, the children of a mendacious chronicler.

The Houstonians are deserving of much credit for the enterprise they have exhibited, not only in building up their own city, but in developing the resources of the vast territory through which they have built railroads. Houston, situated at the head of navigation on Buffalo Bayou, and being the point of connection for numerous railroads, offers advantages to manufacturers that are not excelled in any other spot in the South; and, no doubt, ere long these advantages will be recognized by

capitalists, and Houston will be noisy with the rattle of the loom and the sound of the trip-hammer. Already Houston's capital and enterprise have built a cotton-factory and several iron-founderies; but these are only the acorns from which the wide-spreading oak of industries may yet grow.



CHAPTER V.

THE second morning after our arrival in Houston, the doctor and I started out in search of horses. We wanted to buy two saddle-ponies. We had often heard of the wonderful endurance of the native Texas horse; we were familiar with oft-told tales of the long journeys he was capable of making, with grass as the only item on his bill of fare; and we had been advised, in view of the lengthy trip we purposed making in the saddle, that the native pony was preferable to the larger and more showy animal "from the States." Learning that there was a *caballada* (herd of horses — Texanized pronunciation, kavcy-yard) in a corral about three miles from town, we procured a hack, and proceeded in the direction indicated by our informant. Now, thought I, we shall at last see the wild steed of the prairie, — the mustang, with distended nostrils and flowing mane, whose pictures grace the pages of frontier literature, where he is depicted in the act of leaping tremendous chasms, breasting raging torrents, and invariably carrying his rider safely beyond the reach of the pursuing Indians. To own one of these fiery and untamed steeds, and on his back to sweep across the boundless prairies of the West, had been the fond ambition of my boyhood. Now that I was so near the consummation of the hopes of my salad days, thrills of anticipated pleasure warmed my blood; and I eagerly strained my eyes to catch the first glimpse of the noble animal, while the doctor softly murmured, —

"When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its strife,
No counsel I ask, no pity I need;
But bring me, oh! bring me a gallant young steed."

Out beyond the city limits a mile or two, driving over the prairie, and we came within sight of a herd of horses. Some were inside a corral: others were being driven in by three or four wild-looking men on horseback. These men were urging the frightened horses with swinging lassos, accompanying their gestures with yells unearthly and language sulphureous.

There were about one hundred horses in all; but among

THE CASTILIAN CABALLO.

them where was the ideal courser of the plains? "Where," cried I, "is the fiery descendant of the noble Castilian caballo?" and echo, if there had been such a thing as an echo around, would have experienced considerable difficulty in stating exactly where.

Imagine a boy forming his ideas of the wild and hairy sea-horse (imported at great expense from the deserts of Africa, only living specimen now on exhibition) from the gaudy pictures on the circus show-bill, and then think of him when he has worn himself round-shouldered carrying water to the elephant, and having gained admittance to the great moral exhibition by the sweat of his brow and the kink in his neck, as it were — imagine the feelings of this boy, as he stands before the cage looking on the miserable original of the pic-

ture. Imagine an unsophisticated frontiersman, whose notions of statesmen have been gathered from the lives of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, journeying from the gateway of the setting sun to the national capital, that he may gaze on that other great moral show, the combined intellect of a nation concentrated in the halls of Congress, and then fancy his feelings on being brought face to face with the actual menagerie. Then, when your mind's eye has become moist gazing on these imaginary pictures, you will be in a proper frame of mind to sympathize with me; and you will have some idea of my feelings, as I stood, not exactly rooted to the spot, but ankle-deep in mud, and saw the glittering dream of my youth fade away into the realms of stern reality.

I saw about one hundred poor, lean ponies of all imaginable colors, and of a style and build that would suggest the possibility of offspring resulting from the union of a clothes-horse with a night-mare. They were unshod, branded on hips and shoulders with extraordinary alphabetical vagaries and idiotic monograms, and they were evidently as ignorant of the uses of a curry-comb as the average Texas justice of the peace is of the usages of the law. None of them was more than fourteen hands high. They had been trained to the extent of being what is called "bridle-wise." The owners said this meant, that they had been broken to the saddle, and understood the use of the bridle. From subsequent experience, I take it that the term merely implies the fact that they are wise enough to keep out of reach of a bridle whenever it is possible to do so.

The dream of my boyhood — visions of the "fleet-limbed the beautiful" — had been ruthlessly dispelled; and I brushed away a tear shed in memory of my trustful and credulous faith, as I asked the doctor what he was going to do about it. He seemed to take a more cheerful view of the situation than I did, and replied, with an amount of levity that ill-befitted the trying hour, "Best we can do, you know; may as well make the best of the circumstances. This Bulgarian atrocity, on the white horse here, says he can select two ponies that will carry us 'like smoke.' So you just brace up your imagination, and create merit in the brutes where it is lacking. As the poet says, —

"'Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the thing thou dost not.'"

We climbed on the rails of the corral, and selected two specimens of the noblest of domestic animals, — the mildest, meekest looking we could see. One of the men in charge rode in amid the hurricane of kicking ponies, and lassoed those we had pointed out. Tying the home end of the lasso to the horn of his saddle, he dragged them, one at a time, outside of the enclosure.

One of the ponies was of a pale dun color, frescoed with tufts of last season's hair, and chunks of this season's mud: the other was what is known as a "claybank," the name being suggested by the natural color of the animal. A man once told me that "it is not necessary that picturesque objects should be of great size: it is enough if they are rough and scraggy, and have forms characterized by sudden variations." This definition occurred to me, as I refreshed my eye with a survey of our purchase; and I realized the fact, that never before had it been my privilege to see so much picturesque scenery disposed of for the paltry sum of fifty dollars in specie. For that sum the ponies were to be delivered at a certain stable in town. We drove back to our hotel in time for dinner, after which we made preparations to leave.

As we intended, for some days at least, to trust for food to such supplies as we might obtain at the plantations and ranches along the route, we did not trouble ourselves with cooking-utensils. Our saddle-bags contained our small necessities, our rifles were strapped to the sides of our saddles, our stake-ropes hung on the pommel, and our blankets were rolled up and tied behind.

I looked at tne huge Texas saddle, with its high pommel, its wealth of leather flap and dangling rawhide thongs, its wonderful stirrups, and freight of rifle, saddle-bags, and blanket, — all on the back of my little pony, thirteen and a half hands high, — and I thought of Falstaff's "ha'-penny worth of bread to all that quantity of sack."

At one o'clock we were all aboard; and, after a sonorous

smile at the landlord's parting lie, we got fairly started on our long ride through the wilds and wiles of Texas.

Our intention was to end the first section of our ride at the ancient city of San Antonio, two hundred and fifty miles west of Houston; the route being through the rich sugar and cotton lands of the lower Brazos, and over the great stock range of the Gaudalupe and the San Marcos. Our course beyond San Antonio we left to be decided by circumstances.

The start promised well. Our ponies stepped out briskly; and soon we were on the open prairie, out of sight of Houston, and measuring off real estate at the rate of five miles an hour. For about fifteen miles the country is level prairie, with occasional motts, or islands of timber, on it. It seems strange, that, being so near a city, more of this land is not cultivated. The only reason I heard given was, that the soil was "sorry," and not as good as in other parts of the State; yet the very native who advanced this as a reason showed me a field on which last year he had raised three crops of potatoes, using no manure. In January he planted Irish potatoes, and dug them in April. He then planted sweet potatoes, which he harvested in time to plant Irish potatoes, — some time in September, I think. The yield averaged each crop about a hundred and fifty bushels to the acre. They call this sorry soil. In the name of all that is prolific, may I ask what would satisfy these pampered Texans? If they had been farming down in Egypt in the years of plenty, when Joseph was buying futures, and fixing for a corner in corn, I have no doubt they would have grumbled at the smallness of the yield, and would have claimed, that if it had not been quite so dry, or if they had had a little more rain, there *might* have been over half a crop made.

Land that would be considered excellent in other and less-favored countries is here neglected because there is so much better land to be found, probably a short distance off, and because that in the State there is such a wealth of this phenomenally productive land. There is no country of the same size on earth where there is so small a proportion of poor or waste land. It is almost impossible, from figures, to get an accurate idea of the immense extent of Texas.

A man once told me that "figures don't lie." He was an honest man: at least, he never had been cashier of a savings-bank, nor held an office in his life. I believe his statement; but though figures could not lie, even if they so desired, yet they do not tell the whole truth when they get mixed up into the hundreds of thousands, or, rather, they don't convey the full compass of an idea to our finite minds. Comparison is the only way by which we can realize quantity. From north to south, Texas measures 670 miles; from east to west, 825 miles. Inside her boundaries are 175,000,000 of acres of land, or 275,000 square miles of territory. Texas contains an area as large as France and Spain together. Take the States of Ohio, Maryland, and Virginia; add to them the States of New York, Delaware, and Pennsylvania; then, for good measure, throw in the whole of the six New-England States, — and the area of all these States combined will not equal that of the great State of Texas. It extends over ten degrees of latitude, and from the sixteenth to the thirtieth degree of longitude west from Washington. It has more than two hundred and fifty counties: some of the largest — Tom Green or Crockett, for instance — are each as large as the State of Massachusetts.

France has a population of 175 to the square mile: at that rate, Texas could support a population of 48,000,000. Great Britain has 260 inhabitants to the square mile: at that rate, Texas could support 70,000,000 people.

Within her borders can be found an immense variety of products. The soil is probably the most fertile and productive in the known world. Cotton, corn, sugar-cane, barley, and almost all the known cereals, grow side by side with the fruits of the tropics and the hardy plants of the more northern regions.

Texas produces nearly a million bales of cotton annually, — about a fifth of the total cotton-crop of the United States, — and has land enough suitable for cotton to produce five times as much cotton as is now grown in the whole world. About fifty thousand square miles is estimated as the wheat region.

Texas, with her vast natural resources, her pasturage for millions of cattle and sheep, her immense extent of farming-lands, and her countless riches in ores and minerals, is pre-

pared to support a population even more dense than that of the most populous country of the world. This is not a mere statement, but a matter of calculation and figures. With a climate that allows of labor in the field all the year round, with skies of more than Italian softness, and with an atmosphere so pure that it is the luxury of a stranger's life to breathe it, is it any wonder that the native Texan is usually a large man, loud of speech, and inclined to boastfulness? Considering his favorable surroundings, should we blame him if he does occasionally speak in Italics, and swear in large capitals?

Texas is divided into three great natural divisions, — first, the coast country, almost a thousand miles in length, and running inland about a hundred miles; second, Central Texas, the great grain and cotton belt; third, the vast prairies and table-lands stretching out to the western boundary of the State, the home of the stockman, the Indian, and the buffalo. Of these divisions there are many subdivisions. There is such variety in scenery, soil, and products, that a description of any one section or division would not, even in general terms, properly describe any other division.

Until a few years ago, the outside world knew very little about Texas; and a great deal of that little was merely invented history and unsubstantial romance. Texas was formerly regarded as the home of the murderous Indian, and the refuge of the equally murderous criminal who had escaped from justice in the older States. Before the civil war, when a murder was committed in the older States, or when a Sunday-school superintendent appropriated funds from the bank of which he was cashier, newspaper accounts of such indiscretions invariably ended with the laconic announcement, "Gone to Texas."

They tell of a criminal in Eastern Texas, who, thirty years ago, was under arrest for horse-stealing. His lawyer told him that his case was a desperate one. "You will assuredly be convicted on the evidence," said he, "and then you will be hung. My advice to you is to try and make your escape."

"Escape! Where?" said the horse-thief. "For Heaven's sake, where can I escape to? Sure, *I'm in Texas now!*"

In those days society in Texas was but little better than it is to-day in Chicago or Brooklyn; and there was good reason for the famous remark of Gen. Sheridan, that, if he owned both Texas and the residence of the father of lies, he would rent out Texas, and live in the other place.

Now that Texas is opened to the world by railroads, ignorance regarding the great changes that have taken place is inexcusable; yet there are intelligent human beings in the United States who still look on Texas as the land of desperadoes and long-horned cattle.

As an illustration of this, and an evidence that there are depths of geographical ignorance in the foreign mind that have never yet been fathomed, I quote the following from the London (Eng.) "Spectator" of a late date:—

"John Wesley Hardin, a noted divine, has perpetrated one of those acts so eminently characteristic of American civilization; and we call attention to it as an average example of the mode of administering justice in the United States. Texas is one of those wild border-States, located on the Gulf of Mexico, and bordering on the Rio Grande. The city of Comanche is a flourishing town, whose population is composed largely of desperadoes and Comanche Indians from Indiana. About two years ago, Hardin, who was a religious fanatic, went inside a saloon, and, without the least provocation, shot and killed Sheriff Webber, and then commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children. This led to a general engagement between the whites and the Indians, which was finally put down by a regiment of Texas cavalry called the Rangers, but not till many lives had been sacrificed. During the battle Hardin escaped, and has ever since been a terror to that region. The chief judge of the province had to be escorted from one county to another under guard of a company of Rangers and a battery of Gatling guns, which inspired terror to the savages led by Hardin. The daring leader has at length been captured, and sentenced to two-years' penal servitude. The people are very superstitious, and look on the desperado as a much-abused individual."

The American civilization that necessitates the "chief judge of the province" being escorted by "a battery of Gatling guns," is something that these people — who can get up bloody riots in their own "provinces" on fifteen-minutes' notice — shudder to think of. A thousand-pound derrick might hoist the beam out of their jaundiced eye. And then the "Comanche Indians

from Indiana!" — but the subject is too painful. Let us, therefore, resume the narrative of our equestrian progress.

For three hours after leaving Houston, we had been riding over what seemed an interminable prairie, with nothing to relieve the eye on either side, except immense herds of cattle feeding on the luxuriant prairie-grass. The blank waste and immensity of a prairie cannot be described: it must be seen, before you can realize that such an extent of flatness exists on this terrestrial clod. On either side, away out to the horizon, the country is as level as the sea. You are in the centre of a vast ocean of dry land. There are no familiar objects in sight. You feel — if you are at all imaginative, or have freely used your pocket-flask — as if, somehow, you have got off on a new planet that is sailing through space on its own account. The sky seems to be bluer and clearer, the air purer, and the sun to shine more brightly than on the old earth you have been accustomed to. The eager striving for the possession of dollars and cents does not seem to you now to be the chief end of man, but, rather, a sad and pitiful exhibition of human weakness and inconsistency. Your mind will expand in keeping with the vastness of your surroundings, and will be filled with wonder and awe, as you gaze on the immensity and beauty of the Creator's handiwork, until you are lost in admiration and rapture, and long for the hour when your day's journey shall end at some farm-yard gate, where the aroma of the frying sections of a dismembered hog will bring you back from the realms of sentiment to the stomachic realities of this life.

Our ponies moved along with an air of resignation and languor that was not at all in keeping with the liveliness they exhibited in the morning. This, however, was rather gratifying than otherwise; for it dispelled fears and misgivings we had, that our lately acquired purchases might have been "bucking-ponies." The majority of Texas ponies buck, or pitch as it is sometimes termed, whenever circumstances seem to demand an exhibition of this facetious freak, or the condition of things seems to justify the sportive caprice. They usually exhibit this idiosyncrasy of character when first mounted in the morning, but are liable to break out in pitching-spells at intervals

all through the day. In fact, some ponies will buck for hours, only stopping to get breath for a fresh start. This kind is recommended for the use of dyspeptics, and invalids suffering from torpidity of liver. A pitching mustang, when working on full time, and strictly devoting his attention to business, is the most moving sight I ever beheld. His spine seems to be of whalebone; and he appears to possess all the elements of a steamboat explosion, a high-pressure pile-driver, and an earthquake, in addition to the enthusiasm of a county convention.

We were glad to find that ours were not bucking-ponies, and we congratulated each other on the fortunate circumstance. Of course, as we argued, if there had been any buck in them, it would have developed itself at an early stage in the journey. Understand, we were not afraid; for did the doctor not make the assertion that he had often followed the hounds in England, and only once had he been thrown? and had I not ridden ninety miles on a buckboard, that most atrocious of all four-wheeled vehicles, and arrived at my destination with no worse accident than a broken leg or two? No, we were not afraid of being thrown: we did not number that among the possibilities. The fact was, that, besides the weather being warm, we did not need shaking up, and were therefore prejudiced against any violent exercise.

I always liked that fancy of the old saints and sinners we read of in the good book, — the giving to each other names suggestive of some peculiar trait or atrocity of character. Conforming to that old custom, I named my pony "Deliberation," the name seemed so appropriate; he moved along in such a deliberate, solemn way, — no pomp and circumstance about *him;* and he was so gentle and tranquil, nothing seemed to flurry him. You could throw the reins on his neck, and strike a match on the pommel of the saddle. I say you *could* do this: but the after-fate of that match would be of no moment to you; you would be otherwise engaged. I regret to say that I tried the experiment. I lighted a match: at least, I think I did; but there was a haziness about the subsequent proceedings that prevents accuracy of statement. I distinctly remember striking the match. At that moment, however, I was fluently

propelled upwards: a tornado caught me, whirled me around eleven times. As I came down, a pile-driver drove me once in the stomach; and I came to earth with that sensation (only intensified) that a man feels who sits down in what he imagines to be a high chair, and which he afterwards thinks was about seven feet lower than his estimate. I saw whole milky ways of constellations that never before existed. I realized, for the first time, the dense solidity of the earth, and made the astonishing discovery, that, under certain circumstances, our planet,

BUCKED.

instead of revolving on its own axis once in every twenty-four hours, can rush around at the rate of at least one hundred revolutions a minute. There is not in the whole range of language, ancient, modern, or profane, terms sufficiently expressive to describe the state of my feelings, the amount of mud on my person, or the chaotic condition of my brain. As soon as the earth settled down to the usual speed of her diurnal motion, I came to the conclusion that it was not always best to judge by appearances. I had been hasty in bestowing a distinctive cog-

nomen on my erratic steed. He had no more deliberation in him than has a fugitive flea under the searching scrutiny of a determined woman. I renamed him. This time I called him "Delay," because delay is — but it does not matter. Come to think of it since, the reason was weak. If, however, the reader should pierce the intricate labyrinth of mental ingenuity that constitutes the conundrum, I trust he will be charitable enough to consider the circumstances connected with its perpetration.

There are times that try men's souls. There are seasons in every Christian's life when he wishes he was not a church-member for just about five minutes, that he might have a chance to do justice to the surroundings. Such, to me, was the trying moment when I gathered my bruised remains together, and, looking around, saw the festive "Delay" quietly eating grass, while a little distance off sat the doctor on his pony, complacently whistling, "Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

CHAPTER VI.

THE prairie we rode into the wooded country of the Brazos bottom, in Fort Bend County. The course of the Brazos is about as straight as that of the average congressman: it makes a man dizzy to look at it on the map. The famous bottoms of this river are about six miles in breadth. The soil, which is altogether alluvial, is from ten to twenty feet in depth, of a rich chocolate color. I heard an Eastern man remark, as he examined it, that Brazos bottom soil would be considered good manure in his country.

The bottom is timbered with oak, pecan, cottonwood, and many kinds of smaller trees. The vine bearing the mustang grape assumes enormous proportions: some stems attain the thickness of a man's leg. These vines climb to the tops of the very highest trees: they then recoil, and are seen hanging in magnificent festoons, as if so arranged by the hand of art.

Large quantities of grapes, wild and uncultivated, grow in these bottoms. Very few of them are gathered; although it is said there can be made from them an excellent wine, equal to good claret. One man could gather a wagon-load of them in a day. It is astonishing that some one with a knowledge of wine-making does not invest in this enterprise, the profit of which, no doubt, would be great.

I have heard of a man coming to Texas expecting to find money growing on the trees, and I am told that he went away sorrowful because the crop did not equal his expectations. I

think he must have overlooked this part of Texas: for here, money growing on trees is almost a literal fact; at least, the equivalent of money is to be seen weighing down the branches on every side. Energy and a mule-team is all the capital a man needs to enable him to realize from these natural sources, and not only to make a living, but to accumulate wealth.

Pecans, an article of commerce worth a dollar and a half a bushel, can be gathered from the trees along the banks in almost unlimited quantities; and on the Brazos, and all through Eastern Texas, the supply of moss — free to all who wish to gather it — is immense. It is valuable as a substitute for hair in the manufacture of mattresses, cushions, etc. Large quantities of it are shipped to New Orleans and other points. Some people have a prejudice against it. They say its presence is indicative of chills and other sickness. I once heard a learned native use strong terms in speaking of it. He called it *tillandsia usneoides:* but probably he meant nothing unkind by his remark; for he was that sort of man who calls a potato "an esculent farinaceous tuber of the *solanum tuberosum* family," and expresses his thoughts in polysyllabic and sonorous periods, but who, somehow or other, cannot sustain the strain, and drops from the heights of the sublime to the plains of the ridiculous with painful celerity.

EXPLAINING ROCKS.

I met him once on a wet day, toiling on foot up a rocky road in Western Texas. In the course of our conversation I happened to remark that there seemed to be a useless profusion of good building-material in that out-of-the-way place.

Said he, "My dear young man, in these scenes of grandeur and sublimity, which forcibly impress the attentive observer of nature, there is nothing without its use. We can find sermons written upon even this apparently useless calcareous formation. I tell you what it is, sir, had not the Great Architect of the

universe, in his mighty wisdom, when in the gray dawn of creation he brought order out of chaos — had he not formed these stones and placed them here, I'm gosh durned if you and I, sir, wouldn't be up to the knees in mud right now."

There is a story told regarding a speech once made by this reservoir of flatulent verbosity. I have heard the story, with variations, often repeated, and almost as often have I heard the speech credited to some other person. It may therefore be old to the reader, but there is a breezy freshness about it that justifies me in repeating it. It runs somewhat after this fashion: while speaking at an open-air meeting, he was interrupted by a man in the crowd who shouted, "Louder!" The speaker raised his voice. In less than a minute the same man again called, "Louder!" Again the speaker raised his voice, until its volume reached away out beyond the edge of the crowd. When the man for the third time called "Louder!" the orator paused for a second, and then continued, "Fellow-citizens, the period will at last arrive when the vast machinery of this universe must stop, and all its wheels be motionless; when the spheres shall cease to roll, and all the defined periods of time be lost in eternity. In that awful hour, when the mighty Gabriel shall descend from the battlements of heaven, and, placing one foot on the sea and one on the land, shall force a blast from his trumpet that shall reverberate throughout the remotest corners of the universe, *some dog-goned fool will holler 'Louder! Louder!'*"

Cotton, corn, and sugar-cane are the principal crops raised on the lower Brazos. Before the civil war, or, as a Texan would say, "'fore the break-up," this country, for many miles on each side of the river, was divided into large plantations, owned by wealthy slave-holders. Some planters owned as many as three hundred slaves. The planters lived in baronial style, — autocrats of estates more extensive than many of the dukedoms of Europe, and with annual revenues larger than those of the majority of the princes of the Old World. The negro quarters on these great plantations were small towns, populous with the happiest of dusky humanity, and noisy with the hilarity inherent in the childish Ethiopian.

Abundance of hog, hominy, hoecakes, and molasses; a liberal license in the matter of break-downs and camp-meetings, — this, with Sunday frolics, went to make the "poor, down-trodden African" the happiest of mortals in the "ole timey days 'fore 'mancipation." If they *did* get whipped when they did what was wrong, do we, in these days of universal freedom, not whip certain of our criminals? If they were for certain crimes

CAMP-MEETING EXHORTER.

bound with chains, as we used to see the "man and a brother" depicted on the titlepage of abolition tracts, do the officers of the best government the world ever saw not bind with chains those who break the laws? If the black slave was once in a while compelled to do laborious tasks, and to work from sunrise until after sunset, are there not white freemen in these United States to-day who are compelled to toil at equally hard labor, the payment of which will not purchase bread and meat

enough to keep body and soul together? I ask myself these questions as we ride through what was once a plantation rich in waving corn, and white with bursting cotton-bolls, now a sad, bleak wilderness of weeds; the once clean and comfortable quarters, now wretched hovels, the home of filth and pestilence; the once palatial residence of the planter, now untenanted, except by the bat and the owl. As I look on this great change, I think of the negro slave (whose ancestors, in all the centuries of their existence as a people, had never developed enough intelligence to build a bridge) being clothed and fed, housed and nursed in sickness, by their masters in the days of slavery. And then I look around, and I see the "colored gentleman" of to-day indolent and shiftless, filthy and ragged, lying asleep in the sun. I enter his miserable cabin, and I see his wife as dirty and ragged as he is. I find his children sick, and on the way to an early grave for lack of intelligent care and medical aid. As I listen to the plaintive song of the mother, memories of the jubilant choruses that used to resound through the old plantation crowd upon me. Visions of the fat old mammy — kind to the children, and loyal to "ole massa and missus" — and of the superannuated uncle, with his dignity of bearing and battered banjo, arise before me; and I think what an immense amount of sympathy and gush regarding the "fettered bondsman" has been wasted. Understand, I am no upholder of the institution of slavery. As an evil under the sun, I abhor it; as a surviving evidence of barbarism, I am glad it has been numbered with the things that were: but, when I look at the present and the past without prejudice, I can see that the colored man of to-day, with his freedom and all the rights of citizenship, stands more in need of sympathy than ever did the slave of ante-bellum days. It may be accepted as a fact, that exemption from labor is the only idea the average plantation negro has of liberty.

Meeting an aged darkey near Richmond, in Fort Bend County, we inquired of him the distance to town.

"Well, boss, it's right smart o' distance thar."

"But how many miles is it?"

"Well, sah, I spec it's 'bout four miles, sah, mo' or less."

"WHITE FOLKS AIN'T AS GORGEOUS AS THEY USED TO BE."

"Have you lived in these bottoms long, uncle?"

"Bress yo' heart, chile, I's a ole pie'neer, I is. I's been a slave heah 'fo' de wah. I b'longed to Judge Waters, an' I's done rented a place on de ole plantation since."

"And how do you find times now, compared to what they were before emancipation?"

"Times is mighty scrimpid now, sah, for a fac'. It 'quires a darkey to be mighty peart in dese yere times fur to make a

THE NEGRO AS A SLAVE.

livin'; an' de white folks, neither, ain't as gorjus as dey used to be. De change is wussur on dem dan on de cullud man."

"How is that, uncle?"

"Yo' see, sah, if yer had been 'customed to ride in yo' kerridge, an' hev niggers to wait on yo', yo'd find it kinder sort o' discomposin' to do yer ridin' on a ole mule, an' hoe yo' own row in a corner of a big cotton-field, whar yo' used to boss fifty niggers. Eben hogs is a objec' wid white folks now; an' dey makes a debbil ob a fus if one ob der chickens strays inter a nigger's lot, an' gits killed premiskus-like, by mistake as it wur.

Yes, boss, times is changed: times is hard, sah, sure's yo' born."

"Your talk would lead one to suppose that slavery was better than freedom. You don't want the old times back again, do you?"

"Oh, no, young massa! I knows it's better fur de young folks dat dey am free; but as fur me, I'd rather, if de good Lord willed it, be gittin' my vittuls in ole massa's kitchen dan be skirmishin' roun' for grub like we has to do now."

"But don't you think, uncle, that the times will improve, and that the rising generation of colored people will improve with the times, and"—

"'Scuse de interruption, sah; but de risin' generation ob de cullud people is a gwine to de debbil as fas' as dey can, yes, sah, for a fac'. I ain't no flossifer; but I's wrastled wid de subjec', and dis yere ole darkey knows what he am a talkin' 'bout, sure's yo' a foot high. De ole timey niggers ain't got much sense, but dey is hones', an' most ob dem works; but de young folks is de no accountest trash! Sakes alive, sah! dey cares for nuffin but polertics and whiskey. De boys don't work, 'ceptin' 'nuff to git money fur whiskey; an' I say dere hain't no God's freedom in de freedom dat lets a man buy whiskey wid de money dat should go fur de s'port ob his wife an' chil'un. Yo' hear me shout."

The old man stood in the dusty road, leaning on a crooked *bois d'arc* stick, his hat in his hand, and his bald head encircled by a fringe of white wool shining in the sunlight. If he was not a "flossifer," he was evidently a preacher; for his voice, as he progressed, grew louder, and had the true ring of the camp-meeting exhorter. The subject was one with which he had evidently "wrastled," and over which he had no doubt mourned. He was prepared to enlarge on the theme, and improve the occasion; but, as our time was limited, we said good-by. Looking back as we jogged along, we saw the old man limping up the road, and heard him muttering in thunder tones something about the "no accountness ob things ginerally."

The sun was down when we arrived in Richmond, — a town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, built on the bank of the

Brazos River. The Spaniards called this river "Los Brazos de Dios" ("the arms of God"). What could be more appropriate than this name? The strength of a god is in its mighty current, as the turbid waters in the rainy season rush and hurry onward to the sea. The soil left by the receding waters in past ages has made the "Brazos bottom" a synonyme of fertility. It is an inexhaustible soil, the richest, perhaps, in the world.

The Brazos affords a water-way for light-draught crafts for a distance of fifty miles from its mouth. As the distributer of these blessings, it may well be called "the arms of God."

Those old Spanish pioneers used to coax the Indians of Texas into the folds of Christianity under the soothing influences of the thumb-screw and other ancient Christian ordinances. They were also in the habit of patronizing bull disputes on Sunday. Taking them altogether, they were a depraved set; but they did have some sense of the eternal fitness of appropriate nomenclature when it came to naming rivers and mountains. Had a civilized and enlightened American been the discoverer of the Brazos de Dios, he would doubtless have named it after his wife's aunt, or in honor of some distinguished alderman in his native town.

It was on the banks of this river, that, in 1822, Stephen F. Austin, a Missourian, founded the first American colony in Texas. The colony consisted of three hundred families. They made their homes in what was then an uninhabited and unknown country. Under many disadvantages, they flourished, and grew in numbers and wealth. The story of the early struggles of this colony, the "Old Three Hundred," as in after years they loved to be called, would make a volume of extraordinary interest, abounding in tales of heroism, self-sacrifice, and noble deeds.

In Fort Bend County, before the war (1860), there were 3,532 negro slaves, valued at $3,139,856. Then taxes, including State, county, and poll tax, did not exceed twenty cents on the hundred dollars; then Brazos bottom-land was worth fifty to eighty dollars an acre, and cotton was worth twenty cents a pound: now taxes amount to seventy-five cents per hundred dollars; bottom-land is worth only five to ten dollars an acre;

cotton sells at eight cents per pound; and the $3,139,856 worth of negroes run the county government, and revel in the luxury of unlimited politics.

In 1878 the population of the county was estimated at ten thousand, of which only two thousand were white. All the county officers, except two, were negroes. Is it any wonder, as the old negro said, "de white folks ain't as gorjus as dey used to be"?

We crossed the Brazos at Richmond in a ferryboat. The Houston and San Antonio Railway crosses here on a very fine iron bridge. Judge Schultz was a fellow-passenger with us on the ferry. The craft proceeded slowly, on account of the low state of the river, and gave the judge the opportunity to disgorge the following: —

"You see that railroad bridge? Well, sir, that wasn't there when I crossed that river on the cars ten years ago. The trains crossed on a bridge of boats, — the only railroad bridge of the kind in the world, sir. The rails were laid only a few feet above the water. The banks are very high; and the grade down to the water was one in three, and the same up the other side. The engine only carried over one car at a time, switched that one off, and came back for another. She would take a car and back out on the track a few hundred yards, so as to get a good start, and then, donner and blitzen! how she would go down on one side with a zipp and a bang, and then up the other with a snort and a howl! Sometimes she wouldn't hold the rails going up; then she would fall back on the pontoon bridge, and lie there till they brought another engine, and towed her up with a rope."

The judge, probably noticing an incredulous glare in my eye, continued, —

"Yes, sir, it *is* hard to believe, if you never saw it done; but, sir, there is the very bluff right before you to prove the truth of every word I have spoken."

I confess, that, before the judge called my attention to the bluff, I was inclined to be a little incredulous: at least, I thought it possible that perhaps the judge exaggerated somewhat; I was willing to accept his tale with the usual discount.

As soon, however, as I looked at the bluff, I regretted that I had harbored a doubt as to the judge's veracity: for there in the moonlight, towering forty feet above us, was the identical bluff; and, as I examined it, I became satisfied, that, after all, the judge's story was the — most unadulterated lie I had ever heard.

CHAPTER VII.

THE counties of Fort Bend, Wharton, Colorado, and Brazoria, there is a great deal of the finest sugar-lands in the world. Before the war, there were vast sugar-plantations here. Sugar-cane is still cultivated, although not to such an extent as formerly, owing to the difficulty of procuring plantation hands suitable for the work. It is a very profitable crop.

The counties of Fort Bend, Brazoria, Wharton, Matagorda, and the lower portions of Austin and Colorado, are the best part of the world for the successful and economical production of sugar-cane. Mr. Freeman, a sugar-planter, told me that he was prepared to prove that the entire expense of running a sugar-plantation in Fort Bend County is less than the annual expense of ditching and levee tax on similar acreage in the sugar district of Louisiana.

Sorghum is a variety of sugar-cane, from which an inferior kind of sirup is made. Large quantities of it are cultivated in the rich bottoms of the Brazos and Colorado Rivers. Mr. M. Gardner, in an article on the cultivation of sorghum, published in the Galveston "News," says, "I have been raising and making sirup out of sorghum for the past twenty years. My average yield of sirup has been from eighty to a hundred and thirty

gallons per acre. When cotton was bringing fifteen cents and upwards, I sold sirup at from seventy-five cents to one dollar per gallon. It costs much less to cultivate cane than it does to cultivate cotton."

The doctor's pony had been acting in a very unsatisfactory manner, and looked as if he were suffering from lack of rest. The doctor wanted to sell him, and buy a larger horse. Our landlord told him that a sugar-planter who lived on the edge of town wanted just such a pony, and would give a good price for him if he suited. We rode over to see the sugar-planter, and found him in the field. The doctor exhibited the pony, and made truth howl, as he told of the good qualities of his steed. He (the pony) was so gentle that a child could give him oats, so fast that only a long-winded man could ride him, and he was incapable of fatigue, and was possessed of extraordinary staying-powers (he would stay all day at a haystack without showing the least fatigue). The planter took the saddle off the pony, and looked at his back to see if the customary sore was there. Being evidently satisfied, he offered the doctor twenty dollars for him.

"He is a gift from my poor old uncle," said the doctor; "and, knowing his worth as I do, I would not sell him at any price but that I am compelled to take the train to-morrow, that I may get home in time for my uncle's funeral. You may have him, however, for forty dollars."

"More than he is worth," said the planter; "but I like the looks of the plug; and, if you'll throw in the saddle and the bridle, I'll give you forty."

"You can have him on those terms," said the doctor.

"All right: just lead him around, and hitch him at the gate — but recollect you must furnish your own barrels."

"Barrels! Why, what have I got to do with barrels?"

"You didn't expect to get forty dollars for that pony without furnishing the barrels, did you?"

"What in Heaven's name do you want barrels furnished for?" replied the doctor.

"Well, now, that beats any thing! Don't you know that sorghum molasses is legal tender here? If you want to trade, that's the kind of currency you'll have to take."

"Well, I'll be — Get up!" said the doctor; and, putting spurs to his forty dollars' worth of molasses, he galloped out of the field, and I followed.

We left Richmond at sunrise, after a hasty breakfast of bacon, corn-bread, and coffee. In these warm latitudes it is too hot to travel in the middle of the day. Travellers usually start at sunrise, and ride until about eleven o'clock; then, selecting a shady place on the bank of a creek, or near a water-hole, where water for the horses and for the making of coffee can be found, they "noon it." "Nooning it" means stretching a rope out on the prairie, with a tree or a peg at one end, and a horse or a mule at the other; it means gathering an armful of wood and buffalo chips, and using up a lot of matches and a choice assortment of patience and profane language in making a fire; it means a dinner consisting of coffee, without sugar, in a tin cup, and corn-bread baked in a dirty skillet, with a cigarette for dessert; it means a long nap after dinner, while the industrious ant explores the deepest recesses of one's underclothing, and the artesian tick digs his grave in one's skin; and, finally, it means gathering together the scant culinary utensils, hitching up, and starting off at three o'clock in the afternoon.

At Richmond we had provided ourselves with all the necessary implements and accessories for what is called "a camping-out trip;" that is, a journey on which the traveller avoids all human habitations, cooks his meals in the woods or on the plains, and sleeps on whatever spot of mother-earth nightfall finds him, — a journey on which the traveller is his own hostler, cook, and hairdresser, and has to depend on his own resources for almost every thing, from the killing of game for food to the washing of a shirt for comfort. Our camping-equipment consisted of a skillet, a coffee-pot, a peck of cornmeal, and a piece of fat bacon to wipe the inside of the skillet with as a preliminary to the making of corn-bread, a small sack of ground coffee, and two tin cups. It was when we were considering ways and means for carrying this modest outfit, that we discovered what the many dangling rawhide and buckskin thongs hanging from different parts of our saddles were for. To these

we attached the several articles to be carried, making a fair distribution. The skillet falling to the Doctor's share, and having a long handle, distressed him greatly for a day or two by dangling against his legs, until he conceived the novel plan of attaching it to the crupper, and hanging it over the stern like a rudder. This proved to be a very wise arrangement. His horse, not being especially brilliant as to speed, and being naturally very deliberate in his movements, was encouraged, by the banging of the rudder on his legs, to move sometimes with quite a creditable degree of velocity.

We travelled at a speed of about four miles an hour, winding our way through woods of oak and elm, where, except on the roads, the underbrush of mustang and blackberry vines was so dense that nothing but a snake under indictment for chicken-stealing would think of attempting to pass through.

Out of these dark avenues, where the interlaced branches of the trees from either side, with their ragged drapery of Spanish moss, modified the burning glare of the noonday sun, and caused a mellow twilight to pervade these forest depths, we passed into the scorching sunlight and over the flat prairie, our horses wading knee-deep in the coarse prairie grass.

There are many points of resemblance between these prairies and the ocean. You will ride and ride and ride, and never seem to be getting nearer to any thing. At last you see a chimney away out on the horizon; then a roof appears, and, like the sails of a ship, seems to grow larger as you approach it; then the hull — I mean the walls of the house — appears.

Riding over the plains is usually a very monotonous pleasure. Of course, there are exceptions. One of these exceptional cases is very fresh in my memory. It was on the second day out from Houston, and we were on the open prairie, having travelled several hours with the hot rays of the sun shining upon us. We became very thirsty. Stopping at a water-hole, I dismounted, and handed the doctor a cup of water. In returning the cup, he let it fall on the ground, startling my pony, and causing him to run about fifty yards. As he stopped and began to graze, I paid no attention to the matter, expecting, after attending to the demands of my thirsty throat, to walk up to

him, and mount. He let me walk to within five paces of his head. He had no objection to my walk. The fact is, and I regret to bear witness to it, he seemed rather to enjoy seeing me walk. Just as I was about to reach out to catch the bridle, he walked off. Then I began to run: so did he. He evidently enjoyed this acceleration of speed on my part, even more than he had previously enjoyed my walking-gait. He ran a short distance with his head down, apparently chuckling to himself at my discomfiture; then, throwing his heels up in the air, he cantered around me in a circle, neighing in a derisive manner. When I stopped, he would stop, and wait until I would almost catch up with him. He was always on the alert, however, and stood with his tail at full cock, ready to go off at the slightest increase of speed in my movements. What added to the interest of the entertainment was, that, when the vile mustang started, the coffee-pot, and other loose articles of *virtu* attached to the saddle, kept flopping around; increasing his hilarity, and causing him to perform gratuitous antics that no one would have ever thought the brute capable of performing. The result of this was, that, from the moment he started to run, he began shedding my portable property, — loose articles first, then the contents of my saddle-bags, one article at a time, — leaving a train of tinware and notions to mark his erratic course. This necessitated following in his tracks, that I might pick up my scattered belongings, — here a tooth-brush, there a bar of soap; over yonder, a towel hanging on a withered cactus; and the coffee-pot, with the handle broken and the lid gone, jammed among the thorns; farther on, my note-book in a puddle of water, and the photograph of somebody with golden hair smiling at me out of a bunch of violet-colored flowers.

It was a woful sight, but my pony was not the sort of animal that stops at the sound of woe. There was something that added to my bitterness of spirit; something that persons of sedentary habits, who have lately taken horseback exercise, can understand and appreciate. The doctor rode after my pony, and tried to catch him; but this was a failure on account of lack of speed on the part of the pony the doctor rode. The doctor's pony did his best, however, and evinced that ignoble dis-

position common to horses — and not unknown among men — to drag down and bring their fellows into the bonds of the same captivity they themselves are under.

After two hours spent in fruitless endeavor to catch my pony, and after trying all manner of deceitful devices to entrap him, — such as walking up toward him with a handful of choice grass, and offering it to him in the most respectful manner and sweetest

UNHORSED ON PRAIRIE.

tone of voice, and in holding a hat toward him in such a manner as to suggest that it contained about two quarts of shelled corn, — after all this had failed, he caught himself by entangling a rope, that hung loose from his neck, in the branches of a low mesquite.

I mounted the equine desperado, and said never a word. Some men would have had revenge by punishing the animal. The fact was, I could have stood at that moment an unmoved

spectator, and let my horse property be skinned alive, and I could have taken pleasure in peppering and salting the remains, after the hide had been removed. Indeed, in my then state of mind, no torture would have seemed more than just; but I suppressed my feelings, for the doctor was making a ridiculous spectacle of himself, laughing at what he supposed to be the best circus-performance he had ever witnessed. I made some idiotic remark regarding a clown, but declined to speak further until we arrived at a place where we decided to camp for the night.

The place we selected was a narrow valley, or canyon, through which our road ran. We staked our horses where they had an abundance of excellent grass. The doctor lighted a fire, I made some bread and coffee, and we had supper. After supper, pipes. There are few more pleasant moments in a man's life than those that come after a long and fatiguing day's ride, and a hearty supper, when he spreads out his blanket under a tree, lights his pipe, and lies down on his back with his head on his saddle, and all care and trouble and hotel clerks hundreds of miles away. To the man who loves a brier-root pipe, these are moments of supreme enjoyment. He gazes up at the dark vault above, with its myriads of glittering worlds circling around in harmonious evolutions to the music of the spheres, and he wonders if any of these far-away planets are inhabited by — fleas. The sandy soil of the postoak country abounds in fleas. Two travellers are said to have disputed, on one occasion, as to whether it was "a handful of sand with some fleas in it," or "a handful of fleas with some sand in it."

The camp-fire burned low, and I fell asleep. I awoke suddenly. The first thing I realized, I was standing on my feet, in my hand the skillet, which, in the confusion of the moment, I had caught up as the most available weapon of defence. As I stood bewildered in the darkness, the echo of the blood-curdling sound that awoke me reverberated through the canyon, thrown from bluff to bluff, and dying away in a diabolical cadence far up in the northern end of the valley.

I discovered the doctor intrenched in a defensive attitude behind a tree, the flickering light of the camp-fire showing

a stern purpose in his eye, and on his usually placid countenance a fixed determination to die in his tracks rather than submit to — whatever it was.

Before I had time to address him, the sound again came up out of the thick darkness, and not only from one direction, but it seemed to proceed from a chorus of demons placed in a circle around our camp. It was the most mournful, sad, and unearthly sound I had ever heard, — a combination of sounds, consisting of a howl of disappointment, a whine of sadness, and a groan of pent-up despair, with a few bars from an Irish *caione* thrown in to give tone to the effort. I had heard the cry of a distressed hog caught in a fence, I once had a roommate who was learning to play the flute, I had patiently sat through an Italian opera inflicted by Signor Blatantizo and his assistant fiends, and I have had nocturnal experience with a baby suffering from colic; but of all the dreadful and dreary sounds that I had ever heard, emanating from objects animate or inanimate, this was the most dreary and dreadful. The doctor hoarsely whispered, "Indians!" Imagine the situation: "two solitary horsemen" in a wild canyon, far from a human habitation; the night "dark as was chaos ere the infant sun was rolled together, or had tried his beams athwart the gloom profound;" and a mysterious danger threatening. Here we were, hemmed in on every side, and surrounded by an unknown and unseen foe. There was no chance of escape: we had no cave to hide in, not even a clean shirt to die in.

The situation was apalling to the doctor. To me, after the conclusion of the second overture, it was only suggestive of fun at the doctor's expense; for I had recognized the howl of the *coyote*, and knew that the fearful sound we had heard was only the impatient chorus of a gang of prairie wolves, waiting our departure, that they might forage around the *débris* of our supper.

The doctor thought we were surrounded by Comanches; and for two hours I allowed him the luxury of thinking that he was an absorbing object of interest to about fifty howling savages. Two hours of enjoyment to me, and of mortal terror to the doctor, I owed him for his laugh at me in the morning. He

received payment at the rate of two hundred cents on the dollar. He performed some of the most extraordinary manœuvres with a view to deceive the enemy, and protect himself from their bullets. The fact that it was so dark you could not see six feet ahead — could not even see an opportunity — made the doctor's movements all the more absurd. First, he would stand edgewise against what he supposed to be the safe side of a tree. The next howl, coming from a new direction, would cause him to bear around to what had previously been the danger side. Then he would imagine that the tree was not large enough to afford his body sufficient protection. He kept dodging around from tree to tree, sometimes leaving his coat hanging on a stick beside one tree, to attract the aim of the savage, while he skirmished under shelter of another of larger diameter. I could hear the cold perspiration drop from his brow in icicles at his feet. I stood this as long as I could. I suppressed my laughter until I had accumulated so much inside me that I was a perfect reservoir of mirth, and was in danger of becoming cracked in several places, if I had not turned loose some of it. It is not all out of me yet.

CHORUS OF DEMONS.

I approached the doctor by forced marches, and, with great caution, divulged to him the truth as to the situation. I broke it to him gently at first, fearing he might not appreciate the joke. I really considered it a joke on the doctor. He said not a word; but he looked a whole Webster's unabridged, includ-

ing pictures. He retired under his buffalo robe for the rest of the night. A few days after, when he became calm enough to refer to the subject, he intimated that he considered it the most ghastly joke that was ever perpetrated outside of a morgue. The *coyote* is the smallest and meanest of the wolf family. He will attack nothing more fierce than a rabbit or a sheep. His nocturnal howl is the most dangerous thing connected with him: when heard for the first time, it makes the boldest tremble, and has been known to make the character of a congressional candidate turn white in a single night.

Leaving the camp at dawn, we proceeded directly west. Before breakfast we rode ten miles through woods; past farms where the corn was as high as a man, and the cotton-fields one mass of white and purple blossoms; over prairies where innumerable flowers grew, and cattle grazed. The day was hot, and there was not a cloud in the sky. In any other place but a Texas prairie the heat would have been oppressive; but there is always a pleasant breeze from the Gulf sweeping across these great tablelands, just enough to give the grass and flowers an undulating motion, like the gentle ripple on an inland lake.

We camped on the banks of a small creek, cooked and ate breakfast, and, after resting for an hour, proceeded on our way.

To a man who wants to think — to get away from the distracting influences incident to life in a city — I would suggest a trip on the prairie, not in a buggy or wheeled vehicle, but on the back of a quiet pony, on whose neck the rider can drop the rein. Then, giving rein to his own thought, he can do more solid, comprehensive thinking in an hour than he could do under any other circumstances in a day. The doctor was offended on account of my treatment of him the night before. His words were few, but evidently his thoughts were voluminous.

What young man is there who has not, at some time, wished for a place where, unheard, he might rehearse his next Friday night's lyceum speech? Who is there, under such circumstances, that has not tried the garret and the barn, where he had to lower his voice, and where he was sure of being caught in one of his most glowing flights of fancy, and humiliated by the sound of a derisive snicker at the keyhole? To this day it

makes me blush to think of how I was once discovered in the upper story of an old warehouse, standing on a keg of nails, and in thunder tones putting tremendous and unanswerable questions to an imaginary witness supposed to be seated on a box of miscellaneous hardware. [It seems unnecessary to state, that, like the majority of the young men of this country, I once tampered with the study of law.] The great want of the age is a place where our rudimental statesmen can practise oratory without being subjected to the interruption of obtrusive eavesdroppers. This long-felt want is supplied in unlimited quantities by the great prairies of the West. Here the budding politician, seeking perfection in oratory by practice, can select a green sod, and, standing on it, he can see for miles on either side, and have ocular demonstration of the fact that his voice will not reach the ears of any other of his species. Then and there he may harangue and howl until the turkey buzzard, away up in the blue vault above, trembles with fear, and the *coyote*, in his hole below, shrieks with envy, and not a man will hear; and, when he concludes his peroration, there will be no kind friend around to secure him, and lead him off to a lunatic-asylum. Looking at the matter in this light, I certainly think that every village large enough to support a debating-society should, for the purpose just specified, be furnished with a prairie. On second thought, probably it would be better to furnish every prairie, especially those inhabited by hostile Indians, with one of our surplus debating-societies.

At noon we rested under the shade in a live-oak grove, a spot with more quiet natural beauty than any we had yet seen. The place was somewhat higher than the surrounding prairie, and, unlike the low-lying timber-lands of other sections, there was no undergrowth. The soil, of a light sandy nature, was covered with a gorgeous carpet of rich grass and rainbow-hued flowers, long vistas between the trees, ending in a broad sweep of undulating prairie, stretching and widening out to the hills on the far-away horizon. On this prairie numberless cattle and horses were grazing; far out to the left the river, — a silver fringe on the mantle of the everlasting hills, — and on its banks the tarm of a squatter, with fields of corn and cotton,

ragged fence, and tumble-down house; in the near distance a huge canvas-covered wagon — prairie schooners they are called — slowly crawling along the plain, looking like a becalmed lugger on a quiet sea; the trees overhead, luxuriant in their dark-green foliage, their branches scarcely moving in the gentle

DINNER IN CAMP.

breeze; the somnolent influences of the hour upon birds and insects; nothing engaged in active labors but the ever-busy red ant and the indefatigable tumble-bug, —

"Soft shadows rippling on the tender grass,
Soft sunlight glinting on the fresh green leaves,
Soft winds that crisp the waters as they pass,
Soft chirps of birds beneath the cottage eaves;"

all the rest of nature asleep, and "the very elements as silent as the trickling rill of molasses on the roof of a pancake," as the doctor remarked in his classic way. In this lovely spot we cooked dinner; or rather the doctor cooked it, while I laid the table. Laying the table in a camp like ours was a very mild kind of labor, — merely the throwing of two tin cups on the grass, and the dropping of a sack of salt between the plates.

While the coffee was boiling and the bacon frying, we displayed some masterly inactivity in lying on the grass, thinking of far-away scenes, and scooping ants out of our ears. While thus lost in revery, most of our dinner got lost in the stomach of two vile razor-back hogs that took advantage of our abstraction, and abstracted all our bacon and part of our corn-bread.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE previous night's experience, the doctor thought it would be better to stop at some house, if we could find one about sundown. As we rode along in the evening, we met a man who told us that we could probably be accommodated for the night at the house of a cotton-planter named Magruder, who lived about a mile off the road.

"I have heard a great deal about the hospitality of the Southern planter," said the doctor, "and I have no doubt that Mr. Magruder will probably refuse to let us leave the shadow of his hospitable roof for the next ten days."

I looked at the doctor to see if he were in earnest, and perceived that he was, to an utterly incredible extent. He had read a great deal about cotton-planters and their baronial surroundings before the war, and he had not yet realized the immensity of the change that had taken place.

"What kind of a place do you suppose Magruder's is?" I queried.

Said the doctor impressively, "Of course, I cannot exactly say; but I suppose the old family mansion is pleasantly situated in the middle of a park of venerable live-oaks, with moss pendent from their sturdy limbs. The fat and happy black peas-

antry will be at work in the fields, singing their touching old plantation songs. I take Mr. Magruder to be a tall, handsome man, with black hair and eyes, uniting the haughty reserve of the Spanish hidalgo with the geniality of a" —

"Of a what?" I interrupted. "Of a man who wants to borrow five dollars from you?"

As I had not suggested the word the doctor needed, he kept on hunting for it.

"Of a — of a" —

"Geniality of an auctioneer?" I suggested; "of a lightening-rod man? of a deputy-sheriff hunting for jurors?"

"No, that is not it; but never mind," said the doctor: "we will find out when we get there. No doubt, we will discover Mr. Magruder surrounded by a few select friends and neighbors, dispensing the hospitality for which the planter of the South is proverbial. But I do not see any signs of the plantation."

"Perhaps we had better ask at this shanty," I remarked, pointing to a dilapidated building that needed repairs and whitewash before it would be good enough for a cow to live in, but which was evidently inhabited by man. Most of the fence was down, and the gate was gone: so we rode up to within shouting distance of the house, with the hope of acquiring information that would lead us to the castellated mansion of the chivalric cotton-planter, Col. Magruder.

"Hello, there!" shouted the doctor.

In Texas this is the way visitors have of announcing their presence. It is much more convenient than dismounting and ringing the door-bell, especially when there happens to be neither door nor bell; and then it sounds romantic and mediæval. There was no answer to the first summons; so the doctor again whooped a defiance at the house, like a herald in ancient times challenging the inmates of some castle to surrender. It would not have surprised me to have heard a voice from the old ruin shout, "What! Ho! without there! Minions, seize the caitiff at the postern gate, and hurl him from the loftiest battlements into the seething moat that flows past the dungeon-keep!" But, instead of that, we heard a piping voice from the ramparts of the old cowpen say, —

"Hello, yourself!"

The voice proceeded from what we at first supposed to be a bundle of rags. We soon found that a native addressed us.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Col. Magruder's plantation?" asked the doctor.

"You are thar, stranger: I'm Col. Magruder."

I bent over my saddle to conceal some of my emotion. The doctor seemed dazed: he was bewildered, and it was some time before he recovered sufficiently to say, "Can we stay here for the night, Colonel?"

"Well, yes, I reckon as you kin, if you kin put up with the accommodations. The old woman is down with the chills, but we will do what we kin for you."

We dismounted, and the colonel pointed out what he called the stable. It was a miserable open shed, inhabited by a family of pigs. We did not wish to accustom our ponies to luxuries that they might miss afterwards, so we did not put them in the shed: we tied them to a tree. We have no doubt that Magruder believed it to be a really comfortable stable. When Don Quixote started out on his travels, and stopped at a very common kind of inn, he labored under the hallucination that the inn was a stately castle, that the innkeeper was a nobleman of exalted rank, and that all the pewter spoons were silver, and the brass candlesticks were pure gold. In the present instance it was the innkeeper (Magruder), and not the traveller, who was laboring under hallucinations.

Having attended to the wants of our horses, we walked over to the house, and took seats on the gallery. It was a low one-story house, or, rather, two houses joined together by one continuous roof. In this kind of building, called a double log-house, the space between the two sections forms an open hall, used as a dining-room, and a convenient place where saddles, wagon-covers, sacks of cornmeal, and other collaterals, can be hung upon the floor. In this cool and shady apartment, called the gallery, so necessary in warm climates, the inhabitants — men, women, children, chickens, and dogs — sleep during the sultry hours after dinner. In this breezy hall-way hangs suspended from the roof a bucket of water, and resting on the sur-

face of the water is a drinking-cup fashioned out of a gourd or a cocoanut-shell. The chinks betwen the logs that form the walls of the house are filled with pebbles and mortar, or mud. The roof is of cypress shingles. The mud-built cells of the dirt-dauber fresco the rafters, and the yellow-jacket buzzes out and in through the holes in the cedar logs of the wall.

Col. Magruder might have been called — without injury to the sacred cause of truth — a very spare man. He was like the geometrical definition of a straight line, and he looked as if he might be used advantageously in sounding artesian wells. The only things the colonel seemed to be well provided with were hair and bile.

"Travelled fur, gentlemen?" inquired the colonel, when we had seated ourselves on hide-bottomed chairs on the gallery. We called him "colonel," although we did not know that such was his title; but the generic appellation of "colonel" or "judge" being generally used in Texas between strangers, we instinctively selected colonel. We thought it appropriate to the old relic, as he had a halt in his gait suggestive of the perils of war and of a wooden leg.

"We came from below Richmond to-day. You seem to have a very fine country here, Colonel."

"Yes, sir: the best and healthfullest country in the world, sir. A man that couldn't live here couldn't live in the Garding of Eden, with a drug-store next door. You'ns are strangers from the States, I reckon?"

"Yes: we have only been in Texas during the last few days."

"Travellin' fur yur health, or jest prospectin' around?"

The doctor made four or five wild gestures at once to drive away the flies, and answered cheerfully, considering the surroundings, that we were travelling principally for pleasure, and enjoying ourselves very much.

"Well, as fur pleasure," said the colonel, "you'll not p'r'aps hev as fine vittles nor as fancy cookin' as you could git whar you kem from; but what you git in Texas will be wholesome, and better fur the stomach, than the high-toned slops you git in the cities: and as fur health, why, it's the healthfullest country in the world; and, if you'ns stay here fur a couple of months,

you will absorb and carry away enough of it in your system to last a lifetime. You may think it's mirak'lous, but it's so."

Some one inside called the colonel. He shuffled into the house, but immediately re-appeared with an enormous hand-bell big enough to call together a congregation in a sparsely settled county. After he had walked up and down, swinging the bell until the air for miles around was filled with discord, and the people on the coast must have thought that there was a Chicago fire in some of the inland towns, he gave the musical ding-dong a final jingle, and formally invited us to "step into the dining-room for supper." The doctor and I both wondered that he had not asked us to "rendezvous in the *salle à manger*, and partake of a slight refectory."

COL. MAGRUDER.

The meal was spread on a plain pine table without cover. We did not at first know that it was a pine table, owing to the fact that it did not seem to have been washed since the Texas revolution. Supper consisted of coffee without milk, flies without butter, corn-bread, and "fry." "Fry" means rancid bacon charred by the action of fire. We sat down at the table, — the colonel, the doctor, and I; but, before we began our repast, the old gentleman got up, went out again, and dislocated the echoes with that infernal old bell. This brought his two sons to the supper-table. They were about twenty odd years of age, and did not look as if they had absorbed more than their rightful share of the "healthfullest climate in the world."

"Do you take sweetning in your coffee? Help yourselves to some corn-bread. Have some fry," said our host, with the air of a man offering a choice from a bill of fare covering all the delicacies of the season.

I noticed a bottle containing some white powder on the table. One after the other the three men helped themselves to a small quantity of the powder on the end of a knife. I found that the bottle contained quinine; and the drug, as I afterwards learned, was actually as staple as salt on the dinner-tables of the people in that section, being used by each member of the family as a preface to every meal.

"Have you lived here a long time, Colonel?" said the doctor.

"I kem here, sir, from Mississippi in '46. I hev never been back in the old State but once since, and I couldn't live thar. I was disunwell all the time I staid thar. It is a very unhealthy country, Major, 'specially the eastern part, whar I kem from."

I was too much engaged sawing at the "fry" with an ancient knife that turned around in the handle, and astonishing my inner structure with chunks of it, to engage much in table-talk; but the doctor kept up our end of the conversation.

"Any game around here, Colonel?" said he.

"Game is mighty scarce here now, sure. When I kem here in '46 thar was dead-oodles of game all around here, — bar, and deer, and wild turkey, and all kinds of varmints."

"The country is too thickly settled for game to stay here now, I suppose," suggested the doctor.

"Thar's right smart of people here, compared to what thar was when I kem here in '46. The game is nigh all gone, exceptin' along in the bottoms, whar you will occasionally find a bar or a wildcat."

"You appear to be an old man, Colonel; but apparently you are good for some years' hunting yet."

"You may say that, Major," said the longitudinal old skeleton; "and I may thank this healthful climate that I can still heft as much as some of the young folks. When I kem here in '46, I was thirty-nine years old. You may think it's mirak'lous, but it's so. I'm seventy-three now, and I'm going to live right here the balance of my days."

"How are your crops, Colonel?"

"Sufferin', sir, sufferin' for rain. I have been here since '46; and exceptin' once, — the dry year, that was '57, — I never saw

such a dry time as we are havin' now. It didn't used to be this away; for when I kem" —

The colonel stopped suddenly, and began to shake. His face turned blue, and he shook until the dishes rattled on the table.

"Are you sick, Colonel?" asked the doctor somewhat anxiously.

"Me sick!" said the colonel, and he smiled: at least, that is what he meant it should be taken for; but, between chattering teeth and the attempt at scorn, it was a most unhealthy kind of a smile. "Why, I kem here in '46; and I don't remember, in all that time, feeling as well as I do jest now. I'm only threatened with a chill."

The conversation turned on fishing. The doctor is an enthusiast on the subject of fishing. He can catch more fish in a given time than any man I ever knew; that is, he can really capture a greater number of fish, and hook a more choice assortment of monster trout and catfish, than any ordinary liar I have met. The gigantic bass, the enormous trout, the tremendous catfish, that he has hooked, and that eventually got away from him by the breaking of hooks, catching of lines on snags, and by other distressing accidents common to men who fish on Sunday, would, if all recaptured and gathered together, fill six refrigerator-cars, besides all the men, women, and children in South-western Texas. The doctor has a wonderful gift for estimating exactly, to an ounce, the weight of the fish that he hooks. What makes this gift more remarkable is the fact, that he can tell you, to an ounce, the weight of every one of the large fish he has lost. While he may sometimes err regarding the avoirdupois of the small fry that he brings home on the string, I have never known him to make a single mistake in estimating the weight of the large ones that get away.

The doctor recalled a very fishy reminiscence of a day's sport on the Savannah River, and told how a six-pound bass engaged his attention for two hours, and how, having carelessly allowed the line to become slack, the bass, who had evidently been watching for an opportunity, gave the line two or three hitches around a cypress stump, and then coolly, at his leisure, gnawed the line until it broke above its point of contact with the stump;

the fish unhitching himself, and swimming off, wagging his tail as if he were accustomed to indulge in such strategy every day. This suggested some piscatorial lying on the part of the colonel, who gave us an experience he had with a catfish a short time after his arrival in Texas in 1846.

"I had been down to the crick," said he, "and found it was in good condition, — just been a freshet; enough to discolor the water. I went home, and got my tackle and some worms; and, before I had been at work twenty minutes, I had got a fine string of young cat and perch. I knew that thar war some whoppin' big catfish in that hole: so I bated with a piece of chicken-liver, and caught a mudcat weighing about ten pounds. Now, what I'm goin' to tell, you may think mirak'lous, but it is as true as the fourth chapter of Judæa. I put that ten-pounder on the string with the rest, and went down the crick a bit. When I returned, thar was a big moccason coiled around the string of fish. The string had broke, and the old catfish was a floppin' and a strugglin' like mad. He got loose, and what do you think he did? Well, gentlemen, you may think it mirak'lous, and I can't hardly expect you to believe it, but it is a gospel fact, and it occurred down to that thar crick in the fall of '46. That old cat, sir, jest wriggled up to the moccason as he lay coiled around the bunch of fish. He took two coils of the snake in his mouth, and shuck her like a dog shakes a rat. Fur about half a minute it rained small catfish and goggle-eyed perch all around whar I stood. The snake's back was broke in two places, and he was chawed up considerable. Gentlemen, you hear me, it was a boss sight to see how mad that old mudcat was. His fins and stickers stood straight out, and there was a bow in his back like a figure 5. I was so pleased that I histed him back into the crick; and he is thar now, for all I know. Now, you may think it's mirak'lous, but it's the truth I'm tellin' you, gentlemen. Won't you walk out on the gallery?"

We walked out. The doctor was oppressively silent: he seemed to need fresh air. The old man's son Sam suggested to his brother Bud that it would be well for Bud to "'tend to the mending of that fence to-morrow."

"Can't do it," said Bud; "to-morrow is my chill day, and you

might know it, I think, by this time; but you are so wrapped up in yourself, you never keep the hang of anybody's chills but your own."

"Don't get mad about it," replied Sam. "I'd fix the blamed thing to-morrow myself; but I hev to go to town, and next day is *my* chill day: but I reckon it will keep until Friday; then I can attend to it myself."

"Do you ever have chills yourself, Colonel?" asked the doctor.

"Oh! chills is nothin', a little aggravatin' sometimes, you know; but, in a healthful country like this, we can afford to hev a chill or two now and then. Mine is the seven-day ague: so I hev lots of time to rest between chills. We hain't got no small-pox or lumbago or leprosy, or any of them things; and, if we hev a chill or a touch of rheumatiz once in a while, we don't write to the papers about it. We can't reckon on all the blessin's and conveniences of paradise this side a better world. It ain't nat'ral to expect it. We don't appreciate health as we orter. Talk of chills! Why, back whar I kem from, in Mississippi, they fire off a gun every day at twelve o'clock for folks to take their quinine by. When they want to get the persimmons off'n a tree, they tie a feller to the trunk,

HARVESTING PERSIMMONS.

and they sit around and wait for his chill to come on, and the persimmons to drap, which they do simultaneous. He fetches the persimmons every time, but it don't do to leave him tied thar too long. The tree would get so shuck up, it wouldn't bar next year. No, sir: we ain't half thankful for the health we enjoy. Why, sir, when I kem here in '46, I was a skeleton. You may think it mirak'lous, but it's so. I was used to being sick six days in the week, and I usually lay abed all day Sunday. I was consumptive and bilious till I couldn't rest, and now you see what I am."

We saw what he was, — a prematurely decrepit old man, broken down with malarial chills, rheumatism, corn-bread, and fry; an attenuated fool, satisfied with his condition because he did not know a better one.

Until it was time to retire for the night, the colonel entertained us with stories of the early days when he came to Texas. Most of his anecdotes had reference to the healthiness of the Brazos bottom.

An entomologist once told me, that in his garden there was a bow-legged, wall-eyed, and consumptive potato-bug that had lived all his life on one little dried-up potato-vine. It never had explored any of the neighboring vines. It opposed free schools, and refused to subscribe to the daily papers. Eventually it died. To the last it was strong in the belief that its potato-vine was the most verdant and luxuriant piece of foliage in the universe, and that *it* was the most athletic and robust Adonis of a potato-bug in existence. What absurd and foolish things potato-bugs are anyhow!

It was late, and the colonel suggested that it was "time to lie down a spell." We slept on the gallery, sandwiched between a horse-blanket and a patch-work quilt that looked as if it had come to Texas in '46, and had been under malarial influences ever since. A very small man must have been measured for that quilt. When we got it up over our shoulders, our ankles were bare: when our feet were covered, the north end of the quilt could barely be discovered in the distance. It was under these circumstances that we realized that man's extremity is the mosquito's opportunity, and also that a Texas

bed-bug can take up more room in a bed than any thing else, except a broken spring in the mattress, or a small boy with cold feet.

We got up at sunrise. We had made a solemn vow during the night to deprive the colonel of our company as soon as possible. The doctor intimated that the climate was so healthy that we thought we had absorbed enough health to last us for life, if we would be careful not to waste any of it. We visited our horses, while Bud and the old pioneer of '46 prepared breakfast; and we were gratified at finding them where he had tied them the previous night. Upon returning to the house, we found Col. Magruder walking up and down, swinging the breakfast-bell.

"Walk in, gentlemen: the vittles is sot out," said he. We sat down to a breakfast that varied in no detail from the supper of the night previous, except that the "sweetnin'" had given out, and we had to take our coffee without sugar.

The ordinary Texas farmer lives on corn-bread, bacon, and coffee, without variety, all the year round. Three times a day the same bill of fare is set before the household. Vegetables are not cultivated to any extent; and, as it is too much trouble to bring up the cows and milk them, the owners forego the use of milk, and the calves benefit by the farmer's indolence. Some, however, have milk on the table; a few provide butter: but they are exceptions; they are the wealthy and luxurious part of the community; they were not born in Texas, but brought with them these extravagant tastes, acquired in a life of epicurean indulgence in some northern clime, where they had to work hard only three hundred and odd days in the year to make a living. In Texas I have hundreds of times heard men say, "There is no other country in the world where a man can make a living with as little exertion." But what a living, and what a life! I have known Texans who owned thousands of horned cattle, and yet did not taste fresh meat, milk, or butter half a dozen times a year. I have seen their crops choked with weeds, while the owners were playing the fiddle, and drinking bad whiskey in the grocery. I have seen their cattle die of hunger during a severe winter, because no effort

was made during the summer to harvest the abundant crop of prairie-grass, that makes excellent hay, and is free to all. I knew one of these men who threw his corn into the Trinity River because he could not get fifty cents a bushel for it; but then, Texas is a great State for hogs and other brutes that go to make life a pleasant dream.

Mrs. Hanks was a very pious Texan, who lived in the usual miserable way. She hired a man from Vermont to work on her farm. Mrs. Hanks noticed that he did not ask a blessing before eating. She grieved over this for a week. Then she spoke to him, as he sat down to supper in his usual graceless way. She said, "Don't you think, that, before you begin to eat, you should offer a word of thanks to the Giver of all good, for the food before you?"

He paused, and, closing his eyes, he bowed his head; while the old lady stood with folded hands, inwardly rejoicing that she had brought him to a sense of his duty. He said, "O Lord, bacon and corn-bread for breakfast, corn-bread and bacon for dinner, and a little of both for supper. Damn bacon and corn-bread. Amen."

This parallels the case of the Scotchman, who is said to have described a dinner he had been invited to, as follows: —

> "First I got praties and kale;
> Then I got kale after that again;
> Then I got kale upon kale;
> And then I got cauld kale het again."

But to return to the hospitable Magruder. The doctor seemed to experience a great deal of satisfaction in hugging the delusion that the colonel would not require any remuneration for the suffering we had undergone.

"I verily believe," said the doctor, as we talked the matter over, "that if we were to hint that we wanted to pay him, he would feel around for that squirrel-gun, as he did this morning when I suggested that the fog from the river might be injurious to weak lungs."

My impression was, that the gun would be appealed to if there were any hesitancy on our part in settling up.

Notwithstanding the joy we felt in knowing that we were

PICKING COTTON.

eating our last meal under the colonel's roof, we did not have much appetite. We went out to the lot, in a subdued kind of ecstasy, to saddle up our horses preparatory to making our escape. The colonel experienced a great deal of sorrow on learning that we were determined to go; and we really felt that his was genuine sorrow, when he subsequently informed us that we owed him four dollars for the accommodation we and our horses had suffered from so abundantly. I, however, filed a counter-claim of a dollar and a half, covering the value of one of my spurs and the doctor's hitching-rein, which had been stolen by Bud, who had left immediately after breakfast. The colonel was so anxious to fondle our money, that he admitted the claim, uttering, however, horrible imprecations on his offspring, who had often put him to unnecessary expense, and whose carelessness in mistaking harness he could not sufficiently deprecate. He hoped, he said, that if we ever came that way again, we would call and make ourselves at home, actually mentioning, as an inducement, the utter absence of all malarial diseases. He said he knew whereof he spoke, for had he not been there since 1846?

After getting about two hundred yards from the house, the doctor turned and galloped back, called the colonel out, and said, "Excuse me, sir, for troubling you; but I forgot to ask you how long you had lived in this healthy part of the country. I want to make a note of it."

"Well, pshaw! didn't I tell you? I declare, how forgetful I am gittin'! I kem here, sir, in '46; and, if you jest wait a minute, I'll tell you the remarkablest and most mirak'lous"—

The doctor did not wait; and the most remarkable event that may have occurred in that healthy neck of the woods in the year '46 may remain unrecorded forever.

CHAPTER IX.

PAST us, in bands of twos and threes, rushed laughing, shouting darkies, — the men notable for their awkwardness of seat, gorgeousness of necktie, and the amount of flop in their elbows; the women, more graceful riders than the men, some with riding-habits of various styles and colors, some without, but all wearing cotton sun-bonnets, and nineteen out of a possible twenty chewing snuff.

What could this concourse of jovial humanity mean? Was there a circus in the neighborhood? or was some unfortunate horse-speculator about to be lynched to make a Texas holiday? It could not be a circus; for the people were going away from town, and riding in the direction of the woods. The projectors of a lynching *matinée* seldom give the public sufficient notice to enable them to attend the obsequies in time. The doctor solved the enigma by the very simple expedient of asking the first negro who came along.

"Camp-meetin', sah, ob de African branch ob de Methodis' Church."

The doctor took the witness, and, after some pertinent and impertinent questions, enticed the following information out of him: the camp-meeting ground was in a grove about a mile and a half off our route. The people had begun to arrive the evening before. They anticipated having a good time. Brother Brown, a celebrated exhorter, — the great gun of the occa-

sion, — was expected to arrive upon the ground that morning. The meeting was to last two weeks, and a "powerful sight" of people were expected to attend. Hostile movements against the strongholds of sin and Satan were to be inaugurated by the discharge of the aforementioned piece of ordnance at noon that day. Here was the chance to avail ourselves of an opportunity we had long been hoping for, — to see the often-described camp-meeting of the Southern negro; no burnt-cork and music-hall imitation, but a real affair of the none-genuine-without-the-name-blown-in-the-bottle sort.

We concluded to go and spend the day, seeing what was to be seen, and hearing what was to be heard, at the camp-meeting. Following the crowd, we soon left the road on which we had been riding. Turning to the left, and descending a gentle elevation on the prairie, we looked down on a beautiful plain dotted over with groves of timber. A small stream meandered through this grass and flower-carpeted valley. On its banks, and in the largest grove, was the camp-ground, — tents made of canvas, whose component parts were tattered patch-work quilts, and remnants of female garments; huts built of earth and rocks; and arbors walled with branches, and roofed with leaves and moss. Their tabernacles were arranged with some resemblance to streets and squares. In the central square was *the* arbor, — the grand stand, as the sporting instincts of the unregenerate doctor prompted him to call it. This structure consisted of posts, probably ten feet in height, sunk in the ground. These supported a roof of branches, moss, and leaves, covering an area of perhaps a quarter of an acre. The floor was carpeted with leaves to a depth of several inches. Rude benches afforded seats for several hundred worshippers.

At one end was the preacher's stand, — a platform of logs, on which were two barrels with a board on top of them for a desk. Chairs for the preachers were on the platform, and the conventional pitcher and glass rested on the end of one of the barrels.

Looking down on the scene in the valley below, we saw people radiating to a common centre, coming from a distance of ten miles on every side. The majority were on horseback, some in ox-wagons, a few in buggies, but none on foot.

Around the camp-ground were rows of wagons; hundreds of horses and oxen were staked all around, feeding on the luxuriant prairie-grass; others were being led or driven to the stream for water. The crowds arriving; the noise of unhitching; the "Whoa, Brandy!" "Gee, Brown!" of the dusky drivers; the cracking of whips; and the boisterous greeting of friends and acquaintances, — made one of the most animated and novel scenes I ever beheld.

"Howdy, Jake? How is ye?"

"I's tolerable, thanky, Pete. How is you gettin' along?"

"I's tolerable. How's your folks?"

"They's tolerable. How's you'ns?"

"Oh, they's all keepin' kind o' tolerable!"

And so on, through inquiries relative to the health and prosperity of a whole tribe of kinsfolk and friends. A negro never likes to commit himself in the matter of a statement regarding his health. He seldom admits being in any more robust condition than that expressed by the negro's favorite term, "tolerable."

THE HORN-FIEND.

Just as we arrived on the ground, a man with a huge tin horn mounted a stump, and poured forth his soul in strains of prodigious volume and diabolical cadence. The sound of his horn was the warning note of preparation, given half an hour before the preaching was to begin.

Hitching our horses to a tree, we proceeded to the arbor. We were not a minute too soon to get a seat. The benches were divided into two rows by an aisle. On one side were the seats occupied by the female portion of the audience; on the other side sat the men; and around in front of the preacher's stand was an open space fenced off by a row of reserved seats for the mourners. Several uncles with shining bald heads, val-

uable for their responsive abilities, and a few unctious old aunties celebrated for their shouting-qualities, had seats in the front row. The rest of the audience more than filled the arbor. Many were sitting outside on the ground, under the shade of the surrounding trees. Five preachers sat on the platform. We afterwards learned that only one of the five could write. Some of them could only read with great labor and much spelling; yet all of them, like Timothy, knew the Scriptures from their youth up. The negroes' wonderful powers of memorizing served them to good purpose. They could recite any number of hymns, and even long chapters, without looking at the book.

While we were wondering how the exercises would begin, the tin-horn fiend brayed forth his second warning. As the vile sound died away, a solemn silence fell on the assembly, broken in a few seconds by one of the ancient sisters in a quavering voice beginning to sing "The Old Ship of Zion," — a favorite hymn at all times with the negro, who loves a lively chorus better than sense or appropriate words.

Before the second line was sung, five hundred voices had joined in, and were singing with a force that threatened to crack the firmament above. The volume of sound was immense. There was nothing cultivated or elaborate about it. There was not a trace of Italian opera in it; but there was music there, — music in the rough, and mixed probably, but music nevertheless. When the first hymn had been sung, a preacher arose and read another, two lines at a time.

After the singing of this hymn, a gray-haired brother led in prayer. He asked the Lord to be with us during the continuance of the meeting; to lead the sinners from the "arrows of their ways, and pluck dem like branders from de burnin';" and to "make a powerful sight ob rattlin' 'mong de dry bones." He requested the Lord to keep an eye on the young men who were in the habit of bringing whiskey to the camp, and disturbing the worship, and asked, that, if milder means would not be effective, he might "send de lightnin' from heaben, and break de bottles in der pockets, right whar dey stand."

During the prayer, brethren and sisters in the audience punc-

tuated the petitioner's sentences with loud-spoken responses, — "Amen!" "Yes, Lord!" "Thank God!" etc.

The prayer was couched in uncouth and ungrammatical language; but the evident sincerity of the suppliant, his child-like faith, his unselfish petition, and his confidence in God's willingness to hear and answer prayer, would have banished the sneer or smile from the face of any but a heartless fool, and would have commanded the respect of all good men.

After prayer, the local preacher of the district, a young man of some education, and fluent of speech, made several announcements, read a chapter and commented on it. Very few negro peculiarities were to be noticed in his speech or the intonation of his voice; yet, although he was evidently more learned than Brother Brown, he was not credited with so much ability as that man of powerful gifts.

Brother Brown was an uneducated field-hand in slavery times. After the war, without any other preparation than the purchase of a tall hat, he began to preach; and, at the time we saw him, he had acquired a wonderful reputation as a "mighty movin' preacher." He was a powerful rattler of dry bones. He had never been known to preach a sermon without bringing some of his hearers to the shouting-point. Under his ministrations, conversions, so-called, were assured facts, — matters to be calculated on as soon as he was announced to preach.

After another hymn had been sung, Brother Brown arose, and spoke as follows: —

"Brederin an' sisters, by turnin' to de good book, in de fourth chapter ob de Secon' Book ob Kings, yo' will find whar de sons ob de prophet say to Elishar, 'O man ob God! dar is death in de pot.' Dis yar text am full ob meanin' to dem as kin understand it. Dat yo' may comprehend de follerin' elucidations, I's gwine ter divide it inter two heads, — first an' fo'most ob dese is death; an', secondly an' lastly, is de pot.

"My hearers, death is a solum fac'. It's solum to all critters, from de littlest chicken to de la'gest man; but dar's a differunse 'tween de chicken an' de man. After de chicken's done dead, yo' knows whar he's gwine to, — at least, I spec' some ob yo' brederin is 'sperienced on dat subjec'; but de

man, when de 'stroyin' angel ob death says, 'Dis yar night yo' soul will be required ob yo',' — who can tell whar he is gwine? Ef he has lived righteous, paid his debts, an' lubbed de good Lord, his soul is at once intermitted to de kingdom ob heaben, whar de streets is ob gold, an' whar moths are not corrupt, an' de thieves do not break through nor steal; but, ef he has died widout savin' grace, he's gwine down whar de worm gnaws, an'

"A MIGHTY MOVIN' PREACHER."

de brimstone fire burns, froo all de regions ob eternity. No, sisters! no, brudders! yo' can't mos' always sometimes tell whar folks is gwine when dey die, — leastwise, not by obsarvin' der actions hyar. Dey may gib a gorjis 'sperience in meetin'; dey may shout de shingles off'n de roof in class-meetin'; dey may pray in de pra'r-meetin' louder'n a railroad train gwine ober a tressle, — an' den, on sec'lar 'casions, sich as when dey hab ter

pay de dog-tax, or when de oxins don't gee to suit 'em, dey will swar like all possesst, an' cuss wuss'n a steamboat capting.

"Yes, brederin, hit's mighty onsartin to figger on: but one thing yo' is sho ob; one thing is as sartin as cold vittles on washin'-day, an' dat dar sartinty is death — death to all ob us. Death is all aroun' us, — it's in de a'r, in de water; it's in mules, and oder guns yo' didn't know was loaded; it's eben, as our tex' tells us, in de pot. Yes, death is sho; an' de judgment day is a comin', an' when de rocks will split, an' de mountins fall; when de elements will melt wid ferocious heat, an' de heabens depart like a — a — like a —. But to resume. Dis yar tex' ob mine tells us dat dar's death in de pot. What pot? Brederin, de pot spoken ob hyar is a figger ob speech, an' means sin. It means de whiskey-bottle; it means stealin' an' lyin' an' sabbath-breakin' an' votin' de Dimerkratic ticket, an' de debbil's work ginrally. Fur example: look at de 'spression yo' may hev of'n heard when one man tells anoder to 'go to pot.' What wur de signification ob dat dar 'spression. Nothin' mo' nor less dan a perlite way ob tellin' him to go to de debbil.

"Now, dis yar pot ob wickedness an' 'bomination is a bilin,' even in dis yar neighborhood. I's done felt de fumes ob it right in dis meetin'. It's filled wid de debbil's broth. De congredients ob de broth is made up ob balls an' dances, ob kyard-playin' an' late hours, ob swarin' an' lyin', ob circuses, an' ob meet-me-up-de-alley-after-supper's-ober. De debbil hisself done put whiskey in to season de mess; an' mos' ob yo' likes it, an', when yo' gits de chance, swallers it like iled molasses, as I might 'spress it in a kind ob figgerative way. But it's bad med'cin, sho's yo' born. As de tex' tells us, dar's death in de pot; an' dis yar death means hell. Yo' may p'r'aps taste ob de contents ob de pot. Yo' may take a few spoonfuls now an' agin, as it war, an' yo' may recover. De good Lord is mighty ter save; but ef yo' take a full meal, an' feel like yo' want some mo', den good-by, nigger! In view ob de sartinty ob death, an' de onreliableness ob life, we should be makin' preparation for de future."

Following this came an exhortation of about an hour's length. The foregoing was spoken in a deliberate manner,

and in a moderate tone. Gradually, as the preacher advanced in his theme, his voice became louder, and, in proportion as he warmed to his work, his speech became more fluent, and his gestures more demonstrative. The ejaculations of the audience increased in about the same ratio as that of the preacher's voice. His fervor was contagious; his excitement communicated itself to the people; and, toward the end, the whole audience began swaying their bodies backwards and forwards, and indorsed the preacher's doctrines with continuous groans and shrill cries. And when he rounded off a thundering sentence, and paused to wipe the perspiration off his forehead, the pious applause culminated in a perfect storm of cries and amens.

It was in the old man's peroration that he came out strong, and showed the secret of his popularity. He described heaven as a city of golden streets, an elysium of leisure, a milk and honey land of Canaan; the home of everlasting song; a place where hunger, thirst, and want never came, and where hoes were unknown, and the sound of the buck-saw never heard. He painted in brilliant colors the triumphant entry of the colored soldiers of the cross into the New Jerusalem, and their glorious reception by the white-robed angels, who would conduct them to "de table ob de Lamb." Suddenly his beaming countenance changed; and with horror in the expression of his eye, and terror in the gestures of his hands, he drew a picture of the judgment day, and of the seething caldron of a sulphurous hell, where the wicked shall dwell throughout all the endless ages of an eternity of woe.

The groans of his audience became louder as he proceeded; and, before the completion of his terrible picture, one after another — as many as a dozen of his hearers, mostly on the sister's side of the arbor — lay writhing on the ground shrieking for mercy. Some of them were very violent, and it took three stout men to hold each of them. They leaped up in the air, clapping their hands above their heads, and calling, "Mercy! Mercy! Glory be to God!" etc. Some of them, in their paroxysms, tore their own clothes, and thinned the wool on the heads of those who were holding them.

The regular service had now come to an end; but the major-

ity of the audience stood around, singing over the prostrate forms of the "mourners." One by one the howling mourners became exhausted, and fell down on the ground groaning and struggling. Around each gathered a crowd of brethren and sisters, who sang some of their choruses, accompanied by gyrations of body, and clapping of hands. The air of most of these choruses had a strong flavor of tambourine and bones. We heard one hymn sung to the air of "Camptown Races." The words are often meaningless, but the songs are sung with a force and enthusiasm that would make a deaf-mute howl. The singing is considered a very effectual help in the conversion of the prostrate mourners, and usually continues until he or she experiences religion, and rises off the ground — clothed, not in sackcloth and ashes, but in leaves and dust — shouting, "Glory! glory! glory!"

Sometimes they are not converted under these ministrations; but usually an hour's wriggling in the dust, with forty or fifty perspiring brethren and sisters crowding around them, and the singing of a dozen hymns of fifty verses each, is found to be an effectual means of grace. The following is a sample of one of the hymns heard: —

"Come down, Gabriel! blow de horn;
Call me home in de early morn;
Send de chariot down dis way:
Come and take me home to stay.

CHORUS.

"O angels! meet me at de cross-roads, meet me;
Angels, meet me at de cross-roads, meet me;
Angels, meet on de cross-roads, meet me:
Don't charge a sinner toll.

"I's libed for months, and I's libed for years;
Can't get used to my weeping tears;
Lost my way on de road in sin:
Wake up, angels! pass me in.

CHORUS.

"Dem angels ain't got long to wait;
Dey's standing now at de golden gate:
When we get dar on de todder shore,
Dey'll go inside, and dey'll shut de door."

CHORUS.

When the known words of a hymn run short, they frequently improvise. At these camp-meetings two-thirds of the day and a great part of the night are occupied with religious exercise. Only a few hours are allowed for sleep: the remainder of the time is devoted to watermelons. At night the grounds are lighted with lanterns hanging from the branches of the trees, and with pine-pitch fires kept constantly burning on altar-like platforms. As I look around on this scene, and see a man struggling on the ground, shouting, "Mercy, mercy!" while a circle of excited negroes, hand in hand, dance around him, singing their wild songs, with the fitful glare of the camp-fires lighting up the immediate surroundings, and the gloomy depth of the forest making an appropriate background to the picture, — I cannot help thinking of the ancestors of these people back in the depth of African jungles, of their miserable superstitions, and of their dances around the victims prepared for human sacrifices; and I wonder if the veil that separates the savage from the civilized Ethiopian is of much more enduring material than calico dresses, jean pants, and a questionable proprietary interest in the contents of the ballot-box.

We staid at the camp-meeting until late in the night. We camped a slight distance from the camp-ground, and were up, had breakfast, and were all aboard, half an hour after sunrise. We lost our way; and wandering around in search of some one to direct us, we found a house inhabited by a white man who looked as if he were suffering with the dry rot, and the effects of "fry" as a regular article of diet. We inquired of him the way to Columbus.

"Just go round the fence thar, by the calf-pen, till you come to the road; and then keep the main plain road (you can't miss it) till you come to a fork in the road. Keep the plainest trail till you come to a big live-oak standing a little to the right. Then to the left of that, you bear some to the south, and keep on the most travelled road straight to the crick. When you come to Smith's pasture, take the left — no, I believe it's the right: yes, the right hand — till you come to a fork in the road. One is the big Bastrop road: the other will take you right to Columbus.

"No: thar's no chance for you to get put out. It is a plain, straightforward road all the way. You can't mistake it, if you follow them thar directions; but, when you cross the crick, be sure and leave the corn-field to your left."

The doctor told him that there was no danger of us taking the corn-field with us: we really didn't need it; and, as far as we were concerned, it would be left for the present.

This pleasantry was lost on the sick-looking native. He did not look as if he would know the difference between a joke and a pterodactyl of the silurian period, if he were to meet them both in broad daylight.

In the matter of furnishing verbose directions to enable a man to lose his way successfully, the native Texan has no equal. He tells you he came here "before the woods were burned." He claims to know every cow-path in the State. Distance does not daunt him. He will just as glibly give you directions as to the route between Austin and Presidio del Norte (seven hundred miles) as he will direct you how to proceed from the court-house to the railroad-depot, situated on the frontier of the fifth ward; and his directions, if carefully followed, will assist you in losing your way just as much in the one instance as in the other.

The doctor claims, that it was the original ancestor of the native Texan who started the children of Israel when they left Egypt, and that it was his vague directions that caused them to wander forty years in the wilderness.

The reason that the Texan's directions are so unsatisfactory is, that he assumes more than the circumstances warrant. He assumes that you know certain places and things, — that, as a stranger, of course you are ignorant of, — somewhat after the manner of the hotel-clerk in Houston, when I inquired of him as to the location of the post-office. He said, "Next door below Williams & Schwazenbergen's."

"But where does Williams and — and the Dutchman live?" said I.

"Why, you know No. 3's engine-house? It is right opposite to that."

"But I don't know No. 3's engine-house."

"Well, then, go down as if you were going to the jail, and, a block this side of there, turn down in the direction of the high school. After you go, say, two blocks, you will find the post-office on the other side of the street."

I hired a hack; and after paying the driver his fare of half a dollar, and buying him a copy of the city directory, I got to the post-office.

The doctor says, that, if he were to undertake to fall down a well according to directions received from a native Texan, he is satisfied he would lose his way before he could reach the bottom.

What the people call roads in Texas are merely tracks made by wagon-wheels. They seldom show any improvement on what nature and wheeled vehicles made them. On sloping ground, where the soil is light, the roads wash in wet weather, forming ravines. One new track after another is made, parallel to the original, until the whole face of the hill is furrowed and scarred with dangerous gullies.

In the timbered country, roads are made by simply cutting down trees, and leaving the stumps about six to twelve inches above the ground. These roads are seldom more than ten feet wide.

There are notched roads and blazed roads. A notched road is one where the trees, at intervals on one or both sides of it, have several notches made in them with an axe, for the purpose of assuring the traveller that he is really on a road to somewhere. A blazed road is the same, except that the trees are blazed with an axe, instead of being notched. These marks are used for about the same reason that the schoolboy makes the very necessary explanation to the picture he has drawn on the slate: "This is a man." The notches and blazed marks on the trees say plainly, "This is a road." Without them, you might mistake it for the track of a tornado.

On the prairie the traveller sometimes finds that a road gets less distinct as he proceeds. Gradually, from a broad and well-defined trail, it contracts to a twelve-inch path, and then fades away on the open plain, or spreads out into a dozen lesser trails, going in different directions. These roads are made by

cattle going to and returning from water, and are very bewildering to the inexperienced traveller.

We did not find the "main plain road" until the next day; but we kept on riding west, as we knew that our route lay due west.

CHAPTER X.

WERE out on the prairie, and were suffering from thirst. We had travelled from six o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon without having found any water. We had not seen a human habitation since the evening before, and were despairing of finding one, when the doctor discovered a house in the distance. It was a small wooden structure, apparently about three miles off,—probably a section-house on the railway, or the ranch of some stockman. At any rate, the probabilities were, that there was a well there, and, as a consequence, water. Encouraged by the thought of a cooling draught of that best of all beverages prepared for thirsty humanity in the distillery of nature, we persuaded our ponies to assume a more animated gait.

Distances on the prairie are deceptive. An apparent stretch of a mile has a sinful way of lengthening itself out, until, when you get to the end of it, it has assumed the proportion of a sabbath-day's journey. Probably the clearness of the atmosphere accounts for the phenomenon. The estimated three miles that intervened between us and the objective point we were riding to stretched out apparently to the very crack of doom, wherever that is.

At last we reached the house, after riding at least five miles from where we first saw it. We found it inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. O'Lafferty, and a cheerful family of pigs.

Mrs. O'Lafferty was a foreigner.

Mr. O'Lafferty was section boss of No. ——, on the G., H., & S. A. Railroad; that is, he superintended the hands working on that section.

Mrs. O'Lafferty superintended Mr. O'Lafferty.

Mr. O'Lafferty was a small man, gentle of speech, affluent of upper lip, and submissive in the presence of Mrs. O'Lafferty.

Mrs. O'Lafferty was a female of fifty summers, spare of frame, voluble of tongue, and ignorant of punctuation. She spoke the English language with a foreign accent. She ignored commas, only threw in a semicolon when she had to pause for breath; and her conversation never knew a period, except when she went to sleep.

Mr. O'Lafferty's hair was arranged with careless grace in the cottage-eve style, and showed evidences of having been amputated by a dull pair of scissors in the hands of Mrs. O'Lafferty.

Mrs. O'Lafferty's hair was coiled in a classic knot on the back of her head, so tight that it suggested a reason for the corners of her mouth being drawn up in such close proximity to her ears.

Mr. O'Lafferty wore corduroy breeches and No. 10 brogans.

Mrs. O'Lafferty wore *the* breeches, in a metaphorical sense, and, for the sake of coolness and economy, went barefooted.

These parties lived in a rough box-house of two rooms beside the railroad track, and on a treeless prairie where their nearest neighbors were miles away. As we rode up to the door of the cabin, we met Mrs. O'Lafferty.

"Yis, sur: sure, an' yer welcome to a dhrink of wather, an' glory be to God we have plinty of that same. — The divil swape ye for pigs, can't ye kape out of the gintlemen's way? — Jist hitch yer horses to that fence there. — Tim! Tim! bad cess to ye, yer always in the way whin yer not wanted; an', whin yer naded, ye can't be found at all. Yer there, are you? Don't yer see the gintlemen want wather? — Walk in, sur, and sit down. — Draw a bucket of wather, an' don't be all day about it, now. — Wud yes like a cup of coffee? Sure, an' it's no throuble at all to git it ready. They all dhrink coffee in this country; but I always like the tay best mesilf, not to spake of the coffee-grounds, that can't be good for the stummick. The tay has far more substance in it, though what we get here is nothing like what we used to hev in the ould country.

"Ye don't say! An' yes travelled through Ireland last year?

Jist think of that, now! An' did yes know any thing of the McGuires of Ballymacashel? Sure, an' they were the divil's playboys, — always gettin' into some trouble, shootin' at landlords, fightin' at fairs, and other divarsions. They were kins-

ARRIVAL AT THE O'LAFFERTYS.

folks to my ould man here; but I niver had no more use for the likes of thim than the divil has for holy wather. Me mother (God be good to her!) was an O'Nale, of the ould stock of the red-handed O'Nales. I expect some day to — Mother o' Moses! if that ould rip hasn't gone and burned thim biscuits!" The

"ould rip" was Mr. O'Lafferty, who was filling a temporary engagement as assistant culinary mechanic. "I wish he would stay out on the road wid the men: he's always doin' some divilment when he's at home. Ah, yis! he's a foine help to me, like Mrs. Murphy kept shop in New York; but I'll tache him to burn biscuits another time."

Off to the kitchen went Mrs. O'Lafferty to superintend her conjugal yoke-fellow. From certain suggestive sounds that reached our ears, we suspect that she was teaching him, and that he was skirmishing. This was the dark side of Mr. O'Lafferty's life. Having adjusted matters in the kitchen, and before we had recovered from the first blast, she was again upon us with a fresh hurricane of words. Escape was hopeless. Our attempts to take part in the conversation were not sufficient to stem the flood of information and personal history that was hurled against us by this conversational cyclone. In one short hour we learned the price of eggs, and the best method of killing the cotton-worm; we were informed as to the profits of keeping an "aiting" house, and the relative merits of lard and butter as a batter-cake lubricator; we were furnished with data sufficient to enable us to write the biographies of all the O'Laffertys and O'Neils of six generations.

It is currently reported that Mrs. O'Lafferty has corns on her tongue. I am of the opinion that this is a base slander, originating with the owner of some rival eating-house. Probably, on an equally uncertain foundation was built the following story regarding this good lady: —

Mrs. O'Lafferty bought her groceries of Mr. A—— in Richmond. On one occasion she purchased a dozen boxes of matches. On attempting to use them at home, she found that none of the matches would ignite. To say that Mrs. O'Lafferty got hot on making this discovery, would be an understatement of fact. She nursed her wrath, and not only succeeded in keeping it warm, but in developing it, until, by the time she made her next visit to Richmond, it was at a white heat, and boiling over. Surging into Mr. A——'s store, she slammed the matches down on the counter, and thus addressed the proprietor, —

"What did ye take me for, that ye wint and palmed off on

me old second-hand toothpicks like thim? The divil a wan av them'll light at all."

"I am surprised, madam, to hear it," said the urbane grocer: "I am certain they are good matches, if they have not got damp. Let me show you." And, taking up one of the condemned matches, he raised his leg, — after the manner of men, — and, giving the match a flip along the softest part of his anatomy, it ignited. "See there, madam! I told you" —

"Sure, an' I see; but, the divil fly away wid ye, do ye suppose ivery time I have to light a fire I'll come all the way to Richmond to sthrike a match on the sate of your breeches?"

We enjoyed Mrs. O'Lafferty's coffee, although it had no milk in it; and we appreciated the biscuits, although they had suffered at the hands of the inexperienced Tim, and looked as if he had sat on them. We felt much more comfortable, as the hospitable and kind-hearted Mrs. O'Lafferty's parting "good luck to ye" followed us over the prairie, than we had felt for several days. As we travelled across the prairie, we saw great numbers of cattle dotted over the wide expanse; and around the water-holes the skeleton of many a cow told the tale of dry seasons and wet northers. On some of these prairies all the water in the holes and gullies dries up during the heat of the summer; and, as there are no running streams, the cattle have either to go to some other range where water can be found, or stay, and die of thirst. In the winter the northers are often fatal to cattle that are weak and old.

The norther is a copious breeze that comes to Texas from the north. It is like the Assyrian who came down and caught the wolf in the fold, or the wolf that caught the Assyrian, whichever it was. What I mean to indicate is, that it comes suddenly and unexpectedly, but it does not stay long: in fact, it does not stop at all, except about long enough to take the roof off a barn, or turn an umbrella inside out. It is always in a hurry, and goes straight across the country. I do not know how high or how thick a norther is; but an adult Texas norther is several hundred miles wide, and so long, that, at a go-as-you-please gait, it takes about forty-eight hours to pass a given point, and it sometimes carries the point along with it.

There are two kinds of northers, — the wet and the dry; and both are exceedingly cold. Tongue cannot tell, nor can pen express, how cold a norther feels to a man who gets up in the night, at his wife's suggestion, to see if he forgot to fasten down the dining-room window. The northers are really not so cold as they are supposed to be. The mercury seldom registers below twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit. The cold is as severe on the people subjected to it as a much more severe cold, measured by degrees, would be to a resident of a more northern clime. It is the contrast and sudden change that account for this fact.

The following pictures, now in my mind's eye, will illustrate what I mean. A chromo representing in the foreground a man dressed in a linen suit. His shirt is open at the neck; and he is sitting on a refrigerator, fanning himself with his *sombrero*. In the background a soda-water fountain, and in the middle-distance a perspiring negro waiter coming with an iced lemonade. We might call this picture "Yesterday in Texas." Next, the same man dressed in winter clothes, a buffalo robe on his shoulders, and a seal-skin cap with ear-flaps on his head. The man is sitting cooking his half-soles at a large wood-stove; while the same waiter, with his teeth chattering at every pore, is bringing him an oyster-stew with red pepper in it. We may call this picture "To-day in Texas."

Northers come into market about the end of October, although some years an early variety develop in September. Like the oyster, they are seasonable in all months that have an "r" in them. A stranger who has never seen a norther may easily recognize the first one when it comes to town. The stranger is sitting on the veranda, coatless and hatless. He is writing to his mother-in-law in Connecticut. He dates his letter, "San Antonio, Oct. 11;" and then he writes, "This is the most genial climate in the world, — the Italy of America. I am glad that I came here. Just to think that you are shivering around a stove that only keeps you warm in spots, while I at the same time am enjoying balmy breezes freighted with the perfume of orange-blossoms! The thermometer registers seventy-nine degrees in the shade. As

I look out on the streets, I see the inhabitants dressed in summer costume, seeking the shady side. I see the sun-burned descendant of the lordly Aztec presiding over a peripatetic candy emporium that he carries in front of himself on a wooden tray, while he shoos the flies off his stock with a paper fan. I see a swarthy child of sunny Italy discoursing music to an indolent and appreciative audience, while an African ape sitting on his shoulders makes faces at the crowd. Are not

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN TEXAS.

all these things in keeping with the calm serenity and quiet warmth of these semi-tropical surroundings? I regret that I did not bring lighter clothes. My ulster was a useless encumbrance." Then, while he goes on to tell of the fig-tree in the back-yard, and the bananas in the next lot, a cloud arises in the north, — a dark, inky cloud; then a sultry calm succeeds the "balmy breeze," and a sort of electric or sulphurous smell takes the place of the "perfume of orange-blossoms." There is a rustling in the tree-tops, and he lays down his pen

to go and look for his coat. When he comes back, he looks out, and sees the Mexican rushing into a pawn-shop to pawn his confectionery establishment for money to buy a second-hand blanket. He sees the Italian, with his organ on his shoulder, and his monkey by the ear, hurrying to find shelter; while clouds of dust, and a thirty-miles-an-hour wind, fresh from the north-pole, takes the place of the "calm serenity and quiet warmth" that he wrote about. Then he retires inside his ulster, orders a fire to be put in the stove, and spends the evening in amending his letter to his mother-in-law, and in blaspheming the Texas climate.

The northers are very bracing in their effects, and do much to purify the air, and carry off all malarial and miasmatic influences. The thermometer falls very rapidly during a norther, sometimes forty degrees in an hour. A man once told me that in Austin, Tex., he saw the thermometer fall three feet in two seconds — off a nail.

At sundown we arrived at a place called East Bernard. East Bernard consists of a store, a stable, and a large veranda with two small rooms attached to it. The old man who owned the place gave us some corn for our horses, and told us that he reckoned we could stay all night at his house.

"Come over and sit in the store till the women-folks git supper ready," said our landlord.

The store is the club-room of the neighborhood. A planter never buys a cow from another, or makes a trade, without going over to the store, there to perfect the transaction. The ratification of the contract is usually connected with a "Here's to you!" Local usage requires that this formality should be gone through at the store. The young men who live within a radius of several miles meet here in the evenings, more especially on Saturday evening. They roost around in uncomfortable attitudes on counters, flour-barrels, and nail-kegs; and they discuss local matters in language tinged with profanity, and seasoned with the appellations of the Deity, while they treat each other to whiskey, beer, sardines, canned oysters, and other articles indigenous to the country store.

All country stores are strangely alike. No genius has ever

invented a new kind of country store. No enterprising young merchant seems to have had the hardihood to attempt any innovation on the established style. The store we entered varied in no important particular from others of the same species, — dry-goods on one side, groceries on the other, and beverages in the rear; while saddles, coils of rope, cans of kerosene, grindstones, axe-handles, and boxes of cheap boots, were scattered all over the place. Boards outside the door were covered with stencilled statements regarding the goods to be found inside. The

HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN A FUTURE STATE.

inharmonious grouping of the articles thus advertised reminded me of a famous Scotch sign of the last century, on which was inscribed the legend, "Sold Here — Bibles and Bacon! Testaments and Treacle! Godly Books and Gimlets!"

Our storekeeper was also postmaster. The post-office department was on the left-hand side, close to the entrance, and apparently consisted of a weak-legged desk, covered on the back with patent axle-grease and yeast-powder advertisements, announcements of sheriffs' sales, and biographies of strayed

horses; of an ink-bottle, a used-up piece of blotting-paper, and a cat asleep on top of two undelivered postal-cards and a stale religious newspaper.

We found five or six men of the cow-boy class in the store. I have used the word "roost" to describe the manner in which these people assume a position of alleged rest in a store. It expresses their position more closely than any other term I could use. They perch on the highest object within reach, — a box, a barrel, or counter, — and draw their heels up on a level with the proper sitting-down part of their bodies. On the ground, around a camp-fire, they will sit in this same position for hours at a time, their hands clasped in front of their knees, and their knees clasped around their ears.

When we entered, we found the boys listening to an argument between little Luke Sneed and Tom Quinn. Luke was one of those human outrages vulgarly called a "Smart Aleck." He sneered at religion, spoke of ministers of the gospel as "journeymen soul-savers," and was ambitious to be known as a sceptic. He "didn't believe nothing unless you could prove it, you know." His small brain, incapable of grasping a sublime idea or a generous thought, employed itself in questioning motives, criticising actions, and evolving specious arguments against every theory or statement advanced on any subject. He is one of a class that I have heard a good old preacher say often tempted him "to think that the Creator made them just to fill up with." Luke was denying the existence of a fire-and-brimstone hereafter, and his opponent was weakening under Luke's repeated requests that he should prove his assertions.

"Nobody hain't been thar, you know," said Luke: "leastwise, we hain't no proof that they hev; and it stands to reason, that, if thar was sech a place, the owner would let us know something about it."

"You needn't tell me thar hain't no hell," said long Bill Staples: "you can bet your sweet life thar is, and don't you forgit it. It has been proved by experiment."

"Experiment! How?" cried several.

"Well, didn't none of you ever hear of the agreement 'tween old Sam Delaney an' Pete White? You see, it was jest before

the war. Pete, he was an infidel, or a Darwin, or something, and didn't believe in nary hereafter nor nothin'. Old Sam, he was a Methody. They were great cronies, Pete and him. Both of them liked their tods; and many a time I've seen them coming home from town in Sam's old buggy, when neither of them could have made out the difference between a Methody camp-meetin' and a Democratic barbecue. They used to argufy most powerful on religion and hell, and Henry Clay, and things; and one day they made a bargain, as I have heard tell of many other fools doin',—a solemn compact, they call it,—that whichever one died first was to come back, if such a thing was possible, and reveal to the survivor, by some token, whether thar was, or was not, a hot future for the sinner. Pretty soon the war broke out. Sam Delaney was too old to go; but Pete volunteered, and in a year he was colonel. It's a wonder he wasn't killed sooner, either with whiskey or Yankee bullets. He wasn't afraid of either. In a fight he was always in the front, a swearin' and rarin' like all possest; and in camp he never let up on card-playin' and whiskey-drinkin'. One hot night in July, old man Delaney went to sleep outside on the gallery. He had been to town that day and sold his cotton. You see, the war didn't affect us much down this way, and people attended to their business much as usual. The old man had histed in a good load of forty-rod juice that day, and he was so tired when he got home that he jest threw himself down on the gallery and went to sleep two rows at a time. Just about midnight he woke up, feelin' a sort o' chilliness creepin' all over him. Lookin' out by the fence, he saw a white object standin' at the gate. It gave the gate a push, and glided inside without makin' a particle of noise. Sam knew at once, as he told us afterwards, that it was the spirit of Pete White come to perform his part of the agreement. Then he wished he never had made any such fool contract. The spirit, all dressed in white, glided up close to him, stopped a minute, and, though he could not see it very well in the dark, seemed to be looking kind o' mournfully at him. It moaned sort o' sorrowful, and moved off slowly round the corner of the house. Next mornin' the old man looked very gloomy and solemn.

He told his family at breakfast that Pete White died the previous night at twelve o'clock. They laughed at him; for they knew that Col. White was more than a thousand miles away, fightin' the Yankees. Sure enough, though, when we got the news of the battle of Goose Creek, — news travelled slow in Texas them days: it was a month afterwards 'fore we heard of it through Bill Young, who was home on a furlough, — we learned that very night that old man Delaney saw the colonel's spirit" —

"The colonel got killed, I reckon; but what does that prove?" sneered little Luke Sneed.

"Don't be so all-fired premature, young man: let me finish my story," said Bill Staples. He continued, "That very night, as was proved afterwards, that Delaney saw the ghost, and jest at twelve o'clock, Col. White was a settin' in his tent playin' cards with his officers. The Yanks were throwin' an occasional shell into camp. The way that they remembered the exact time afterwards was, that the guards were changed at twelve o'clock; and, just as the guards war comin' in off duty, the captain, who was playin' with Col. White, laid down four kings. The colonel had four aces, and levied on the whole pot a thousand dollars, I heard say. Mighty curious coincident, to say the least of it, wasn't it, now?"

"Well," said Luke.

"Well," replied Bill: "that's all."

"But wasn't the colonel killed, or didn't he die that night?" inquired Luke.

"Hell, no!" said Bill: "he's livin' yet, down in DeWitt County, as hearty as a buck."

"But how about the ghost?"

"Oh, the ghost! I don't know nothing 'bout him, of my own knowledge; but the boys did say as Jim Carson's old white cow broke into Delaney's garden and chawed over most of his cabbage patch, the night he saw the ghost."

"The drinks are on you, Luke," said the crowd; and Luke acquiesced, and "set 'em up" all round.

CHAPTER XI.

SUPPER we sat on the gallery, and absorbed a great deal of information about cattle and cattle-men. From what was said, we were led to believe that the majority of the people in the county lived by stealing cattle, and the balance died or went to the penitentiary by the same means. It is very easy to get killed in Texas: steal a yearling, and you will be accommodated with a rope and a live-oak limb. Contradict a native, or dispute the accuracy of his statement, and the coroner's jury will return the verdict, "Died from the effects of calling Mr. ——— a liar!" There is no better place than Texas for a man who wants to get killed or hung; but if he wants to get hung in a legitimate way, by a regularly ordained sheriff, Texas is not a good country for that class of immigrant. The law is very exacting as to the qualifications of candidates for the gallows. If the few who have been elected are to be believed, they are the only people who are positively certain of securing a home in the mansions of light.

There was a man — we shall call him Dirks — who aspired after a higher and better life beyond the grave. He did not care to trust to the ordinary means of securing that desideratum. He wanted to be sure about the hereafter: so he concluded to get hung. He knew that the only way he could get hung in the orthodox manner, and have the sympathy of the citizens, and a convoy of angels to carry him off after the cer-

emony, was to get convicted of murder in the first degree. Without any provocation, he deliberately destroyed an unoffending man with a shotgun. He made no effort to escape, but hunted up the sheriff, and begged to be taken into custody, for fear he, the murderer, might change his mind, and not want to go to heaven after all; but the sheriff said he knew the murderer to be a gentleman who would not run away. He so earnestly desired to go to heaven, where he could see Bill Longley, Brown Bowen, and other saints who had gone before, that he awaited his trial and conviction with impatience. The fact is, that Dirks was a little out of his mind anyhow. The day for the trial arrived. In the mean time the local press had excited much sympathy for Dirks by telling what a kind-hearted man he was, how he killed an Indian in 1823, what a perfect gentleman he was, and all that sort of thing. As there was no bad feeling between the parties, there could, of course, be no malice; and, where there was no malice aforethought, there could be no murder. Hence it was, that, before the trial came off, about half the community did not really believe that there had been any murder committed at all. This will also explain why there was so much sympathy for Dirks. In fact, some thought it was a shame to try him. In order to gain favor with the public, several prominent lawyers, in spite of Dirks's protest, volunteered to defend him. But Dirks, knowing how atrocious the murder was, had no fear of being acquitted. He still yearned for a blissful future. He would say to himself, while thinking over the matter, "I can't see how good citizens, who have regard for their own families and for the welfare of the public, — I can't see how it is possible for them to help finding me guilty. Then the sheriff will hang me up; and in a moment more I will be in heaven, in Bill Longley's bosom."

DIRKS.

He was sadly disappointed, however. He reckoned without his lawyers. When the trial came off, they showed that Dirks never had any ill feeling against the deceased, and it was therefore impossible for him to have killed him with malice aforethought. They showed, too, that the deceased was not killed with malice aforethought, but with a shotgun, which made a fatal variance between the *allegata* and the *probata;* but the judge decided otherwise, overruling the motion to quash the indictment on this ground.

"Now," thought Dirks, "I reckon I'm safe for heaven." But his lawyers cross-examined and bulldozed the witnesses for the State, until it appeared as plain as day that the deceased shot himself accidentally. Dirks's heart sank within him. His worst fears were realized. And the jury did acquit him without leaving the jury-box. Dirks was discharged from custody, and that night he was serenaded. His lawyers were thanked by hundreds of citizens with tears in their eyes. The only sad man was Dirks himself. He went home, and brooded over his hard luck for a day or two. Then he loaded up his old duck-gun, and sauntered down the road. He met a country physician of his acquaintance; and, before the doctor had time to say, "Howdy, Dirks!" he turned the old muzzle-loader loose, and killed the doctor. Dirks gave himself up cheerfully. Court was in session, and the case was tried at once. He would not have any lawyers, but the judge appointed two to defend him. Witnesses were produced by the counsel for the defence, who proved tnat there was found on the doctor's person a deadly weapon of peculiar and puzzling construction; and two of the witnesses testified that they heard the doctor say to Dirks, some four weeks before the murder, "Whenever you get sick, call on me, and I will straighten you out." This, the lawyers agreed, could only bear one construction; it was evidently a

SHOOTING THE DOCTOR.

threat. They claimed that it could be construed in no other way: therefore Dirks was justified in shooting the doctor on sight. The jury took the same view of it, and Dirks was again acquitted. He was disappointed, but not cast down. He had read of Robert Bruce being encouraged by observing the perseverance of a spider that made six futile attempts to swing from one rafter to another, and, trying again, succeeded the seventh time. He tried again. He killed a hackman with a knife. He was determined not to be acquitted again: so he hired two young lawyers to defend him. Neither of the lawyers had ever had a case before, and they did not look as if they knew any thing anyhow. They had the case continued. Next term they made out affidavits showing absence of material witnesses, and had it continued again. When the case came up, they got a change of venue. Then it was continued once more because one of the lawyers was confined to his room, nursing a black eye. This exasperated Dirks very much, but he could not help himself. At last the case was tried; and thirteen credible witnesses swore, that, at the time the murder was committed, Dirks was forty-five miles away, engaged in reading Baxter's "Saints' Rest." He was again, in the most inhospitable manner, turned out of jail, — acquitted.

POISON.

He went and bought five dollars' worth of strychnine, carried it home, and gave it to his cook. The cook was prompt in dying, and Dirks was arrested. The druggist proved that Dirks bought the poison. The cook's nephew swore that he saw the prisoner put it in the soup. The defence proved by experts that five cents' worth of strychnine would have killed the cook dead enough for all practical purposes. The prisoner used five dollars' worth: therefore the jury said he was insane. Once more he was cast out on a cold and unfeeling world.

He kept on reading about the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, how there was no sickness there (Dirks suffered from rheumatism); but Bill Longley and all the other angels were flying about, with harps and six-shooters in their hands: so he yearned more than ever to fly away, and be at rest. He could get hung at any time by stealing a ten-dollar cow-pony: but he had noticed that those fellows who were strung up by a mob died without hope; that it was only the murderer who was hung according to law who was certain of a "home over there."

He resolved to fix it so that there would be no mistake next time. He bribed a man to petition to have him put in the lunatic-asylum as of unsound mind. The county court appointed a jury, and Dirks was brought before it. Of course they decided that he was perfectly sane, and he was released from custody. Dirks was delighted: he chuckled all over. "Next time the lawyers would have proved I was not responsible, being of unsound mind; but, now that I have been officially declared all right, they can't save my neck."

He went home, and loaded up his shotgun, and put it in a corner. Then he cogitated long and profoundly. "To get myself convicted," he said to himself, "I'll have to murder some man whom everybody loves, admires, venerates, — some man whose death will create an aching void in society for the next century."

SHOOTING REPORTER.

Just then a young man, with a lead-pencil and a smile, came in, and said, "I want to interview you, Col. Dirks, about"— when Dirks reached out, and blew him into fiddle-strings with his shotgun.

"Dirks has had another misfortune," was the universal comment; but this time, by some inexplicable combination of circumstances, he was convicted of murder in the first degree. When the verdict was announced, he shook hands with each juryman, and, with real tears of gratitude in his eyes, thanked

them, and called them his benefactors. Then he gave himself up to singing "The Sweet By-and-By," "Shall We Gather at the River?" and hymns of that class; for the judge had yielded to his request that he be hung inside a week and the jail-yard. And when the young ladies visited him in jail, and brought him flowers every day, he felt happy; because he knew that only atrocious murderers, who were sure of heaven, were treated in that way.

IN JAIL.

The happy moment had arrived. The instrument of death loomed up above a "vast sea of upturned faces," as newspaper reporters put it. A silence came over the unnumbered multitude. The doomed man ascended the scaffold, leaning on the arm of the sheriff, and accompanied by several clergymen. The sheriff, with a husky voice, read the death-warrant, after which, one of the condemned man's spiritual advisers offered up a touching prayer. The sheriff asked the doomed man if he wanted to say any thing. He did. It was just like all the last speeches of condemned murderers, as reported in the papers. In a few moments more he would be in heaven, he said, with a harp in his hand, singing hymns of triumph. He bade the crowd farewell. He never expected to see them any more, unless, of course, like him, they would be smart enough to secure a conviction of murder in the first degree. The sheriff adjusted the cap, and placed his hand on the lever, when his attention was attracted by a commotion in the crowd. A man on horseback was waving a prepaid telegram over his head.

"Hurrah! Pardon from the governor! Cut the ropes!" were the cries that reached the agonized ears of Dirks and the sheriff. "Fooled again" were the only words he uttered, as the crowd carried him in triumph to a saloon.

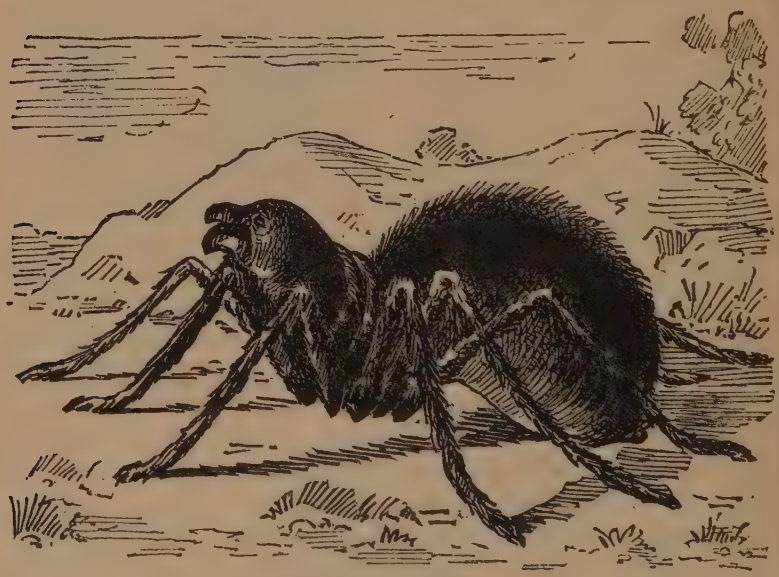
He left Texas as soon as he could. He said he wanted to move to a civilized country, where some consideration was

shown a poor man who was trying to get to heaven. He changed his name to Muldoon, went to Pennsylvania, and was one of the Molly Maguires who were hung there some years ago. He found in Pennsylvania that which his own State had so persistently refused to grant him in spite of all his earnest efforts.

Some two or three miles from East Bernard, we came to a very inviting place to camp, — an island of trees in a sea of prairie. Although it was yet early, not more than ten o'clock in the forenoon, we concluded to rest there, and cook dinner. On a piece of dead wood close by was a hairy-looking object. Its body was about the size of a walnut. Its legs, eight in number, radiating from the body, were also covered with short hair, or spikes. It looked like a spider from Brobdingnag. Its body and legs would cover a space almost as large as the palm of a man's hand, and it was altogether as ugly-looking an insect as I had ever seen. This was the "dreaded tarantula," — an insect that has been more slandered than any other living thing; an unobtrusive spider that attends to its own business, and seems to have no desire to push itself into notice; an insect of surprising taste and ingenuity in the matter of architecture and household adornment. Its nest is the most ingenious of all ingenious things. It is a subterranean abode, about the size of a coffee-cup, lined with some material as fine and glossy as white satin. At the surface of the ground is a small opening, into which fits a door made of sand and gravel glued together with some gummy fluid, and lined with the same satin material as the nest. The door opens and shuts on hinges made of many strands of a silken sort of thread.

When the tarantula goes out into the world, closing the door, and pocketing the key to his night-latch, the sharpest eye could not detect the nest or its entrance, for the outside of the door is formed of sand and gravel that looks exactly like the surrounding soil. I had long been misled regarding the habits of the tarantula. I had labored under the impression that it was a vagabond, a tramp among insects, roaming about in quest of a loose trouser-leg to crawl up, when the fact is, that it has a fixed place of abode, — fixed, so to speak, in the highest style

of insect art. The tarantula is a spider of strict business habits, not speculative or rash by any means, but rather cautious and conservative. He never attacks an insect larger than himself, unless it happens to be dead. When the sun goes down, he saunters out, and leisurely proceeds to prey on dissipated ants and belated tumble-bugs, that have heedlessly wandered from the paternal domicile. His nocturnal raids, and the fact that he sleeps all day, have prejudiced against him those hoary-headed people who take a wicked pleasure in cor-



TARANTULA (LIFE-SIZE).

nering their sons and clerks, and hurling busy-bee and early-worm proverbs at them before breakfast. But the prejudices of these old fogies influence the tarantula but little; for those who know him best — the frontier Indian, the horse-thief, and the Mexican raider — have learned to appreciate him, and show their appreciation of his wisdom by adopting his mode of life, and considering it worthy of imitation. The most perfect have their faults, however; and the tarantula is no exception. When insulted or injured in any way, — sat down upon, for instance, — he will bite the first soft place he can find, exuding

a vicious substance said to be as fatal as the poison of a rattlesnake or the effects of frontier whiskey. I think this is another slander, for I have never met a man who was fatally bitten by a tarantula. "Tarantula-juice" is a favorite appellation in Texas for the worst kind of whiskey, and probably on the principle that "a hair of the dog," etc., whiskey is the only antidote successfully used in cases of tarantula bite. I have heard it stated, — I give the statement for what it is worth, probably about five cents on the dollar, — that an old Indian who lived on the Nueces loved the antidote so much, that he carried around a tame tarantula, made it convenient to get bitten close to a grocery, exhibited the tarantula as proof, and howled around until he was gratuitously irrigated with whiskey by the humane storekeeper.

We had shot some quails in the morning. With these and coffee and corn-bread for dinner, we fared sumptuously.

What peculiar influences on the memory has the faculty of smell! How powerful in recalling the time and circumstances with which it was first associated is music! Strange that a familiar smell or a well-known sound should call up from some cobwebbed corner of the memory, and place before the mind's eye, scenes, places, persons, or circumstances which had seemed entirely swept out of the mental storehouse, but which at one time must have been in some way connected with the cause of the phenomenon! This, too, without any effort to remember, — an involuntary reminiscence forced into notice. Sometimes we can detect the connection: often it is impossible to do so. We have the effect, and we know the cause; but why that cause should produce such an effect is the mystery. For instance: when at the breakfast-table I break an egg that missed being a chicken by, say, ten days, I invariably think of a certain geometrical problem. Why a stale egg should suggest the problem of describing an equilateral triangle on a given finite straight line, transcends my power of mental analyzation, as they say in Boston. My failure to understand the reason, merely arises from being unable to remember the circumstances attending the first conjunction in my mind of two such widely different things as an over-ripe egg and a problem. Often,

however, we can in such cases trace out the connection. There is a certain tune, — I am inclined to think it is the identical one that caused the demise of the ancient cow, — whenever I hear it played on a piano, there arise before me the forms of three old maids; and the prominent features of several months spent in their saturnine and sedative society come up out of the long ago, and flit, panorama-like, across the stretch of my mental vision. Each funereal note resurrects some additional incident of the bygone time when this tune was new every morning, and renewed every evening.

Many years ago, and several thousand miles east of the present geographical position of these presents, I boarded with three most estimable ladies, who, having retired trophyless from the hunting-grounds of matrimony, and located on the bleak wastes of celibacy, employed all their time and energy in pitying their mated contemporaries, collecting money for the heathen, and teaching music. My bedroom was situated above the room in which the most sear and yellow-leafed one of the trio taught the five-finger exercise to the incipient belles of the town on a jingling piano. Snugly ensconced between the sheets on a winter's morning, enjoying the "balmy," and "regardless of the voice of the morning," I would be awakened, at what Dick Swiveller's friend would call "an everlastingly early hour," by the blue-nosed pupils and the snappish voice of the teacher. The maddening monotony of the exercises of the younger pupils was varied by the execution of the cow-killing tune by the more advanced pupils. Shades of Orpheus! how I anathematized that old parlor grand! How much quiet profanity that rheumatic instrument caused, I shudder to think of. Since those days were, a decade of a more or less eventful life has intervened; and yet a peculiar combination of sounds has power to vivify the dead past, and produce a train of thought that carries me back to the days when whiskers were a dream of the future, and individual responsibility but a fond ambition. So it was that a queer association of ideas, arising out of the smell of the broiling quails, as the doctor cooked them on a bright wood fire, brought to my mind the incidents that occurred many years ago, and which I shall now relate.

On a bright frosty morning, I started for a day's coursing on one of the Antrim Mountains, on the north-east coast of Ireland. I was accompanied by four young men, six greyhounds, a keeper, two barefooted boys, a demijohn, and a lunch-basket. We had slept the night before in a rural inn, situated in the picturesque valley of Glenshesk, at the foot of a mountain called Knocklayde. The mountain slopes up from the water's edge to a height of two thousand feet above the level of the sea. After walking about a mile, we began to leave the farms behind us, and to climb the steep side of the heather-clad hill. We reached the top about eleven o'clock, having coursed and caught three hares on the way up.

As we stood on a level plateau on the summit of the mountain, and looked around, one of the most beautiful views that it was ever my good fortune to see, met our eyes. Apparently at our feet, two thousand feet below, the sea, calm and glistening in the bright sunlight, stretched away on the north and east to the far-off horizon. Behind us ranges of hills, brown with heather in the foreground, and blue in the distance, towered up, their summits concealed in the ever-changing and moving clouds; to the left, the bold and rugged coast-line, with its adamantine breastwork of lime and basalt; over there, the Giant's Causeway; and beyond, the bleak hills of Donegal; to the right, across the channel, the Highlands of "Caledonia, stern and wild;" all around us, the home of poetic legend, fairy-tale, and heroic romance, — the scene of fierce conflicts and bloody battles in the feudal times, and of wild political excitement in later days.

While we sat drinking in the beauties of our surroundings and the contents of the demijohn, the old keeper entertained us with tales of the heroic age, made sworn statements regarding his personal acquaintance with a banshee, and gave us short biographical sketches of all the prominent families who had lived in the north of Ireland from the fourteenth century down to date, besides confiding to us a personal grievance connected with the bewitching of his favorite setter by his mother-in-law, who possessed the evil eye.

Old Tim, as he was called, was an extraordinary character.

Wind him up with whiskey, and he would run for twenty-four hours without stopping, grinding out fairy-tales, marvellous lies, and ghostly legends, by the rod. From where we stood, we could see, as he pointed them out to us, the ruins of one of the old round towers built by the ancient Druids, and still haunted by the restless souls of the fire-worshippers, as Tim affirmed; the shattered walls of the monastery of Bona Margy, where rests all that is mortal of the Lords of the Isles, and their descendants the Earls of Antrim; the site of the castle on the island of Rathlin, where Robert Bruce refuged, haunted; the cairn built on the spot where the great McQuillan murdered the equally terrific McDonnell, haunted by both parties. Ghostly stories and stupendous lies were told by Tim about all these places and persons, especially about these Earls of Antrim, who, we must conclude, were a bad lot, and very restless in their graves. One of these old chiefs, — now in the haunting business some two hundred years, — when he was alive, stole all the cattle belonging to a Neighboring Chief, sold them, and, with the money thus obtained, hired a band of foreign minions to assassinate the Neighboring Chief in his bed, and burn up his castle. They earned their money; and the spirit of the Neighboring Chief, with a retinue of bovine ghosts in attendance, to this day haunts the spot where his castle formerly stood. The old Earl lived many years after this murder; but

TIM THE GAMEKEEPER.

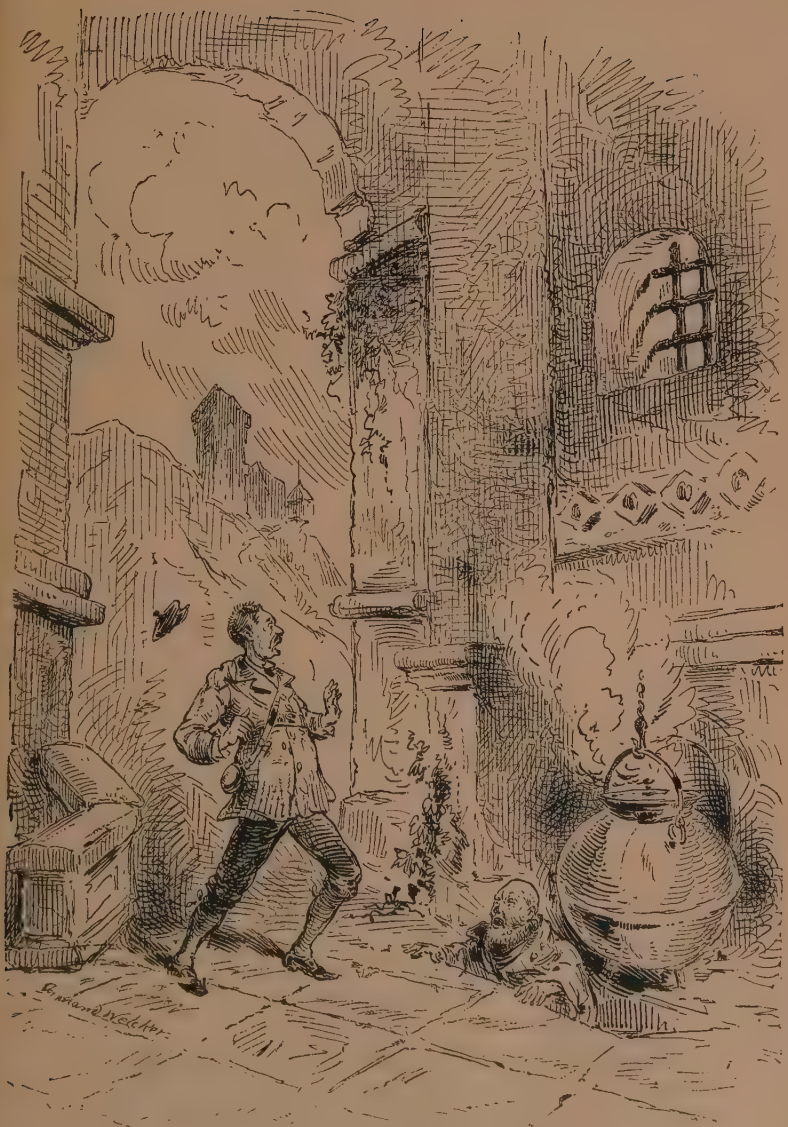
his sleep was broken, and it was noticed that he seemed to suffer from terrible mental trouble, besides being afflicted with evident remorse of conscience and the barber's itch. One day, as he was coursing on this very mountain side, his dogs started a white hare. It is well known, that the sight of a white hare always precedes an immediate and violent death to the party seeing it. The Earl did not believe these omens and warnings, and he encouraged the dogs in their pursuit of the hare. In his eagerness to follow the chase, he became separated from his retainers and servants, a mist came down on the mountain, and he was lost. He did not know the path, or the way back to the castle. Night came on, and he took shelter in a deserted house. "You see the tops av the chimneys way down there now," said Tim. "It was wanst a fort built by wan av the McQuillans, — a divil av a fellow, who used to take whiskey in his tay, and raise the divil when he had a mind, I've heerd tell."

The Earl was compelled to stay there all night. He is somewhere around there yet; for about the midnight hour there arose out of the bowels of the earth the spirit of the Neighboring Chief and the ghosts of the retainers, with the spirits of the stolen cattle. They caught the Earl; and, although he begged for mercy, they heeded not, but carved him into small pieces, and boiled him in an immense caldron prepared for the occasion. In this manner died the ninth Earl of Antrim, as we were assured by Tim, who, according to his own statement, "niver towld a thing but the God's truth" in the whole course of his life.

While being entertained by narratives of this ghostly character, a mist surrounded us, — a mist so thick that we could not see an object five paces distant. Some idea can be formed of the density of the mist, when we were able to cut out chunks of it with our hunting-knives, and use it to dilute the too strong whiskey which Tim had furnished. This may be hard to believe, but it is as true as any other part of this narrative. In a few minutes the mist, or cloud, descended below us, and the sunlight poured down once more. All beneath was a vast ocean of fleecy clouds, moving around in an aimless turmoil. We seemed to be standing on a small island, — a floating island,

lost in the immensity of space. There was a weird influence in the scene, heightened in its effects on us by the tales of the ghost and goblin that Tim was disburdening himself of, and by the sight of the gigantic shadow of the aforesaid Tim cast on the surface of the clouds below us. It was the shadow, apparently, of a man seventy-five miles long, gnawing at a piece of cheese about the size of Rhode Island. The scene was so strange and beautiful that we lingered there on the top of the mountain until the sun sank so low that our shadows were on a scale of about five miles to the inch. Regretting that the decline of day and of the contents of our demijohn compelled us to leave, we slowly descended the mountain. When half way down, with the mist thick around us, suddenly, from a peat-bank at our feet, there started a white hare. Tim crossed himself, and called on us to "howld the dogs, an' let the crature go, or it will be bad luck that will come to some av us this day. It's a warnin', God be good to us!" Regardless of Tim's warning, we plunged into the mist, slipping two of the dogs in pursuit of the hare. Hare and dogs were soon out of sight. In my eagerness to get a good view of the strange and ominous animal, I ran ahead of the party. Soon I found myself alone. I stopped to listen. The voices of my friends sounded strangely on the heights above, then gradually died away. I could hear nothing. I could not see objects farther than a few feet from where I stood, and I realized that I was lost in the mists of the mountains. I continued my course downward, hoping to reach the valley and some farmhouse before nightfall. Just as it was becoming too dark to proceed farther with safety, on account of the danger of falling into one of the many ravines, I stepped suddenly right up against a house. My joy at sight of what I at first supposed to be a farmhouse was short-lived; for I soon discovered that the building was an ancient ruin, and the very one described by Tim in the morning as the place where the haunted Earl of Antrim was boiled by the ghosts of his murdered victims. I was not superstitious, — that is, not very; yet I felt a little queer when I thought of the white hare, and the sudden death it foreboded.

The mist was blowing away, but the night was chilly. I



IN THE RUINS OF AN IRISH CASTLE.

decided to stay there for a few hours until the moon would rise. Climbing over a stack of fallen masonry, I stepped down into what must have been the dining-room, or probably the kitchen, of an old-time chief's house. The floor above and the roof were gone. Loop-hole windows high up in the wall were half filled with dead leaves and jackdaws' nests. Ivy was growing all over the inside of the eastern wall. An immense fireplace, with a large hearthstone, was suggestive of the hospitality of the days of yore, and, I shuddered to think, also of the cooking of the body of the murderous old earl. I lighted a fire of dead wood in the middle of this enclosure, and lay down beside it on the grass-grown floor. Soon I was asleep. I know not how long I slept; but I awoke suddenly with a cold chill along my spine, and a confused idea in my mind that I had been dreaming a complicated dream, wherein I had a Græco-Roman wrestling-match with a banshee, and a game of seven-up for the cigars with the ghost of Finn McCool, the reputed architect of the Giant's Causeway. The mist was gone, the moon was shining brightly in my face, an owl was hooting on a broken cornice above, and a fragrant smell of something being cooked — and which I recognized as broiled quail — pervaded the atmosphere. As I lay there, wondering by what extraordinary means broiled quail could reach that deserted spot, in the shadow of the hearth, as my eyes got accustomed to the gloom, I saw the great wide hearthstone slowly rise up, as if raised by a ghostly jackscrew. Then it turned on its side, and sank down in the earth out of sight. There was a rumbling sound, and then there arose, silently and slowly, out of the yawning chasm, *a huge copper caldron.* At sight of it I began to realize how wicked it was to have told all the lies I did when I was a boy, how sinful I had been in my base-ball days, and how unprepared I now was to — to be boiled. The hair curdled in my veins, and Sunday-school texts flashed before my eyes, as the great copper pot was noiselessly placed on the edge of the hole. Then, from out of the earth, arose the head and shoulders of a grim and ghastly bald-headed man; and

> "Thrice from the cavern's darksome womb
> His groaning voice arose."

It might have been the ghost of the Neighboring Chief before alluded to, but I did not wait for an introduction. I broke the tumultuous silence with a yell, as I passed out of the doorway, and, clearing a pile of rubbish with one bound, I went howling down the mountain, and never stopped until I came to the sea and to a fisherman's hut, where I rested till daybreak.

They were arrested by the revenue-officers two weeks afterwards, the copper still confiscated, and three of the moonshiners were heavely fined.

I have never smelled broiled quail since, that I do not think of the events of that night, and what a mercy it was that I did not break my neck as I rushed down the mountain-side.

CHAPTER XII.

ARRIVED at a place called Eagle Lake late at night. Eagle Lake is a small place, probably one hundred and fifty inhabitants. We found the usual corn-bread-and-coffee sort of a hotel, the same style of dilapidated stable for our horses, and apparently the same identical hide-bottomed chairs that are to be found in every little town in Texas. But we were tired and hungry, and enjoyed the accommodations and refreshments that the place afforded. The chairs were a comfortable change from the saddle, and the coffee was more palatable than the warm water we found on the prairie. We determined to stay and rest at Eagle Lake for a few days. There was a small lake near town, and the fishing was said to be good. I did not indulge in the "solitary vice," as Byron calls it: but the doctor wanted to catch some fish; and I — well, I wanted to lie in the shade, and say smart things at the doctor's expense.

We were both assigned to one room. It was about eight feet by ten, and furnished in a frugal manner with one bed, one chair, a solitary nail to hang our clothes on, and a tin basin on an old soap-box in the corner. The tin wash-basin was placed there more in the way of an ornament, and as a concession to fashion in the matter of bedroom decoration, than for use; for we were expected to wash our faces in the morning on the front-gallery, opening on the street, where, on a shelf, there was another tin basin, a bucket of water, and a piece of brown soap in an old sardine-box, and on a roller hung an endless

and very dirty towel. The partition-walls of the room were constructed of pine boards, neither painted, papered, nor planed. The boards had shrunk, leaving large cracks; and we could hear the least sound in the next room as plainly as if there had been no wall. I had just found an end of the pillow that had neither cobble-stones nor old scrap iron in it, when I was startled by something sitting down in the next room. It sat down, whatever it was, with such enthusiasm that the windows rattled, and the dust fell from the ceiling in my eyes. Our landlord was a very enterprising young man. He told us how he had come to Texas without a cent, and how he had prospered until he now owned the hotel, although there was a heavy mortgage on it. When I heard the noise at first, I thought that the landlord had been fooling with the mortgage, — trying to lift it perhaps, — and had dropped it; but in a moment I learn the real cause of the noise. It is the Jew drummer, who made himself so absurd at supper, talking about the "gwality off dem goots." He occupies the next room, and he has just come in and sat down. He soliloquizes, "Mine Gott! vat a schmall ped ish dot!" Now he is taking off his boots, and we can hear him swear. The doctor expresses pleasure in knowing that the Israelite suffers from corns. When he gets his boots off, he dumps them in a corner with force enough to shake the sign off the front of the house, and, going to the door, shouts, —

THE DRUMMER.

"Meester Landlord! Meester Landlord!"

"Yes, sir."

"Gan I haff some ink? I vant to write a leedle pefore I go to ped."

He gets the ink; and he scratches and scratches for half an hour, probably telling his "house" about "dot gustomer vat did not think der gwality of dose goots vas so mootch as dot samble."

Then he calls, "Meester Landlord! Meester Landlord!"

"Yes, sir."

"Haff you got some daily bapers? I vant to read a leedle pefore I go to ped."

The landlord brings him a paper, and we can hear him fold it and smooth it out. It rustles and crackles in the most irritating manner. It takes him about half an hour to finish reading the paper, and once or twice he groans: probably he is reading of the lynching of a drummer, or perhaps he is perusing the advertisement of a rival clothing-house.

"Meester Landlord! Meester Landlord!"

"Yes, sir."

"Giff me a good cigar: I vant to schmoke a leedle pefore I go to ped."

Then he "schmokes;" and the smoke comes through the cracks, and fills our room. The doctor and I are both fond of cigars when we smoke them ourselves, but we dislike the taste of second-hand smoke. About the time the smoke becomes unbearable, we again hear the clarion voice of the Drummer.

"Meester Landlord! Meester Landlord!"

"Yes, sir."

"I vood like a goople off towels: I vant to vash a leedle pefore I go to ped."

He gets water, and he washes his face; and he evidently gets water in his mouth, and soap in his eyes. Now he is puffing and blowing, and uttering grunts of satisfaction, as he grooms himself with the "goople of towels." We hear him taking off his clothes, and we think now surely he has had a "leedle" of almost every thing he could ask for.

"Meester Landlord! Meester Landlord! Good-night! I think I vill go to bed, and schleep a leedle now."

The clock struck two. The doctor said "Damit!" and we went to sleep.

There was a very damaged and weather-beaten man at the breakfast-table. His left eye was concealed by a green shade, one of his ears and two of his fingers were gone, and his right leg had been amputated at the knee. Spliced on the stump was a wooden leg with an iron ring on the end of it, which, being loose, jingled as he walked. Four of his front teeth were missing. The doctor called him "The Remnant," because there was so much of him disposed of, and so very little left. He ate a great deal, but was very abstemious in the matter of speech.

The Drummer was sitting at the end of the table, and was evidently much interested in the Remnant, and seemed determined to learn all he could of the strange-looking relic who was so taciturn and hungry.

"Haff you got some farming peesiness hereapouts, meester?" interrogated the Drummer.

"No," growled the Remnant, as he planted a large Irish potato in the yawning chasm under his nose.

"I thought you looked already as if you vas in the farming or stock peesiness."

"Yes?"

"Pooty hard spring on the cattles, ain't it?"

"So so."

"Dot northers vas pooty bad for the scheeps, don't it? Haff you got some scheeps?"

"Not a blamed hoof," replied the Remnant, as he retired a fresh roll at one effort.

"You haff some cattles, then?"

"Oh, yes! oodles of 'em."

"Do you keep dose cattles on the range?"

The reticent man failed to reply to this, as he was engaged in warehousing a bowl of clabber. The Drummer was knocked out of the ring, so to speak. He was on time, however, and opened the next round with,—

"Haff you"—

His query was cut short by a look that the Remnant gave him. Then, assuming the Drummer's accent and peculiarities of speech, the Remnant said, "Landlord! Meester Landlord!

Off you lend me a gun, I vants to shoot a leedle pefore I go to ped."

Every one in the room seemed to see the point of the joke, and enjoy it, which was evidence that the Drummer's nocturnal remarks had been heard all over the house. Muttering something about going down town to see a "gustomer," the Drum-

THE REMNANT AT BREAKFAST.

mer retired. After he had left, the Remnant said nothing until he had filed away three battercakes, a cucumber, and a saucerful of tomatoes. Then, having eaten until his jaws had become too tired to masticate more, and the chicken-dish looked like the front yard of a bone-factory, he gradually thawed, and became talkative.

"You see," said he, addressing the doctor, "I don't never

give no satisfaction to them sort of cross-questioners. That double-jointed Jew wanted to know all about my business; and, if I had encouraged him, he would have tried to get the bottom figures on my pedigree, and maybe wanted to know if my grandfather wasn't biassed in favor of raw meat as a regular article of diet."

After breakfast we talked with the Remnant. He told us that he had a ranch a short distance from town, where his men were then engaged branding calves; that he was going out there in an hour, and that if we desired to see the operation of branding cattle, and witness some of the peculiarities of ranch-life, he would be pleased to have us accompany him, and spend the day on the Ranch Del Rio. We accepted his invitation, and rode out to the place where the branding was in progress. The Remnant was a rich and inexhaustible mine, full of lore of horse and horned cattle. Looking at his body, maimed, gashed, and sawed off, as it was, one would wonder how he retained any thing inside himself; and so full was he of bullet-holes, and so cut up with amputations, the wonder is, that even his accumulated experience did not leak out of him, and get lost. As a mine of knowledge in the matter of cattle, he was a bonanza, out of which a curious but judicious prospector could dig chunks of information regarding the habits and domestic virtues of the cow, could excavate nuggets of pure truth in the matter of steers, and scoop out shovelfuls of two-hundred-to-the-ton facts bearing on the subject of roping and branding.

As we rode along, I noticed that the Remnant looked pale and sad. His solitary and pensive eye rested on the ground, as if it expected to find a lost dime. I asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing! except I'm just getting over the remedies," he responded.

"The remedies!"

"Yes, the remedies. I had a fever, and my friends have been trying to cure it. I got over the fever, but I'm still suffering from the remedies. My liver has lost all public spirit. It refuses to act. I believe the mucous membrane of my epide-

gastrum is seriously compromised, and I fear peritonitis may ensue. It all comes from the remedies."

I may remark that the Remnant was much given to using words with the proper use of which he was not familiar.

"Well, tell us all about it."

"I was taken with a violent pain."

"Where?"

"Just opposite the post-office, day before yesterday evening. I felt so bad I wanted to die, and be a cheruphim. It felt as if my spinal column was a ladder, and that there were five or six pains running up and down it. Just then Smith came along, and hit me on the shoulder until every bone in my body groaned, and asked me how long it was since I made my escape from the bone-yard. He told me, that, when I smiled, it made him think of 'Black Friday;' and he asked me as a personal favor not to do so again. Then he tried to turn it off by saying that Robinson Crusoe had a black Friday. I told Smith my symptoms, after he had sobered down; and he gave me some good advice. Says he, 'It's all right: you've got it. It runs in families. It's the epizootic. All the mules in town had it last year. Go right home, bathe your feet in hot water, and go to bed.'"

"Well, what did you do? I want to know, as I may get it myself," I asked.

"I went home in a hack, and described my symptoms to my wife's mother. She is a first-rate doctor, — knows all about herbs, and other household remedies."

"What did she say you were suffering from?"

"She didn't make any regular Diogenes of the case; but she merely observed that it was a singular coincidence that I always had these spells whenever there was firewood to be chopped, and that they passed off about the time dinner was on the table. She hinted, that, if I would only pass off too, she would regard it in the light of a personal favor."

"If you can give me a lucid account of the symptoms, without bringing in your family pedigree, I would feel obliged. Try now, that's a good fellow!"

He assented, and gave me the following sickening details: —

"I put my feet in hot water, and boiled them until they

seemed to be done; and then I took them out. My wife had heard that in such cases it was a good remedy to rub the throat with a piece of fat bacon sprinkled with pepper."

"Did you rub the inside of your throat with a piece of fat bacon, or only the outside?" I queried.

"The outside, of course. How could I rub the inside with a piece of fat bacon, when I had to gargle it with salt and water, and with borax and alum, every five minutes? All these remedies were bound to help, one way or another. I didn't feel the pain in my back at all. I was so busy vomiting from the gargle, that it didn't bother me in the least. As I was beginning to get some good from the remedies, just to enjoy myself, a neighbor, who was a friend of the family, came in, and said there was no occasion for a man dying at all, if he would only rub the bridge of his nose and the soles of his feet with spirits of turpentine. I did not think he would lie about such a trivial matter, and I did as he said. I started out with a pain in my back; and, by the use of the remedies, in less than an hour I was suffering from a sore throat, headache, had four more red-hot pains running up and down my spinal column, and began to feel symptoms of preliminary meningitis of the pericardium. Besides, I smelled as if I had been freshly painted. I had been plastered—mustard-plastered—already. My throat felt as if there was a never-ending torchlight procession going through it. Another friend of the family came in, and said there was no hope for my life

SUFFERING FROM REMEDIES.

unless a towel wrung out in ice-water was put around my neck. Somebody else had, in the mean time, prescribed castor-oil and laudanum, — as a remedy for the gargle, I suppose. The gargle was given to relieve me from the effect of the turpentine; and the mustard-plaster was to cure some Mustang Liniment that I was suffering from. I had a pain in my left side, but I didn't mention it: for, if I had, they would have shaved my head, and put a fly-blister on it; and, to cure the fly-blister, some friend might have worked on me with a stomach-pump. Some other benefactor would have given me a tablespoonful of ipecac, and sawed off my wooden leg. You see, I didn't want to feel too well: so I didn't let on about the pain in my side. That's what saved me from the remedies I didn't take. I took the castor-oil and the laudanum."

"Well, that ought to have afforded you some relief, sooner or later."

"I went to sleep," resumed the relic; "but, just before I closed my eyes, my wife's mother greased my nose with a piece of mutton-tallow, — to cure the castor-oil, I suppose, — remarking, with her usual bland smile, that, if death really loved a shining mark, that nose ought to draw him. Anyhow, I slept. I dreamed I was making a speech from under a cross-beam, from which dangled garlands, or something of that kind. The sheriff seemed to be presiding officer. He was busy fixing the garland about my neck, and I was saying I could prove an alibi, when I awoke. My wife was taking off the wet towel. Mrs. Brown had come in since I went to sleep, and told them that a quilt wrung out of boiling water was what my neck really needed. They had the quilt all ready. The water was boiling hot. All I said was, 'Mr. Sheriff, do your duty. I want to die before another remedy gets here.'"

"How did the thing end?" I inquired.

"Well, it was pretty tough on a man with one leg in the grave already, wasn't it? But I got my six-shooter; and, laying it on the pillow, I told them I was going to die in peace. So they let me alone, and I soon got well enough to be around; but I'm suffering yet."

About two miles from town he suddenly checked his horse,

gazed intently on the ground, and said, "Some fellow has lost his saddle-horse here this morning."

There was no advertisement on any of the trees, offering a reward for a lost horse; and, as there was no lost horse in sight, we were at a loss to understand why, if a horse was lost, our friend could know so much about it.

The doctor inquired, "How do you know that a horse has been lost?"

"I see his tracks."

"Are there not hundreds of horses pasturing on the prairies? and how do you know that these are not the tracks of one of them?"

"Because he is shod, and the horses herding on the prairie do not wear shoes."

"How do you know that he is a saddle-horse, and lost?"

"I see a rope-track alongside his trail: the horse has a saddle on, and the rope hangs from the horn of the saddle."

"But why may he not be a horse that some one has ridden over this way this morning? and why do you insist that he is lost?"

"Because, if a man had been on his back, he would have ridden him on a straight course: but this horse has moved from side to side of the road as he strolled along; and that is a plain sign that he grazed as he went, and that he had no rider."

"After that, it would not surprise me," said the doctor, "if you were to tell us the age of the horse, and the name of the owner."

"Well, that would not be very hard to do. There are signs that have told me the owner's name; and there are other signs, that, if I had time to examine, would tell me his age. I know he is one of old man Pendegrast's horses. Pendegrast has a large bunch of horses down in the bottom; and an old nigger down there does all his shoeing, and shoes no other horses except his. So we know his shoe-track, just the same as we know his brand."

After this conviction on circumstantial evidence, it would not have seemed to us extraordinary if the Remnant had given us his opinion of the life and character of our great-grandmoth-

ers, drawing his conclusions from an examination of some of our physical peculiarities.

It is wonderful how expert these men become in reading what they call "signs" on the prairie or in the woods. No sign escapes their practised eye: all manner of tracks, trails, and marks are to them data from which to draw conclusions. The peculiar movement of an animal will indicate the presence of some other animal in the neighborhood. A broken limb of a tree, a crushed weed, the *débris* around a camp-fire, the flight of a buzzard, and other such signs, are to the cowboy and the frontiersman what the signboards and advertisements are to the people who live in cities.

When the vigilant policeman sees the legend "First Chance" over a closed front-door, and sees a man with a market-basket on his arm entering by a side-door in search of a clove or a parched coffee-bean, at half-past six A.M., he knows that it is Sunday morning, and that the man is thirsty.

When the cowboy sees the cattle, the deer, and the wild-dove heading in a certain direction, he knows to a certainty, that, by taking the same course, he will find water. So these volumes of signs that nature writes, and experience teaches to man, are read daily by the men who take a mustang and a six-shooter into partnership, and do business on the prairies and in the forests of the Far West.

The finding of the body of the murdered Robert Trimble, near San Antonio, and the conviction of his murderer, José Cordova, was an illustration of this. Trimble left San Antonio for his home on the Rio Frio, driving in a wagon drawn by two mules. The mules, without the wagon, came home. Search was made for Trimble. The probability is, that his body would not have been found in the dense chaparral, but that, guided by the circling flight of the buzzards, the searchers were led to the place where they found the dead body. The murderer was tracked to Mexico, and arrested there; a dent in the tire of the wagon-wheel enabling the parties who arrested him to follow his trail all the way to Mexico, and being the only clew they had to guide them. As the Remnant said, "A man's tongue may be responsible for perjury, but signs don't lie."

Passing through two gates, we found ourselves at the corral where the cattle being operated on were confined. All the cows and calves had been "rounded up," and the calves cut out and corralled. The pasture was fifteen thousand acres in extent. "Rounding up" is a term used to denote gathering cattle. Cowboys ride around a large area of country, over which cattle are scattered, gradually diminishing the size of the circle, until the cattle are gathered together in a herd, or, as it is commonly called, a bunch. Sometimes cattle that do not belong to them are gathered with the others. These they "cut out." "Cutting out" is a difficult operation. The cowboy rides into the herd, and, with shouts and elaborate waving of a lasso over his head, drives out such animals, one or more at a time, as he does not desire to retain in the herd.

There are two kinds of branding-irons, and two modes of branding. One iron is of the shape of the letter or letters forming the brand, and, being heated, is stamped on the animal's side or hip, and held there until it burns through the hair, and almost through the skin. The other, called a running brand, is a long piece of iron curved at the end. With this — the curved end being red-hot — the person branding writes the brand much after the free and fluent style in which shipping-clerks mark boxes. Some brands are a single letter; some, two or more letters; others, monograms; the majority, hieroglyphics, unmeaning and untranslatable to a stranger, but plain to the cowboy, whose literary attainments very often extend only to a knowledge of all the brands of the county he lives in. Some men use immense brands, covering the whole side of the animal. We saw "Hell" in eighteen-inch letters on the sides of some cattle in Western Texas.

Samuel Johnson branded his Christian name on his cattle, beginning at the back of the ear, and ending at the tail; and in some cases, when there was not room enough on a poor little calf, he would brand as much on one side as the calf-skin would hold, and then "carry forwards," and brand the rest of the name on the other side, connecting with a hyphen on the tail.

The most common mode of branding is conducted in the

following manner: a *vaquero* on horseback, with a lasso in his hand, rides up to a herd, starts a cow to run, and, as she runs, throws a lasso around one of her legs; then, tightening it, he rides around her, entangling her legs in the rope, when, by a jerk, the helpless animal is thrown down. One man sits on her head, while another applies the hot branding-iron. After all this trouble taken by man with a view to improve and ornament the cow, the ungrateful brute fails to show any appreciation of the kindness, and even groans and kicks when the artist applies the iron. So dissatisfied does she seem, that one would almost be compelled to believe that she did not care to receive and circulate the English alphabet. There never is much enterprise about a cow, anyhow, except when she gets into the front-garden at night.

The other and less common mode of branding is to drive the animals into a narrow passage, just wide enough for them to squeeze through; and, while they are in this tight place, they are cauterized.

All brands and ear-marks are required by law to be recorded in the county-clerk's office in the county in which the cattle run. The ear-marks are made by cutting slits in the ears, cutting bits, or cropping or slicing pieces off them; and it is wonderful how many ear-marks may be made by peculiar combinations of "slits," "bits," and "crops." Hardly any two persons in Texas use the same ear-mark.

The Remnant pointed out and explained all that was of interest. We learned that the brand, if burned to a sufficient depth, will last, and remain legible, as long as the animal lives, and will grow with its growth; but, if not burned deep enough, it will be plain only until the animal sheds its hair in the spring. A friend of mine, Major Johnson, learned this shortly after he came to Texas. The way he acquired the knowledge was this: he bought a few cows and calves, and employed a neighbor to brand them for him. The neighbor put the major's brand on them in a very satisfactory manner. It showed as plainly as a grease-spot on a dress-coat, but it was not nearly of such a permanent character. It lasted until the next spring, when the new coat of hair began to come out. The honest neighbor

watched the brands as they gradually faded away; and, when they were no longer visible, he heated his own irons; and about that time there was — as the market reports say — "considerable operations in live-stock, several lots changing hands at merely nominal values." The major's cattle gradually disappeared, while the horny-handed neighbor's herd increased and multiplied.

The Remnant took us to another corral, to show us some four-year-old steers that he had just bought. Although these had two or three brands and counter-brands of former owners on them, still our friend had to further ornament them. The animals were already so covered with letters and figures that he had to put his on the edges, like marginal notes.

These grown animals are often difficult to throw down, and not unfrequently after being branded they become dangerous. The doctor found this out without the aid of our guide and instructor.

THE DOCTOR "ROUNDED UP."

One of the largest steers, after being branded, was rushing out of the pen. The doctor was entering by the way it was retiring. He thought he heard the men shout to him to stop the steer. Throwing his arms up, and spreading his legs apart, he shouted, "Whoa! Wheesh!" The steer proceeded until it arrived at where the doctor stood, apparently as if it didn't know he was there. Then there was a lowering of horns, an uprising of tail, and the next moment the doctor was sitting on the roof of a shed, looking down on us with a bewildered and pained expression in his eye; while the steer was streaking across the prairie, his head high in the air, and one of the doctor's coat-tails on his horns.

CHAPTER XIII.

When we read of two hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle being driven every year from Texas to the Northern markets, and when we are assured that in 1870 as many as five hundred and sixty thousand were driven on foot to Colorado, Wyoming, and Kansas, besides thousands shipped by steamer to New Orleans and elsewhere, we are surprised to learn that this immense drain on the herds of Texas does not perceptibly decrease the number of cattle in the State. When we visit the great ranches of Western Texas, we are no longer surprised, but rather wonder that the United States holds people enough to eat and use all the cattle we see. It has been found, from careful examination of the Census Bureau Reports, that to every hundred persons in the United States there is required eighty head of cattle, and that this requirement has not varied one per cent in thirty years. Taking this as a basis of calculation, we find that the Northern and Eastern States have less than the requisite number of cattle, while Texas and other Western States have more than the requisite number; and it is to these States that the East looks for her beef-supply.

Texas had, in 1870, about nine hundred cattle to every one hundred inhabitants.

Many prominent stockmen have changed the mode of raising cattle in Texas. Formerly they allowed their cattle to range at will over the broad prairies, only rounding them up once a year for the purpose of branding the calves, and cutting out the beef steers for sale. The cattle belonging to one man often spread over an area of country fifty to one hundred miles square. Now the stockmen are building fences, enclosing pastures, and giving much more attention to improving the breed of their cattle than formerly. Many pastures of from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand acres are to be found in Southern and Western Texas.

In the coast counties there are cattle-lords whose herds, in number and value, surpass the flocks and herds of the great stockman of Uz. Capt. Richard King — known as the cattle-king of Texas — has, at the Santa Gertrude ranch, one hundred thousand head of cattle, ten thousand horses, seven thousand sheep, and eight thousand goats. Three hundred Mexican herders and *vaqueros* attend to the multifarious duties necessary to the management of these vast herds. The ride around the fence of the Santa Gertrude ranch is sixty miles in extent.

Lieut. Atwell, who recently married the daughter of Capt. King, was presented on the wedding-morning, by the bride's father, with ten thousand head of cattle and horses. Just imagine the visitors, as they fingered over the wedding-presents, when they came to ten thousand head of cattle among the card-cases, butter-knives, and napkin-rings that custom requires should be presented to bride and bridegroom by their friends! and think of how embarrassed Lieut. Atwell must have been when he had ten thousand long-horned cows, frisky calves, and bellowing steers turned over to him, without even a halter around their necks to hold them by! Nobody ever gave me ten thousand head of cattle, but I can remember when I received an old cow in payment of a bad debt. It was a very bad debt, and I came to consider it a very bad payment. She was a thin cow; but the former owner said she was better than she looked, being a cross between the Jersey and the Durham. She looked as if she might have been a cross between an old

hair-trunk and an abandoned hoopskirt. I kept the brute three days; and no one, except, perhaps, Lieut. Atwell, could ever appreciate the suffering I endured in that time. The first night she broke through the fence, and reduced to a pulp all the underclothing belonging to my next-door neighbor. She put her horn through my bath-tub, and ate up all my aunt's geraniums. I had expectations from my aunt, but the extent of that cow's appetite ruined them. She — the cow I mean — was to give three gallons of milk a day; but she seemed to be short just then, and never had that amount to spare while we kept her. In fact, she never produced any milk worth speaking of, unless it was the milk of human kindness that she kicked out of the hired man. The second day she walked into the kitchen and upset a pan of batter, my aunt's nerves, and a tub of lard. Then she fell down a well; and when I got her out, at a cost of five dollars, she took the colic, whooping-cough, or something, and kept us awake all night. Not a green thing was left in my garden. My neighbor's peach-trees, and the rope on which his underwear grew, were as bare of fruit as a single tree, and he did not have a twig of shrubbery left. My neighbor came over to see me, and said, —

"KEEP YOUR COW OUT OF MY SHRUBBERY."

"Why do you let your cow into my garden at night? Why don't you take your blamed old cow in after dark?"

"And why, my friend," said I, "don't you take your blamed old garden in after dark?"

"Now, I don't desire any quarrel, but I want you to keep your cow out of my shrubbery."

"And I want you to keep your shrubbery out of my cow: it spoils the taste of the milk."

Friends separated us; but ever afterwards there was a coolness between us, and my neighbor's wife ceased to patronize our house when she wanted to borrow a cupful of yeast-powder.

I could bear the cow no longer. I sacrificed her to the payment of a bad debt I owed the grocer around the corner. Now, if one old cow disorganized my domestic economy, and destroyed the amicable relations existing between my neighbor and myself, what must Lieut. Atwell have suffered with ten thousand cows? Think of the ruin and desolation of his garden! Imagine how the neighbors over the way must have suffered! I would venture to say, that, inside of two weeks, there was not a living soul within fifty miles who had a shirt to his back.

But this is a digression. There is a man near Corpus Christi who has one hundred and fifty thousand acres under fence. A lady, Mrs. Rabb, near the same place, has ninety thousand acres enclosed by a plank fence. Many such ranches could be referred to, and several stockmen could be named, who own more than one hundred thousand head of cattle and horses.

John Timon of San Patricio, in announcing through an advertisement his purchase of certain brands of cattle, says, —

"All honest, industrious, poor men are welcome to kill an occasional calf, provided they do not waste the meat."

Now, who says that Texas is not a good place for the honest, industrious, poor man?

While the honest, industrious, poor man in Texas is skinning the cows and calves of John Timon and others, eating the meat, and selling the hides for whiskey, or bartering them off for a ticket to the bull-fight, the honest, industrious, poor man of Pennsylvania is offering to bind himself a slave for years in consideration of plain food and necessary clothing, and the assurance of burial after death. *Vide* the following petitions presented by a number of colliers to a capitalist at Scranton, Penn., some time ago: —

"We will bind ourselves to be your slaves, to toil early and late, as our strength will permit, for you during one or five years, and never will ask you for one cent of wages, if you will only give us and our families plain and sufficient food, such clothing as we really need, houses to live in, doctor and medicines when we are sick, and bury us when we die."

All that the industrious poor man has to do in Texas is to buy, or in some way own, a few cows, using them as an excuse for being on the range. Starting with these as a nucleus, he can add to the number considerably, provided he is an enterprising man, who, in an absent-minded way, uses his own brand by mistake on his neighbor's calves, or on the mavericks he may find. If he attends strictly to business, and devotes himself to honest industry in this way, he will be certain to rise in the world — it may be through the instrumentality of a rope, for Texas stockmen do not like this kind of "industrious poor man." If, however, he is smart enough to blotch a brand, and change an ear-mark, he is usually smart enough to avoid detection, and very liable to get rich.

In four years a man can quadruple his capital by engaging in the cattle business, and either protecting his herd, or stealing when he is stolen from.

Eighteen years ago John Hetson was scratching a living out of the timber-lands of Tennessee. Seeing no prospect of improving his condition by staying where he was, he sold his land, and with the proceeds bought sixty cows, and brought them to Texas. He now owns fifty thousand acres of land and seventy thousand head of cattle.

A Texas paper, speaking of M. L. B. Harris, says, "He began in 1856 with one hundred and fifty head of cattle. In 1872 he had sixty thousand head of cattle valued at three hundred thousand dollars, and land, house, etc., valued at thirty-five thousand dollars, or a gain of, say, three hundred and thirty thousand dollars, besides what it cost him to support and educate a family of eight children."

These are not extreme cases. Many do as well: but the man who is not industrious in the cattle business will be as much of a failure as he would be in any other business; and there are many men in Texas who are not industrious.

If the Northern stockman, who has to feed and shelter his cattle during the winter, working hard all spring and summer to raise enough feed to keep them alive during the cold months, can make money in raising cattle, how much more can the Texan, who vexes himself not with labor, but just turns his

cattle out on the prairie, where they get grass and water all the year round, and where the climate is so mild that they need no shelter.

Imagine the Vermont farmer getting up before sunrise on a bleak winter morning. See him go shivering out to the barn to shuck corn, slice frozen turnips, and break the ice on his watering-trough with an axe. Observe how blue he looks as he sees the pile of fodder, that he labored so hard to raise in the other end of the year, diminish with a rapidity that makes him think there will not be enough to feed his stock through the winter. Then think of the Texan, on the same day of the year, as he gets up at nine o'clock, and strolls around the house without his coat. See him step into the garden and get a rose for his button-hole, while his wife cooks breakfast. The milch-cows are late this morning; they have not come up from the prairie, where they have been all night: so he drinks his coffee without milk, and, although he has a thousand head of cattle to attend to, he "reckons" that they can take care of themselves without him, and he goes off to spend the day pitching horse-shoes, or playing sinful games for the drinks at the nearest grocery. *He* does not go to labor all morning in the barn. *He* has not got a barn, and says he does not need one. *He* does not waste an hour, and a piece of his thumb, in slicing frozen turnips, because he has not any turnips to slice. "Don't need them," he says; "got plenty of grass: grass is good enough for Texas cattle." *He* does not look blue: he looks happy, as he sees the unlimited stretch of prairie, with its rich carpet of grass, enough in sight to feed ten thousand head of cattle through the winter, and suggestive of sleek yearlings and plump cows in the spring.

In March or in February, if the spring is an early one and the grass abundant, stockmen, who drive to Colorado, Kansas, and Wyoming, round up their cattle on the range, or go around the country buying cattle from the small stock-raisers, until they get the number required to make up a herd. These are all branded with what is called the road-brand,—usually a single letter, and only hair-deep. The brand is used only for cattle driven out of the State, and for the purpose of identifying such

animals as might stray out of the herd on the way. From two to five thousand head are driven in a herd. Some stockmen send several "drives" yearly. Accompanying such herd, there are from twenty to thirty cowboys, sixty or seventy horses, and a supply-wagon. The horses are hardy mustangs, called cow-ponies. They are trained with an especial view to driving cattle, and seem to take an extraordinary pleasure in driving a straying cow back into the herd. If the rider will leave the matter entirely to the pony, he will head off the cow, and drive her to the herd as straight as a cow can be driven anywhere, keeping close to her all the time; and yet, with all this virtue, there is an amount of accompanying vice. As soon as he has turned the cow over to the proper authorities, he will in all probability be so elated over his exploit, that he will buck his rider off his back, and into a mud-hole and a state of protracted profanity.

COWBOYS.

From Texas the owner of a herd usually goes to the terminal end of the drive by rail. The cowboys who accompany the cattle are under the control of a captain, who appoints, from the men under his charge, officers who have certain duties to perform, and who enforce discipline in the ranks when they are sober enough to know the difference between discipline and a demijohn.

The cowboy is a man attached to a gigantic pair of spurs. He inhabits the prairies of Texas, and is successfully raised as far north as the thirtieth degree of latitude. He is in season all the year round, and is generally found on the back of a small mustang pony, "wild and savage as a colt of the Ukraine."

This fact has given rise to a widely diffused belief that the cowboy cannot walk; and he is often cited as an instance — a stupendous manifestation, in fact — of the wonderful working of Nature to adapt her creatures to the circumstances surrounding them. It is argued that once the cowboy was a human being, — a biped with the ordinary powers of locomotion, — but that during the course of ages, becoming more and more attached to his horse, and having gradually ceased to use his legs, these important adjuncts have been incapacitated for pedestrian uses, and thus the cowboy and his pony have developed into a hybrid union of man and horse, — an inferior kind of Centaur.

Some scientists, however, dispute this, as several specimens of the cowboy have been seen, from time to time, who, wandering into the busy haunts of man, have — under the influence of excitement, and while suffering from intense thirst — been seen to detach themselves from their mustangs, and disappear into business houses, where their wants were attended to by a man wearing a diamond breastpin and a white apron. Yet, though this was proved beyond a doubt by several competent witnesses, it was acknowledged that the specimens alluded to walked, or rather staggered, with uneven and wavering steps. This, however, does not disprove the development theory.

The cowboy does not wear a coat. His legs are weather-boarded with goatskin overalls to protect them from the thorns of the mesquite; and he is roofed over with a *sombrero*, wide in the cornice for shade, and open at the top for ventilation.

In the use of the lasso and profane language, he has no equal. He can rope a steer, throwing the noose on any foot of the animal as it runs at full speed; at the same time showing a choice in the matter of select and appropriate anathemas — which he delivers equally well, either in Mexican or United-States language, Long-Primer type — that is perfectly amazing, considering his limited acquaintance with the drama, and the refining influences of civilized life. It shows, however, what long practice, and a steady devotion to one pursuit, will accomplish.

A herd of cattle travels an average of fifteen miles daily, often more than that when the streams are far apart. All the

herds follow the same trail, which is plainly defined from Southern Texas to Wyoming, — a distance of fourteen hundred miles. They graze as they travel, guarded on every side by the drivers, who take turns at driving, and standing guard at night. Up to a few years ago, many herds were stampeded and captured by Indians on the route. Old herders have thrilling tales to tell of stampedes in dark and dismal canyons; of attacks by Indians; of days and nights passed on the plains, without water or food, separated from their companions, and pursued by the untutored child of the forest, who carries a regulation musket, and a blanket marked U. S.

These tales contain only about ten ounces of truth to the ton, and among Texans they are only current at a heavy discount; but, when the honest and truthful herder meets the health and romance seeking youth from the East, he is able to dispose of them at par.

Sam Grant has been on the trail, driving cattle to Kansas every spring, for the last fifteen years. Sam was the superintendent of the Remnant's ranch, and seemed to have no ambition beyond working with cattle and horses, and the ventilation of his apocryphal adventures. He was one of those strange characters to be met with in Texas, — a man of education and talent, whose love of adventure brought him there, and whose love of drink kept him in a position beneath what his talents and opportunities would indicate he was fitted for. Sam was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. When a boy at school, he caught trout when he should have been conjugating Latin, and in one day squandered his quarterly allowance in a pie-feast given to his schoolmates. At college he cultivated billiards rather than books, the green-room rather than the lecture-room, and yet he graduated with more than average honors. His excuses for absence from classes and lectures were inspirations elaborate and unassailable, and his *alibis*, when charged with participation in boyish escapades, brought confusion and dismay upon his accusers. What the boy promised to be, the man was.

When the cowboys gather around the camp-fires and relate their experience, Sam is invariably the most prominent and pro-

nounced liar among them. There are more dead and wounded Indians in one chapter of Sam's experience than there are in whole volumes of tales by his contemporaries. He has travelled farther without water than a camel could; and the suffering he endured on one drive, when the whiskey gave out, and he existed for seventeen days without any thing stronger to drink than root-tea, must have been excruciating, and, as Sam avers, "would have been death to a man with less nerve."

"This is how it was, Major: in the spring of — well, more than ten years ago — I drove four thousand head of cattle to Colorado for Col. McKean of Victoria. I was captain of the drive, and had twenty-three men with me. We were well fixed, and had an ox-wagon loaded with provisions and things. It was a late spring, and the grass was backward. We got along very well until we got to the northern border of Texas; for in those days, ten years ago, there was little or no fencing along the trail north of the Colorado, and we had lots of range to graze on. Now there is so much land taken up and fenced in, that the trail in Texas is little better than a crooked lane and hard lines to find enough range to feed on. These fellows from Ohio, Indiana, and other Northern and Western States, — the bone and sinew of the country, as politicians call them, — have made farms, enclosed pastures, and fenced in water-holes, until you can't rest; and I say, damn such bone and sinew! They are the ruin of Texas, and have everlastingly, eternally, now and forever, destroyed the best grazing-land in the world. Western Texas, sir, was never intended for raising farm-truck. It was intended for cattle and horses, and was the best stock-range on earth until they got to turning over the sod — improving the country, as they call it. Lord, forgive them for such improvements! It makes me sick to think of it. I'm sick enough to need two doctors, a druggery, and a mineral-spring, when I think of onions and Irish potatoes growing where mustang ponies should be exercising, and where four-year-old steers should be getting ripe for market. Fences, sir, are the curse of Western Texas.

"As I was saying, the country was open then, and we had water and grass in abundance until we got to the plains beyond

where the town of Fort Worth is now. Few settlers lived in that country then; and the Indians made occasional raids down that way in the full of the moon, and drove off what stock they could find.

"We left Fort Worth with plenty of provisions, a canteen of water, and a twenty-five-gallon keg of whiskey — tolerably liberal proportion of whiskey to the amount of water! but, you see, we could get water from the creeks and branches as we went along; but whiskey was not to be found on the plains.

"One day's drive is just like another, — breakfast of coffee, biscuit, and bacon, at six o'clock, the men doing the cooking by turns, if we have no regular cook. Then the herd is started. The cattle have been rounded-up under guard all night.

"The route that the trail follows is selected with a view to having watering-places at the end of each day's drive. There is a great deal of monotony, and a vast quantity of dust, connected with driving cattle. The only variety we have is the riding after some of those strike-for-freedom steers that are always trying to get away from the herd, in hunting jackass-rabbits, and in a social glass and game in camp at night.

"After we crossed the Trinity, we found the grass short and the water scarce. One day we had to drive thirty miles from water to water; and we lost a number of cattle that were not able to keep up with the herd, and dropped out, besides some that got drowned in the river. The cattle were so crazy for water that they crowded on top of each other, and many were pushed under and drowned. We stock-drivers never steal cattle; but, if a strange steer gets mixed up with our herd, how can we help it? We can't stop to cut it out. On every drive we leave on the trail quite a number of cattle that have given out; but a driver who understands his business will never let his herd fall below the number that he started out with.

"We had got to the Clear Fork of the Little Wichita, and were in camp one night, with the cattle bunched out on the prairie, under guard. It was a calm, clear moonlight night. We were camped under a wooded bluff on the banks of a small creek. All but the guards were asleep, and not a sound could be heard but that made by the cattle grazing on the short, dry

grass. If any one had dropped a pin, its fall would have sounded like a crowbar coming down on a tin roof. Suddenly, from the heights above us, came a sound, — the most devilish and terrible that ever falls on a frontiersman's ear, — the bloodthirsty yell of the savage. Bullets and arrows fell thick and fast around us. One-half of my comrades were killed by the first discharge; and before we, the survivors, could reach our saddle-horses where they were staked out, two of our number were shot down. There were only three of us left. The firing and the yells of the savages frightened our horses, and as many of them as could break their lariats stampeded. Only three horses were left. In my frantic efforts to get to the horses, I fell, and sprained my ankle slightly. Before I got on my feet again, my two comrades were mounted, and had gone. I ran to a small mott of timber fifty yards from where we had been camped. As I reached the shadow of the trees, the Indians rushed down the bluff, crossed the creek, and poured into our camp. I thought it was all up with me; but they had not discovered me; and while they were engaged in ransacking our supply-wagon, and scalping the dead, I climbed up a tree. There was no chance of escape for me. If I took to the prairie, I would at once be discovered; for the moon was bright, and the prairie was without cover in the only direction I could go. If I waited until daylight, no doubt I would be found by the Indians. In this dilemma I knew not what was best to do. As I saw them scalp my dead comrades, and, in two or three instances, mutilate the remains, I became indignant; but when the fiends found the barrel of whiskey, announced the discovery by yells of joy, and proceeded to drink that valuable medicine by cupfuls, I felt so outraged, that, for a moment, I thought of rushing in among them, single-handed, and selling my life as dearly as possible. All the men guarding the cattle were killed, and the cattle stampeded.

"While I was thinking the matter over, — for it takes quite an amount of time to thoroughly arrange and mature the plan of such an attack as I contemplated, — I made a discovery that gave me some hope. The Indians were getting drunk. In two hours after they began to drink they were all lying on the

ground in a beastly state of intoxication. I waited another hour, fearing that, if I disturbed them, some Indian less drunk than the others might insist on entering into a joint discussion with me. That fatal hour! Had I not waited I might have saved at least — but, as the novelists say, I anticipate.

"I cautiously approached the Indians as they lay scattered around in the moonlight. There were fifteen of them, all dead drunk and asleep. I had a revolver in each hand, and a bowie in my boot, but I would have been safe without weapons: there was no danger of the Indians awaking.

"Close to our wagon lay my chum, Frontier Dick. He was a good one, he was; but he had roped his last steer, driven his last drive, and now he was rounded-up himself, and road-branded for the long trail. I was so mad when I saw he had been scalped, that I kicked the nearest Indian over the bank, into the creek.

"Knowing that the Indians had horses staked somewhere up on the bluff, I calculated to take some supplies from the wagon, find a horse, and light out on the back trail. When I got to the wagon, the sight that met my eyes was enough to have made a raving maniac of a less strong-minded man. It chilled me: it was unutterably horrific. All the whiskey (four dollars a gallon at Fort Worth) was gone. The last drop of it was trickling on the ground. The vile Indians had left the faucet open when they tumbled down in their drunken sleep; and here was I, all alone, two hundred miles from a house, and left without even as much of the precious fluid as would cure a rattlesnake bite. The ground was all wet and sloppy under the barrel, — the most extravagant irrigation I ever saw. Wasn't I mad, though, when I thought of the atrocity of the act! Hoo-ee! How I did cuss and snort and cavort! You should have seen me. I pawed around, and stepped as high as a blind dog in a wheat-field, when I realized the vast superficial area of the savage villany that left me destitute of the very necessities of life. I determined to have revenge. The blood of my butchered companions, and the four-dollar whiskey on the ground, cried aloud for vengeance. You should have tasted that liquor, — not a bead on it that was not as big as a base-ball, and not a headache in a cord of it. Those red devils

would have waked up next morning without a touch of headache if I had not made other arrangements. To make my story short, I scalped them. I didn't kill them, but I raised the hair of every one of them while they were alive. It didn't wake them, either: most of them just groaned, and turned over. I would have skinned one or two of them if I had had time;

THE WHISKEY ALL GONE.

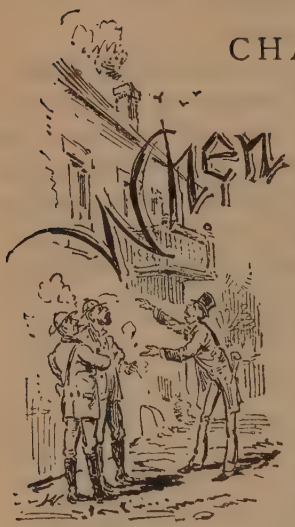
but I was compelled to get away from there. Securing a horse belonging to one of the Indians, and some provisions, I started.

"I lost my way, and for two days travelled without knowing where I was. Then my provisions gave out, through my own carelessness and the enterprise of a wild hog. I found I was on a waterless plain called the Llano Salado. For two days I had nothing to drink. At the end of the second day I killed

my horse, — he was dying with thirst, — and drank some of his blood. Then I was alone on the prairie, and going mad. When I slept, I dreamed of cool springs, murmuring brooks, and splendid soda-water fountains. When awake, I thought of all manner of cool drinks; I imagined I heard the chink of ice in the glass, and, in my disordered fancy, could hear the barman inquire if I wanted a straw in mine.

"I was rescued by a party of soldiers from Fort McKavett, and soon recovered my reason; but I have never got over the sight of the empty barrel with the last drops dripping from the faucet: and when I think of those fifteen Indians waking up next morning, — having probably caught cold from sleeping with their heads uncovered, — my conscience reproves me, and the pangs of remorse torture me, when I remember that I did not skin some of the savages."

CHAPTER XIV.



WE returned to the hotel, we found a seedy-looking man talking to the landlord. The latter was trying to fix his attention on a dead rat that was lying on the street, and he seemed anxious that the man should finish his story, and go away. Judging by the elastic character of the tales the seedy-looking man was telling, I supposed he was an insurance-agent. The landlord introduced him to us. I asked him what company he represented, which led to mutual explanations. He said he was a real-estate agent. He had lands to sell in every county in Texas, in quantities to suit customers, from an eleven-league grant to a lot in a graveyard. He wanted to know if we were prospecting for land. I intimated that we would not mind buying a ranch or two if the location and price would suit.

In the most enthusiastic manner, and with extravagant gestures, he told me of several tracts and leagues of land where the grass was absolutely offensive in its luxuriance, and where murmering streams supplied countless herds with refreshing water. He spoke of fields burdened with golden grain, of the silken plumes of the waving corn, and the emerald green of the sugar-cane. He pictured scenes which would delight the eye of the artist. Such timbered shelter as he described! — where cows live and flourish until they are so old that the yearly wrinkles cover their horns to the very tips, making it necessary, in some cases, to attach corn-cobs for the wrinkles to grow out on.

He told us of farms where the fences would last until our grandchildren would be decrepit with age, and where the corn grew so luxuriantly that they used the stalks for wagon-tongues. Every thing he had for sale was cheap, and the terms easy.

"Be-a-u-ti-ful, sir! — just the thing to suit you — exactly what you want — a small payment down — balance, five yearly payments — ten per cent interest." He did not stop to give us a chance to say a word for two hours. His harangue was one of the most intensely gorgeous pieces of brass-mounted mendacity I ever listened to. Recognizing that he was an interested party, I was prepared to receive his statements *cum grano salis*, as the Irish say; but I was not prepared to meet such a voluminous and fluent liar, or to hear such grapes-of-Eshcol stories about the "Garden of the Universe," as he chose to call Texas. Shades of Homer, Munchausen, and Monte-Cristo! What an abundant imagination that land-agent had! If any one has a lily to paint, or fine gold to gild, he is the man to do it. His reference to a Canadian thistle would leave the impression that you had been listening to a detailed description of one of the cedars of Lebanon. His intimation that the wealth and treasures of the Indies were but a mere bagatelle — the wealth of a church-mouse, in fact — when compared with the latent riches lying hid in Texas soil, and waiting to be appropriated by the transplanted Fenian and Teutonic exile, was decidedly neat and gratifying.

Tell us about Sindbad's valley of diamonds, and of that other valley of Thessaly, or tell us the tale of Jack's gigantic bean-stalk, and we incline a credulous ear. Such things may be: *Quien sabe?* But to talk, to one who has been there, of a hundred bushels of corn to the acre; of tomato-vines up which you can climb out of reach of an infuriated bovine; of the congenial society to be found in Texas (men who can consistently cover six inches of whiskey daily, and run a semi-weekly prayer-meeting), — this is pressing matters a little too far. What intensified the insult to truth, in the case of this land-agent, was, that he possessed a child-like style calculated to gain the confidence of the credulous foreigner. When he made an assertion, truth, disgusted, crept back into her well. I do

not think that he meant to overstep the limits of fact to any great extent. He had trained himself to believe a great deal of what he said. Possibly he thought that truth unadulterated was insipid, and that to make prosy truth palatable it required just a little alloy of poetic fiction to correct it, and give it tone: like Mrs. Brown, when she took ginger for her stomach, she put in a little — very little — brandy, "just to correct the ginger."

All lands offered for sale by real-estate agents are rich and fruitful. If there are rocks on it, why, it is all the more valuable: you can pick up the rocks, and build such fine everlasting fences with them! If you object to the timber, the agent will demonstrate to you that it is more valuable than the land. If you hesitate because there is no timber, he will prove to you that the amount you save by not having to cut down timber is more than the price he asks for the farm. The land is well watered. Springs and brooks murmur and meander all through it.

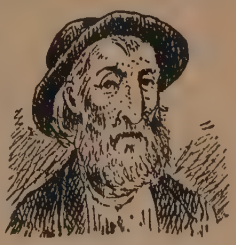
The real-estate agent, as a general rule, only shows the bright and sound side of the apple. Occasionally one is found who has a bowing acquaintance with truth; but even *he* will only tell the prospective purchaser of the advantages the land offers, suppressing any information as to disadvantages that might prejudice the prospect of sale.

The immigration agent is built of the same material as the real-estate agent; but he is more dangerous, because his range is more extended. He represents usually the immense tracts of land owned by railroad companies; while the real-estate agent may only represent part of a county, or the lands in the immediate neighborhood of the place where he lives. The immigration agent can describe the State of Texas so as to place before the mind's eye of the foreigner a wonderful vision of an elysium where milk and honey flow from perennial springs, and where lying ("*p. pr.* of *lie*. Being prostrate; to rest horizontally." — WEBSTER) under the shade of a tree, and drinking buttermilk, is called work; whereas, if he were to conceal all of the good things that Texas contains, and tell all the bad and disagreeable things in her borders, he might draw a picture that would

prevent even the hardy Northern murderer from coming to Texas.

The real-estate agent and the immigration agent have probably no superior in the art of decorative mendacity; but they have an equal,—the old Texas veteran. We met one of the old veterans at Eagle Lake while we were there. I cannot yet decide what form of capital punishment would be severe enough for his case.

The old hero of the war with Mexico is very numerous in Texas. He received his "baptism of fire" at San Jacinto or Goliad. He was exceedingly intimate with Gen. Sam Houston; and, if you give him a chance, he boils over with reminiscences of the confidential conversation he had with the father of Texas, "way back in '36." The old veterans—"battle-scarred heroes," the newspaper reporters call them—die at the rate of twenty-three hundred per annum; and their obituary notices and biographies in the local papers, under the head of "Another Old Landmark Gone," all bear a striking resemblance to each other. There are enough of the veterans of '36 left in Texas to furnish the State with gory fiction for the next ninety years. It may be wrong to suggest an act that would be against the peace and dignity of the State; yet, if an aged Texan veteran should try to inflict on you any of the unpublished history that he continually overflows with, I would advise you to steal the first horse you can find, and leave the neighborhood. If you should be caught and hung, or indicted for horse-stealing, it will be less distressing to your surviving relatives to know that your career ended in that way, than that you should have suffered a lingering death at the hands of the old veteran. Under the circumstances, a man would be justified in stealing a whole narrow-gauge railroad, franchise and all, rather than take the risks. When you are injudicious or reckless enough to allow an old veteran to corner you, he begins his fiendish work in a quiet way. "Are you related to old Gen. Soandso, who fought the Indians at Suchandsucha Creek in '35?" You remind him



OLD VETERAN.

so much of the old general, he tells you. Then he will ask you if you can see yonder court-house: and he will tell you that he killed a buck "right thar in 1835, 'bout this time o' year," or it may be that he scalped an Indian "thar;" but he is sure to have done something on that spot, no matter what it was. That is invariably the way that the men who gained the independence of Texas begin to swop lies with a stranger from the North. Then he will grow bolder, and tell you an anecdote about Deaf Smith, the scout. If you do not get excused at this point, on account of having to go to see a century-plant, you are lost, and nothing will save you from a recital of all the incidents of grim-visaged war, and a modest statement of how different matters would have been if Fannin had only taken the veteran's advice on the morning of the massacre at Goliad. It is no use to invite him to drink, with the hope of stemming the flood of lies: he will accept, of course; but he will hold on to your arm with one hand, while he reaches for the stimulant with the other. The proper time to stop a leak is at the beginning; but now you are in the midst of the raging maelstrom of crude frontier eloquence, floating along, as it were, amid the *débris* of the English language, while the odor of an originally bad breath, aggravated by a cheap article of tobacco, fills the air. He has a reckless habit of spluttering tobacco-juice over the surrounding landscape. He reads your thoughts, and his iron grasp never relaxes. All the time, that *mitrailleuse* of a mouth, that eruptive crater of a mud-volcano, keeps on throwing out jets of tobacco-juice, gas, and lies, in quantities that would excite astonishment if disgust did not overcome every other emotion. He fights all his battles o'er again, and through field and flood he carries you with him, so to speak. You have to accompany him to Texas, in company with a number of other adventurers and horse-thieves, in 1835. You have to camp out, and sleep with him under the same blanket, while Indians and wolves prowl around in the bushes. You suffer under Mexican tyranny, are imprisoned, chained, taken to Mexico, and almost starved to death on the way: you make your escape, join the patriot army, are massacred with Fannin at Goliad, escape slaughter at the Alamo by proving an *alibi*,

and still survive to be taken prisoner some more at Mier. At last you drive out the hireling foe, and hurl Santa Anna into captivity at San Jacinto; but, before you have a chance to rest, the old veteran puts you to work clearing land, mauling rails in the month of June, organizing vigilance committees, and going to the Legislature. Finally, when you are almost worn out, and wish you were dead anyhow, he annexes you to the United States in 1841.

The old veteran keeps on, although you tell him you must go to the post-office before the mail closes. He asks you to wait a moment, until he gives you the particulars of the duel between Gen. —— With a mighty effort you tear yourself from his grasp and the fascination of his eye. Once more you are a free man; and, glancing back as you hurry away, you see the relic of mistaken Mexican clemency looking about for a fresh victim. When the old veteran is not sitting on a fence at home, bearing false witness against the facts of history, he is either a prominent figure at the re-union of somebody's brigade, talking at a meeting commemorative of the battle of Cowhouse Creek or some such place, or making the rounds with a petition to the Legislature asking for another pension: but the legislators know him; and believing that it is this hope, springing eternal in the veteran's breast, that is the cause of his longevity, they have of late years refused to be accomplices in his continued existence. They have refused to give him any more pension, probably actuated by the base, selfish motive of making themselves popular with the masses.

The old hero shines at every public gathering in Texas, from the anniversary of the death of a stage-robber down to a county convention. A barbecue without a brigade of veterans is something that has never taken place in Texas.

Among the old Texas veterans there are real heroes, — men who fought and suffered for the cause of liberty, and whose self-sacrifice and daring deeds of valor gave Texas her independence. Against these I have no word to say: they deserve all honor and praise. What I have said applies to the *alleged* veterans, — the men who, when the real veterans were driving back Santa Anna's troops, were fighting cockleburs in the cotton-

fields of Alabama, and boiling tar in North Carolina; who afterwards came to Texas, and developed into the old liars that they are. These alleged veterans are common to all countries that have a history or that own a battlefield.

The undulating prairies and high hills of the great stock-raising counties of Western Texas are the most healthy part of the earth's crust I have ever seen, or ever expect to see. It is asserted that there the inhabitants never die of disease or age. They either shuffle off the coil through the instrumentality of a six-shooter, or grow old, dry up, and blow away. Tradition tells of a misguided young doctor who went West hoping to make a living out of the sufferings of his fellows, but he soon found that his pills were literally a drug in the market. People refused his twenty-drops-in-a-teaspoonful-of-water, and would have nothing to do with his mustard-plasters: so he went from bad to worse, and from worse to whiskey; and the last heard of him he had stolen a grindstone, and was rolling around trying to make a living sharpening bowies, scissors, and razors.

There is a legend to the effect, that once upon a time some immigrants, entering Texas at Red River, met a very old man, with beard as white as snow, and features scared and shrunken by the hand of time, — a mere shadow of antiquity, a human wrinkle, an allegory of age. This antique petrification was hurrying with all speed to the boundary of the State. On being interrogated as to his reasons for such haste, he stopped not, neither did he pause; but, as his weird form disappeared in the distance, the murmuring winds brought back the mournful reply, "I am tired of life and of the monotony of the ages, I am weary of the slow steps of time and the dragging march of the centuries, and I am hurrying out of Texas that I may find some place where people can die."

A high-born gentleman of Mexican descent was, not long since, searching through the old dusty records of Bexar County. He loved to delve among these old relics of by-gone days. With a melancholy interest he searched for forgotten records of the past, on which to base a fraudulent claim to the land and improvements of some present occupant, who would prefer to suffer blackmail to the extent of a few hundred dollars.

rather than bear the expense and uncertainty incident to a lawsuit. While thus piratically engaged, he discovered an old document written in Spanish, bearing date 1810, and entitled "An Account of the Marvellous Restoration to Health of Don Juan Ignacio Fuerte Vejez." Inasmuch as this document goes to illustrate, or rather demonstrate, that Western Texas is healthy beyond any other part of the world, a brief synopsis of the strange and romantic incident narrated therein is hereby given.

Don Juan Vejez, as we shall abbreviate his rather attenuated name, was born in old Spain. His parents were honest, and, no doubt, poor. The young man was endowed with a very feeble constitution. When he was born, all the old ladies in the neighborhood cheered up the parents of the puny infant with the prediction that he could not live. No such luck was in store for them. He lived and grew up, but with a shattered constitution. He succeeded in reaching his fortieth year without dying; but at that time consumption had made such inroads that the doctors declared his very existence to be an insult to the profession. Probably his unwillingness to fortify his system with their remedies had much to do with the matter. Even at that early day (1709) the fame of Western Texas as a health resort had reached Spain, and Don Vejez determined to give the Texas climate a chance to cure him. It was asking a great deal of the climate, but he was not particular about that. He reached the Canary Islands just as a colony of thirteen families was setting out with the intention of moving to San Fernando de Bexar, as the present town of San Antonia, Tex., was then called. Don Vejez joined the emigrants. Nothing but the hope of administering on his baggage, of which he had considerable, induced the colonists to allow him to accompany them. Count Jose Maria de Cuatro Palacios, who had charge of the party, said to the Marquis Tejada Hernandez de los Santos, as he motioned with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the emaciated skeleton, "I'm afraid he will not last long enough for us to utilize him in starting our new graveyard in San Fernando." — "I fear he will not," said the marquis, who had known Vejez in Spain. "He always was an

unaccommodating old fellow, but I'll risk a box of cigars on it that he gets there."

When the caravan arrived at the outposts of the old mission of San Jose, Don Vejez was still along with the party, but apparently in a dying condition. He was lifted out of the rude vehicle, and, for convenience' sake, was placed in a side chapel.

Seven days have come and gone, as the novelists say.

The Marquis de los Santos meets Count Cuatro Palacios on the plaza. "I'll take that box of cigars," said the marquis.

"No," said Count Cuatro: "the bet was, that the old skeleton would not be utilized in starting our graveyard. He is here, but he may recover." And they both laughed heartily and heartlessly.

"Of whom were you speaking, señors?" said a tall, dark stranger, who stepped up to them.

"We were talking about that long-winded old boneyard, Don Vejez, who is suffering for a funeral," remarked Palacios.

"Draw!" shouted the stranger; and his blade flashed in the sunlight. The two noblemen were amazed.

"Who are you?" they asked, as they placed their hands on their swords.

"I am Vejez, with whom you proposed to start your graveyard; but, thanks to the climate of this *presidio*, I am sufficiently recovered to start a graveyard of my own. Defend yourselves!"

The ancient records of San Fernando de Bexar show that the first two of the colonists from the Canary Islands who died were the Count Jose Maria de Cuatro Palacios and the Marquis Tejada Hernandez de los Santos.

It was indeed Vejez. In a few days the dying invalid had been transformed into an able-bodied man. His stomach had so completely regained its tone that he could astonish it with successive cocktails without any injury whatever, except, perhaps, to the cocktails. He so entirely recovered his appetite, that he was a terror to boarding-houses. The venders of patent medicines applied to him for his photograph, to be used in their advertisements under the head of "After Taking."

Let us pass over an entire century, and again visit the *pre-*

sidio. It is the year 1810; and San Fernando has, by royal decree, changed its name to San Antonio. It is a city now.

DON VEJEZ, THE MARQUIS, AND THE COUNT.

There are more houses, more soldiers, but fewer Indians, than in 1710. Several generations have been killed in battle with

the Indians, and consigned to the graveyard that Don Vejez was so prompt in starting. Moss is on the tombstones of the two oldest inhabitants of the over-crowded cemetery. But how about the man who came to San Fernando for his health a hundred years ago? Can his grave be seen? It cannot be found. No tombstone bears his name: no marble tablet on the walls of the gray old cathedral commemorates the virtues of Don Juan Ignacio Fuerte Vejez. This is not surprising, because the old man still lives. One hundred and forty summers have slightly browned his cheek, and an equal number of winters have blanched his locks. He still goes around with the boys, as he calls the decrepit old relics of eighty or ninety years, and predicts that their mothers will never raise them. As he steps briskly along the streets of San Antonio, the undertaker comes out of his shop, and casts a long, bewildered glance after his retreating form.

Quite early in life, comparatively speaking, he had married; and the result was, that, in 1810, a host of adults called him great-grandfather. They honored and respected the old man; for he owned many ranches, and long rows of houses yielded him monthly tribute.

There was indescribable tenderness, in look and language, when those middle-aged heirs would take the old man's hand, and inquire after his health. Did he sleep well at night? and how was his appetite? The whole community sympathized with those suffering heirs, and wanted to share their joy, or any thing else that would come to them, at the old man's death. The almost despairing heirs tried all manner of devices to smooth his pathway to the tomb, but all in vain: he persisted in taking his own time. Old Vejez betrayed, as yet, few signs of decay: his eye was bright, and his step as elastic as of yore. He quaffed, with as much gusto as ever, his favorite beverage of whiskey and garlic, and seemed still prepared to weather many a storm. Finally, a happy thought occurred to the heirs. They immediately acted on it. They persuaded the hale, hearty old fellow that it was his duty to visit one of his plantations on the Lower Brazos River. He had never been out of Western Texas since he arrived there from the Canary

VEJEZ RETURNING TO LIFE IN CATHEDRAL.

Islands. His relatives told him that the change would do him good. He said he did not need change, but he consented to go. The heirs chuckled; and one of them, who had a literary weakness, prepared to manufacture some obituary poetry. The miasmatic influences from the unhealthy bottom of the Brazos River got into the old man's bones, and he died. When his relatives heard of his death, they outwardly assumed the garb of mourning, but inwardly they rejoiced exceedingly. They became very popular all at once, and were called "Don This" and "Don That," and had unlimited credit at all the stores. They walked around, decked out from head to foot in black suits, with a wealth of crape on their hats, and a sackcloth-and-ashes kind of cast in their eyes. In due time the corpse of Don Vejez was conveyed to San Antonio, to be laid away in that densely populated burial-place that he had been expected to inaugurate just a century before.

And now behold the body, as it lies in state in the old cathedral, surrounded by swinging censers, chanting priests, and mourning friends, while above the subdued murmur of solemn requiems for the dead can be heard the sobs and wails of the heart-broken heirs. Suddenly, without any warning, from within the coffin is heard a sound, — a rustling as of funereal linen, — and old Don Vejez sits up in his coffin, and demands his favorite drink of whiskey and garlic.

The miasma of the Brazos brings with it death, but the healthful breeze from the San Antonio River brings back life again.

It required a company of soldiers to escort the feeble but fully restored old boy to his home, so great was the rage of the grief-stricken heirs and the over-sanguine tradesmen, who had advanced money and things.

Of course there was no unanimity as to what it was that worked the miracle. The priests explained it to their own satisfaction. They themselves were the guilty parties, whose fervent prayers had brought the dead to life, and swindled the heirs of Don Vejez. When the raging heirs came around with clubs to have the matter explained, the wily priests said that it was the fervency of the devotions, and the sincerity of the

grief of the heirs, that had caused the interposition of Divine Providence. The heirs ultimately laid it all on the devil and the climate. And Don Juan Ignacio Fuerte Vejez lived many years afterwards, leaving a new crop of heirs discomfited: for, by his will, his wealth of lands and tenements was bequeathed to the church of Nuestra Senora de Guadaloupe.

CHAPTER XV.

WE SPENT a day fishing at Eagle Lake. It would be more correct to say that the doctor spent the day trying to catch fish, while I enjoyed myself under the shade of a tree, in company with Gen. McCarty, and in the immediate vicinity of a very fine lunch furnished by the general. The *brevet* rank of old McCarty may have been colonel. As I did not wish to take any risks, and on the principle that the greater contains the less, I called him general. He was an old veteran too: at least, I think he was — he told me some extraordinary fish-stories.

Gen. McCarty lives at Eagle Lake. He is noted for his profanity, and his knowledge of angling, deer-hunting, wild-turkey shooting, and kindred sports. The general's great delight is to get a young man from the city out for a day's hunting or fishing, and then to perpetrate antique practical jokes at the expense of the stranger, — jokes that were old when Nimrod exploded his first cartridge, and that depend for point on the city man's ignorance of the details and technicalities of rural sports.

There was one story, in which a verdant Englishman figured, that the general seemed to enjoy telling very much. I thought of publishing it in this book: so I wrote the story as the general told it. Then I saw at once that it contained too many cuss-words, making it inconsistent with the general moral tone of

the book: so I scratched out all the profanity. Then I found there was not any story left. In this connection, I would state that there is a law in Texas against profane swearing; that the law is seldom, if ever, enforced; and that the oaths uttered by the average cowboy are the most foul-mouthed and gratuitously devilish blasphemies that I have ever heard — and I have listened to the coster-monger in Seven Dials, the fish-vender in Billingsgate, and the Bowery-boy in New York.

To return to old man McCarty. A joke was once played, of which he was the principal victim.

From that part of Texas where Gen. McCarty lives, most of the wild animals — except cowboys and an occasional wildcat — have retired before the rapid advance of civilization, and are only to be found in the western canyons. Once in a long time there are rumors that a "Mexican painter" (panther) has been seen in some of the neighboring bottoms; but the panther, east of the Colorado, is about as mythical as the sea-serpent. Many, however, believe that there are still some of them to be found in Eastern Texas.

Two young men living near Eagle Lake determined to have some amusement at the expense of their credulous neighbors. The names of the young men were Joe Goodson and Sim Wayland. They could both imitate the panther's voice. Joe's part was to cry like a young cub, while Sim, who had a deep bass voice, growled in imitation of the parent animal. They first circulated a report that they had heard a panther down in the bottom. Then they went out next night, and howled and growled in the edge of the woods. A number of the neighbors heard the sound, and circulated the news next morning; one man averring that he had seen the "painter," and that it was as big as a calf. Next day all the old fire-arms in the neighborhood were loaded, and about twenty men on horseback went out to trail the "varmint." Gen. McCarty was chosen leader of the party. The country was scoured for miles around, but without result other than the alleged discovery of the panther's tracks in several places.

This thing went on for about a week, the concert being repeated every night at different points in the neighborhood, and

the crowd of men in pursuit increased hourly. Many people asserted that they had glimpses of the animal. An old negro came suddenly on Sim at night in the woods, as he was delivering himself of one of his fearful caterwauls. Sim was astonished, and ran to avoid detection. The old negro shook with fright, so that his gun went off, and he fell from his horse. Next day he told the story: "Gimmen, fo' God, dat ar painter was nine feet high, an' bigger'n a ox; an' he jest skooted, you better believe. Scared? No, sah! dis niggah was jest a bit 'fusticated at fust; but de painter — Lordy, how he was scared! I had to be mighty peart to fire one bar'l into him, and he went off on three legs. He kivered groun', an' don't you forgit it."

The old negro was not a veteran, either; had only been in the State a few years; but every thing develops under the expansive influence of the genial climate of Texas.

Gen. McCarty was determined to kill the panther. On a certain Tuesday night it had been heard in the creek bottom below the cabin of an old negro named Mose Patterson. The general reconnoitred the neighborhood on Wednesday, and discovered signs that were conclusive evidence to him that the panther went to water by a certain trail that ran close to the cabin. That night he stationed himself and a bottle of stimulant behind a fence, close to the trail. The hours dragged along: the tree-toads trilled their monotonous chorus, the owls drowsily hooted, and the old man slept. The howl of the panther awoke him. He saw in the dim starlight a huge object moving along the trail. Bang! bang! and two loads of buckshot killed Mose Patterson's old work-ox. It cost the general twenty dollars, that he paid Mose for the ox, and as much more that he was compelled to expend in drinks for the crowd next day, when the news of his successful shot got abroad.

When any one wants to know how much profanity there really is in the old man, he has only to say, "Well, general, haven't shot any panthers lately, have you?"

The Galveston, Harrisburg, and San Antonio Railroad Company, whose road runs from Houston to San Antonio, being desirous of having the country tributary to their road settled up, sent an agent named Kingsbury to England, to represent

the advantages that South-western Texas offers to the English farmer who is desirous of emigrating. Several hundred English families have been induced to come to Texas, during the last year or two, by the representations of Dr. Kingsbury. Some of these people are doing well; some have gone back to England; and the rest lie around, and spend their leisure in writing letters to the London "Times" and "Telegraph," abusive of Kingsbury and the State of Texas.

Almost all the English immigrants came to Texas with the intention of farming. Their agricultural education having been received in a pin-factory, dry-goods store, or some such institution, they were ill fitted to wrestle with an ox-team or a grubbing-hoe on a Texas prairie. They claimed that the land did not suit them, and that it did not fit the description given of it by Dr. Kingsbury in London. The fact is, they did not suit the land; and when they were created they were not built with a view to being utilized in agricultural pursuits. The principal trouble is, not that the soil and climate are not all they were represented to be, but that, when the barons wrung from King John the Magna Charta, the English people acquired the constitutional right to grumble. From that day until the present time, whenever an Englishman abroad is afflicted with any trouble of mind, body, or estate, he flies to pen, ink, and paper as readily as a good Catholic does to holy water when the devil is about, and writes an eloquent and indignant letter to a London paper, stating his grievance, and hinting, that, if his government does not take immediate action, he shall consider its foreign policy a failure. It does not make any particular difference what the grievance is — sometimes his digestion is injured, or his boots are too tight, or the waiter at the hotel has not addressed him by his proper title. At all events, every Englishman abroad has a grievance, and it would be positively cruel to deprive him of it.

An Englishman who has been in Texas ten days will impart, through the "Times," more information about the State than the oldest inhabitant ever dreamed of. Nobody can claim to know any thing about Texas until he has read the letter of a disgusted English immigrant. One of these exiles has lately

written to an English paper, furnishing the British public with some alleged facts about Western Texas, that contain a great amount of information to the people of Texas, who would otherwise have no facilities for obtaining that knowledge of the soil, climate, and productions, that the Englishman obtains during a two-hundred-mile trip on an immigrant-car. He alleges as follows: "Southern Texas is a hot, swampy country, famous for mosquitoes and alligators." His allegations do not amount to much. In fact, he himself is not much of an allegator; for, in a few lines farther on, in the same letter, he proceeds to saw off his own legs by stating that "Texas has a very dry climate, where drouths prevail to a dreadful extent." Probably this English farmer never attempted to raise mosquitoes; for, if he had, he certainly would know that it would be almost as hard to raise a mosquito or an alligator in "a very dry climate, where drouths prevail to a dreadful extent," as to raise an Englishman without any brag or growl in him, in the moist climate of the British Isles.

One sturdy Briton wrote to the Galveston "News" lately, stating that Dr. Kingsbury should be recalled from England, because he had maintained an oppressive silence regarding the mosquito, when describing the wild game of Texas to the credulous British public. This Briton's letter justified the imputation, that, after gorging himself with mince-pies and plum-pudding, he had a fearful and distorted dream of the conflict between St. George and the dragon, which he gave to the public as his own actual experience with a mosquito.

The Englishman creates and minutely describes insects that nobody else in Texas was ever able to see, and he brings to light more snakes and venomous reptiles with his pen than St. Patrick is said to have driven out of Ireland with his crook. There is doubtless a great deal of crookedness in both accounts.

The mosquito is certainly a ferocious beast, and well calculated to blanch the cheek of a burly Briton; but I have never heard of any one being carried away by a mosquito, although I have known Englishmen to be carried away by their own powerful imaginations and prejudices.

In Texas there is a branch of the same signal-service that furnishes England with her weather; and the officer in charge reports as follows: —

RAINFALL IN TEXAS.

Year.	Inches.
1868	46.60
1869	49.03
1870	35.12
1871	34.86
1872	34.21
1877	39.56
1878	39.69

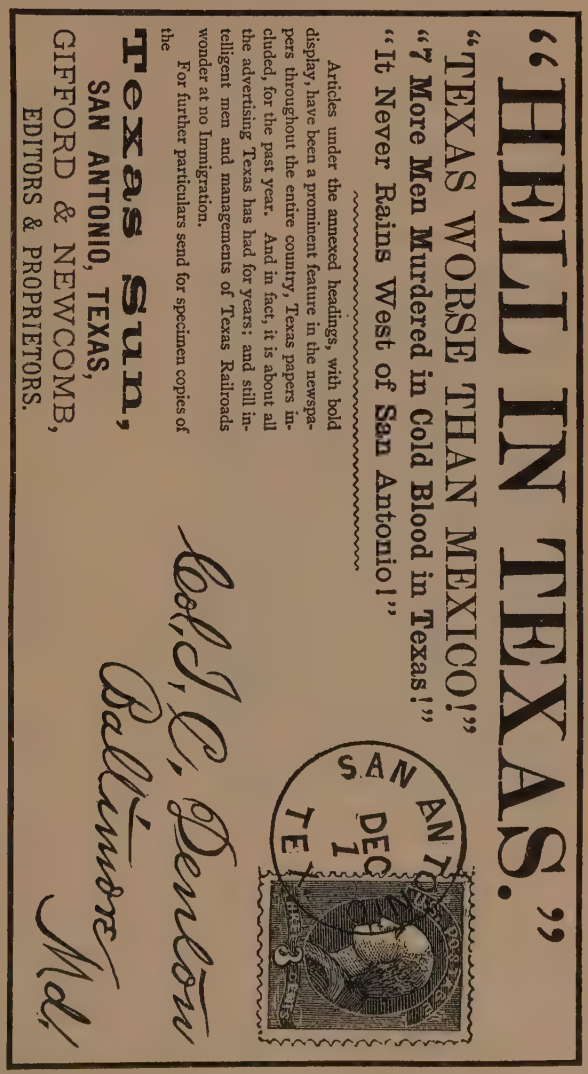
This gives a mean yearly rainfall of 39.87 inches.

Interested parties have from time to time represented that Western Texas was full of wild and lawless characters, and was a part of the country where rain never fell. These misrepresentations have done much to retard immigration. In connection with this, I present the reader, on the following page, with a *facsimile* of an envelope covering a letter received from a friend of mine.

New Philadelphia, a station on the G., H., and S.A. Railroad, is the place where most of the immigrants have been sent to. The soil at New Philadelphia is so deep that I am afraid to state the actual depth, for fear I might be accused of writing in the interest of the G., H., and S.A. Railroad. I have had no dealings with the officials of the road, not even a passing acquaintance with any of them. I am compelled to state, however, that along that line of road an energetic man would find many excellent places where he could raise a disturbance with a plough, that would result in a very productive farm; but the soil that the Englishman is looking for is a kind that will produce two crops a year with the slightest expenditure of muscular force on his part, — the tickle-it-with-a-hoe-laugh-with-a-harvest sort of soil.

There are at New Philadelphia, and at other points along the "Sunset Route," a number of English farmers who have purchased land, and who have gone to work in earnest. If they only continue as they have begun, and work six days in

the week, they will be able in a short time to buy more land, and have money to their credit in the bank. It is, however, an undeniable fact, that most of the English immigrants are remarkable for their antipathy to any thing savoring of hard work; while on the other hand, in blaspheming the State of Texas, and Kingsbury, the alleged author of all their woes, they display an untiring energy and eloquence that are truly wonderful. It is difficult to imagine the sublime height of eloquence they might soar to, if they only had a real grievance as a text.


"HELL IN TEXAS."
"TEXAS WORSE THAN MEXICO!"
"7 More Men Murdered in Cold Blood in Texas!"
"It Never Rains West of San Antonio!"
Articles under the annexed headings, with bold display, have been a prominent feature in the newspapers throughout the entire country, Texas papers included, for the past year. And in fact, it is about all the advertising Texas has had for years; and still intelligent men and managements of Texas Railroads wonder at no Immigration.
For further particulars send for specimen copies of the
Texas Sun,
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,
GIFFORD & NEWCOMB,
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.
SAN AN
DEC
1
TE
Col. J. C. Denton
Baltimore Md.

It is quite a misfortune to the human race that our first parents were not a couple of English immigrants. Satan would have had a nice time trying to infuse enough energy into them

to induce them to steal an apple. Probably if he had plucked the forbidden fruit, pared it carefully, and presented it to them on a china plate, they might have sinned; but as for them taking the apple off the tree themselves, without a step-ladder, it would have been out of the question.

Two Englishmen go into the store at Weimar.

"Aw, 'ave you got henny Lea & Perrin's Wor'ster sauce?"

"No: don't keep it, sir; never heard of it."

"Never 'eard of it! By Jove, what a blawsted country!" Turning to the other exile, "'Arry, let's go back to hold Hengland."

"'ARRY, LET'S GO BACK TO HOLD HENGLAND."

The English get homesick because they cannot get gooseberries and 'arf-and-'arf and Lea & Perrin's sauce, growing on every mesquite-tree in Texas. They forget to give any credit to the watermelons, the figs, and other good things that they get in Texas, and that they could not raise, even in a hothouse, in England.

The English immigrant misses the shady lanes, the ivy-clad ruins, and the spires of the village church peeping through the trees: he experiences considerable difficulty in finding these things on the prairie near New Philadelphia. He misses all of them very much, but he is not as liable to miss his meals as he would be in England. There is at New Philadelphia no shady lane with violets nestling under the hedgerows, and there is also no landlord there for him to call "master:" so it is no wonder he feels a little homesick.

During our stay at Eagle Lake, the doctor and I rode over to New Philadelphia, a distance of eight miles. We started

after breakfast, and jogged along for an hour or two, enjoying the fresh morning air. We might have gone seven or eight miles, but there was no outward sign of our progress. The landscape never changed. The same dreary, monotonous expanse of prairie was spread out on either hand. The distant clumps of trees seemed to be just as far off as when we started, and even the few cattle that browsed near by seemed to differ in no particular from those we had seen several miles back. Said the doctor, who had been in a brown study for some minutes, "Don't this remind you of those able-bodied idiots who walk around in a ring for half the gate-money? What I mean is, that we see the same thing all the time, and there is no end to it. We are like the fellow who forgot to untie his boat, and rowed all night, to find in the morning that he was in the same spot where he was when he started."

Little did the doctor think how near he came to handling the literal truth when he made that remark.

Another hour, and still no apparent change in the scenery. We came to a depression in the ground called a hog-wallow, filled with stagnant water. We stepped aside to give our horses a drink, and — Great Vasco di Gama, circumnavigator of the world! there we were on the exact spot where we had stopped to water our horses two hours before. We had done what inexperienced travellers have often done on the prairies, — travelled in a circle. While we stood dazed with the absurdity of the situation, a negro came riding along. We learned from him that we were only four miles from where we had started in the morning. The negro was going to New Philadelphia, and volunteered to guide us. After travelling several miles, houses began to appear on the horizon; and finally we pulled up in front of the railroad-depot, behind which loomed up three hay-stacks. To the left, at a distance of half a mile, appeared eight or ten two-story houses precisely alike, at equal distances from each other, and built in a straight row. About four miles off on the prairie appeared a few trees, and in the near distance a solitary cow stood in a meditative attitude chewing her cud. This was New Philadelphia.

Our negro guide apologized for the size of the town. He

said, "It looks littler dan it ar, becaze dar's such a mighty sight ob land lyin' around wid no houses on it."

As we stood on the platform of the depot, and looked around, we noticed upon the horizon a small dark spot. It increased in size as we watched it. It was approaching us, and growing larger as it came nearer. Soon the outlines of a locomotive could be discovered. A loud, prolonged whistle, a buzzing vibration of rails, a trembling of the solid earth, sseesh! sseesh! sseesh! from the steam-pipes, and the express-train anchors in front of the depot. Immediately there is a wild rush of excited passengers: they abandon the train with reckless haste. A brass band, consisting of one solitary instrument called a gong, welcomes the passengers. They rush into the house in front of which the band plays. Soon they begin to come out. I ask the first one who comes out, wiping his mouth, what he got in there. "Got hungry," he replies, as he jumps on the car-platform. Then I find out, by a sort of inspiration, that this is the station where the passengers dine.

In less than ten minutes from the time the train arrived, the banquet-hall is deserted, and the last reveller has filed past the proprietor, who stands at the door with the stern devotion to duty of a Roman sentinel, and takes up a collection from each gorged guest. There is evidently collusion between the conductor and the colonel in charge of the collation; for, if the former were to allow the passengers ten minutes more, they would eat up all the provisions on the premises, and begin on the haystacks.

From what we had heard and read, we had conceived the idea, that when the English immigrant was not sighing, and gazing with tear-dimmed eye in the direction of old England, he was at the railway-station, with blood in his eye and a full-grown club in his hand, waiting for the chance of meeting Dr. Kingsbury on his return from England. When the train departed, we noticed a florid-faced man, with a gun on his shoulder, standing on the platform. The doctor suggested that perhaps he was an English delegate deputed to watch the trains, and destroy any one looking like Dr. Kingsbury or an immigration-agent. Said the doctor, "Let us talk with him."

We sauntered up; and the doctor said, "My friend, you seem as if the country agreed with you; but don't you wish for a sight of the verdant meadows of old England, with the murmuring brooks meandering through them? Don't you long for one of the pleasant evenings, when, after the day's work was over, you used to sit under your cottage eaves in the twilight hour, while the trill of the nightingale's song came from the neighboring grove, and the perfume of the woodbine filled the air? Don't you long for just one sight of your far-away home?" The doctor took the hiccough at this point, and paused for lack of wind. The man said, —

"The divil along! for it's meself that doesn't want to go back to the ould counthry as long as they pay a dollar and sivinty-five cents a day for spikin' ties."

I told the doctor that he might have known — in fact, a blind man would have known — that the fellow was not English. The doctor intimated that I was very gifted and smart in finding out things after somebody told me of them. I told him that I did not claim to possess any more penetration in such matters than my neighbors, but that although we had made a mistake in supposing that at New Philadelphia we would find the happy English peasantry dancing around the Maypole, singing their merry roundelays on the village green, yet still I thought we would yet find some of the sons of Albion's Isle without going far. "Yonder," said I, "sits one of them on the fence. Don't you see, by his sad, mournful look, that he is an English yeoman musing over distant scenes, and contrasting the corn-bread-and-coffee diet of to-day with the roast beef, cheese, and tankard of ale, of the past? A straw may show how the wind blows; and the manner in which that man chews the straw, that you observe in his mouth, shows plainly that he is a Briton, and, as a Briton, never, never will become acclimated."

"Well, try what *you* can make out of him," said the doctor in a sneering tone.

"My good man," said I, as we approached him, "how fares it with you? Do you find the products, institutions, and civilization of this free country compare favorably with those to be found under a monarchical form of government?"

He stopped dangling his legs, spat out the straw, and said, — "Ich verstehe Sie nicht."

The doctor and I went over to the hotel, ate some dinner in silence, and returned to Eagle Lake; and, since then, neither

"ICH VERSTEHE SIE NICHT."

of us has ventured to say any thing to the other about English immigrants.

There is a man up in Lynn, Mass., who has been putting what he calls "simple and concise questions" to the San Antonio Immigration Aid Association. The questions are published in the "Texas Sun." He asks such conundrums as the following: —

"How is your timber?"

"What kind of houses do you live in?"

"What is the character of your soil?"

"Is property safe with you?"

"Is your society good?"

He indulges in a whole column of such personalities, with interrogation-points after them.

The doctor said that the San Antonio I. A. A. might not have time to impart as much knowledge as the man in Massachusetts was evidently suffering for. He muttered something about Solomon having advised how such persons should be answered, and took a sheet of foolscap, and flooded Massachusetts with "simple and concise" answers. Then the man in Massachusetts wrote back on a postal-card, and, in a "simple and concise" manner, said that he (the doctor) was a "blamed fool."

The following are some of the man's questions and the doctor's answers:—

Q. Is water plenty? and how do you get it?

A. Plenty. We mostly get ours from the barkeeper in a separate glass, but some people dip it up out of the creek in a bucket.

Q. How are your titles?

A. All sorts, but "colonel" and "judge" in the majority.

Q. Are the people intelligent?

A. Yes: every one of them claims to know more than the governor of the State.

Q. How is the weather?

A. It is rather plenty at present, but more of it in winter than in summer.

If the doctor does not quit tampering with the immigration business, he will certainly get discouraged, sooner or later, to say the least of it.

We returned to Eagle Lake in the evening, and next day left the place where we had spent several pleasant days. During the next three days we rode fifty miles across the prairies, passing occasionally through woods and across creeks. Now the soil would be sandy: again it would be of what is called the "black waxy" sort. Passing solitary farms and ranches,

and riding through the towns of Columbus and Weimar, we arrived in Schulenberg in the evening.

Schulenberg is a small town on the railroad. Almost all the inhabitants are Germans, — thrifty, hard-working people, who attend to their own business with more enthusiasm than the native American can ever be accused of doing.

They have a mayor and a board of aldermen in Schulenberg, and city ordinances are made by the aldermen. Those that are not vetoed by the mayor are broken by vagrant hogs, stray cows, and inebriated cowboys. There is a newspaper published in Schulenberg. Its columns are devoted to the mayor's proclamations, the railroad time-table, patent-medicine advertisements, and reports of aldermanic discussions on municipal affairs. The absorbing topic at Schulenberg, when we were there, was, "Shall we continue to employ our present efficient police-force?"

The "efficient police-force" consisted of a large man, whose clothes had apparently been made for a smaller policeman. He was armed with a very large revolver. His trousers did not quite reach his ankles: they had evidently been pulled before they were ripe.

Schulenberg's police-force reminded me of the Texas navy as it existed in the first days of the Republic of Texas, — 1836 to 1838. It consisted of the following vessels: —

	Tons.	Guns.
"The Invincible"	125	8
"The Liberty"	60	4
"The Brutus"	125	8
"The Independence"	120	8
Totals	430	28

In 1836 "The Liberty" was sold to defray her expenses. In the fall of the same year "The Invincible" and "The Brutus," after being repaired in New York, would have met the same fate but for the generosity of a noble friend of Texas, — Mr. Swartwout, collector of customs at the port of New York, — who paid the liabilities of the two vessels out of his own pocket. Just think of it! Brace up your mental faculties, and unlimber your bump of the marvellous, that you may be enabled to grasp the thought. Get a fan and cool yourself off

before you attempt to realize the more than princely munificence of the generous lunatic. A collector of customs putting his hand into his *own* pocket, and paying for the repairs of one-half the navy of a republic, — a republic larger than France! And yet there is not an unfinished monument erected to his memory, not even a Texas railroad-depot named in his honor.

It is absurdly amusing to read in the records of the naval department — preserved in the archives at Austin — the high-sounding orders of the department. The style and tone that those eight-gun sloops assumed must have been appalling; and we can faintly imagine with what celerity the Mexican war-ships abbreviated their cruise in the Gulf, and left the borders of Texas, when the officer in charge learned, that, "By orders from the department, Commander H. L. Thompson will assume command of 'The Invincible,'" and that "Commander J. D. Boylan, in 'The Brutus,' accompanied by the honorable secretary of the navy, S. Rhodes Fisher, will cruise in the Gulf."

I find in a list of the officers of the Texas navy the names of three commanders, four captains, twenty-two lieutenants, eight surgeons, four pursers, eight midshipmen, besides five officers of the marine-corps. Wonder where the common sailors found room to man the compass, box the to'gallan'sl, tackle the hard-tack, and perform other necessary nautical manœuvres, when the eight surgeons and twenty-two lieutenants were all on board!

In an engagement with the Mexican brig-of-war "Libertador," in April, 1837, "The Independence" was captured, and taken to Brazos Santiago. In August, 1837, "The Invincible" went to pieces off Galveston Island in a squall. In the same year, during the equinoctial gale, "The Brutus" was lost in Galveston Harbor; and the Republic of Texas was without a navy. That magnificent officer, and *ex-officio* tar, the honorable the secretary of the navy, was out of a situation; and the commanders, captains, and lieutenants doubtless went back to their old business, and once more applied their unofficial energies to the capture of the unobtrusive oyster.

While on this subject, and while we rest a day in the quiet village of Schulenberg, I shall, in the next chapter, give the reader a brief outline of the history of Texas.

CHAPTER XVI.

KNOWN history of Texas begins with the establishment of missions at El Paso in the year 1582. These missions were established by the Spanish, Texas being then claimed by the king of Spain. For some time Texas was very slow in settling up; which, even at the present day, is a leading characteristic of a great many of its inhabitants. The Texas missions were under the supervision of monks of the order of St. Francis of Assisi. In conquering and occupying the country for the alleged promotion of Christianity, the Spaniards used monks and soldiers. The monks preached, while the soldiers were used as invitation committees to wait on the Indians, and induce them to come to meeting, and hear the good news of salvation. This plan worked very well indeed, and was a great improvement on the old-fashioned mode recommended and carried into practical effect by St. Paul. Instead of suffering hunger and thirst themselves, the monks deputed the ungodly heathen to attend to that part of the religious exercises. It is very difficult to imagine St. Paul prowling around Judæa, armed with a shotgun and a brace of pistols, while the more able-bodied apostles were acting as special policemen in bringing sinners to hear the glad gospel tidings; yet that must

have been about the idea the aborigines acquired of the founders of the religion professed by the carpet-baggers, if they judged the founders by their successors. Thus the uniting of the persuasive eloquence of the priest with the more forcible logic of the bloodthirsty Spanish soldiers' improved fire-arms, was very effective: as with a double-barrelled shotgun, what

INDIOS REDUCIDOS.

escapes one barrel is very likely to be brought down by the other.

A Spanish mission of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries consisted of a huge stone house used as a place of worship and as a fortress; houses for the priests, and huts for the Indian converts; several Jesuit fathers; a bulldog; and an as-

sortment of inquisitorial instruments of torture, used in the conversion of Indians to Christianity.

Rev. Mr. Thrall, in his "History of Texas," says, speaking of these missions, —

"Suitable houses were built for the priests, and rude huts for the Indians. The fathers, with a few domestics and soldiers, took possession; and, by persuasion or force, Indians were induced to congregate in the neighborhood. They were employed in taking care of stock, and cultivating the ground to supply food. In return for the comparatively light labor, the Indians received religious instruction, food, and clothing. These domesticated Indians were called 'Indios reducidos.'"

"Reduced Indians" was a very appropriate name, as all the names given by the gentle Spanish pioneers were. When these holy men failed to persuade the Indians to adopt their religious views, they put them in a persuasive instrument called "a virgin." This was a hollow iron overcoat, that fitted tightly around every part of a man's body, but could be screwed much tighter, — so much so, as to become uncomfortable, to say the least of it. That was how the Indians were reduced. Nine out of every ten of those operated on were converted after a certain number of turns of the screw: the other was usually spoiled in the process of conversion, and was useful only as an awful example.

CONVERTING INDIANS BY MACHINERY.

Occasionally an Indian would have doubts and misgivings as to whether he was really converted or not; then the priests would tie a little cord around the doubter's thumbs, attach the other end to a rafter in the church roof, and thus hang him up until light broke into his soul, and all his doubts were removed. Thus did these good fathers labor, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof, and raise blisters on their

INDIANS DIGGING IRRIGATING DITCHES.

hands converting the heathen. If an Indian survived being converted, and regained sufficient health to amuse himself digging irrigating ditches, he was permitted to enjoy himself that way. He was even encouraged to keep up this kind of revelry by the priests themselves, or by the soldiers, aided by long-handled whips. When night came, and the gangs of Indian merry-makers had become cloyed with the frivolity of throwing dirt over their heads with short-handled spades, they were locked up in their quarters, so that in the morning they might be on hand to resume their round of dissipation. Thus they whiled the happy hours away. The historian says, "The founders of these missions were noted for their religious zeal and enterprise." After the Indians had been — by torture, starvation, and bad treatment — so effectually reduced that they did not dare to scratch their heads without a papal dispensation, the old monks, merely to keep their hands in, would once in a while celebrate a saint's day by practising with a thumb-screw on some old Indian who was too feeble to dig ditches or chop wood.

A DOUBTER.

There is said to be among the archives of the Franciscan order at Rome the record of the trial of the Apache Indian Che-qua-que-ko (Fish-out-of-the-water). He was accused of sneering at religion, tried, found guilty, and burned to death at Mission Concepcion in the year 1734. He had been placed in charge of a herd of sheep, which was driven up to the mission every night. When the reverend father, Don Domingo de Dios, who was the superintendent of the live-stock department, counted the sheep, he found that one was missing, and he bitterly upbraided the shepherd. The poor Indian, falling on his knees before the haughty prelate, cried, "Take it out of my daily wages, most reverend father."

"Varlet, you know you get no daily wages," roared the enraged ecclesiastic, looking around for a barrel-stave.

"I mean deduct it from the stripes I receive daily."

This was trifling with sacred things, and was a crime of the same degree of darkness as blaspheming the holy church itself.

His reverence laid aside the barrel-stave, it being unequal to the task of properly emphasizing his feelings. Poor Che-qua-que-ko, who had only spoken in an honest and innocent way, and who had no more sarcasm in him than a hitching-post, was turned over to the committee on thumb-screws and tombstones.

PADRE, INDIAN, AND BARREL-STAVE.

There were two kinds of Indians, — those who staid about the missions, and allowed themselves to be converted; and those who staid up in the mountains, and scoffed at the Spanish plan of salvation. The tame Indians probably did what they could, under the circumstances, in multiplying their kind; but they could not keep up with the reduction of the army of martyrs that was going on. The poor Indian had a hard time of it. If he sneezed without first consulting his spiritual adviser, he was rebuked with a trunk-strap. If it did not rain when the *padre's* corn needed moisture, the priests would put the blame on the Indians, and say, "How can we expect to be blessed with growing showers while we keep such a set of worthless savages eating the bread of idleness? These cursed Indians need reducing."

Then they would reduce them to the lowest numerators and denominators, as it were. Thus it will be seen that the Indian's life at the mission was not one of unalloyed pleasure. If he staid in the mission, he was liable to reduction, or to be drafted for ditch-duty; and, if he left it, the Indians from the mountains were waiting outside to fill him full of arrows, or pry him open with a hatchet. It may be observed, that in these particulars the wild Indian was almost as efficient as the Spanish missionary; although, unlike the latter, he did not expect to be rewarded for his deviltries in the hereafter.

All the missions were situated on or near some river. From

the river the irrigating-ditches extended over large areas, and made fertile vast quantities of land, the products of which enriched the missions and those connected with them. As the missions grew and prospered, immigrants from Mexico and Spain settled around them. Some of them developed into *presidios*, and one or two into cities of wealth, and centres of considerable commerce. Between the years 1690 and 1715, most of the missions in Texas were founded, and named as follows: —

Antonio de Valero, Nuestra Senora de Guadaloupe, La Purissima Concepcion, La Espada, San Juan, San Jose, San Saba, the Alamo. Afterwards were founded the missions at Nacogdoches and that of Nuestra Senora de Refugio (Our Lady of Refuge). Some of them were located on the San Antonio River, within a few miles of each other and of the village of San Fernando (now known as the city of San Antonio). A number of these mission-buildings have disappeared. Some of them — notably those near San Antonio — are still in an excellent state of preservation.

During the hundred or more years that these missions flourished, a controversy as to the ownership of Texas was kept up by the kings of France and Spain, and occasionally some unconverted tribe of Indians had something to say about it; but the pious and zealous monks of our Lady of Guadaloupe, and of the other missions, still labored among the Indians. The good work went on; and thousands of the aborigines were added to the fold, besides hundreds who died while undergoing the process of conversion.

During this period buffalo, deer, and wild horses roamed in countless herds over the broad prairies of this thinly settled territory. At the close of the eighteenth century the province had an established population of about six thousand, exclusive of Indians. Texas was then connected with Mexico under the dominion of a Spanish viceroy. About this time the Spanish showed evidences of jealousy toward the people of the United States. They refused to allow any citizen of the United States to enter Spanish territory, unless he came "for the purpose of scientific exploration." Their edict to this effect did much to foster scientific studies among the inhabitants of the States

bordering on Texas: at least, we deduce as much from what we have learned of the history of the times.

In the year 1800 Philip Nolan, and eighteen other scientific horse-thieves, came into Texas from Mississippi. The viceroy hearing of their advent, and believing that they were more expert in the lassoing of mustangs than in scientific investigations, had them arrested. One escaped: the others were carried in chains to Mexico, tried, and condemned to a period of enforced honesty in some Mexican prison. As they were never heard of again by any of their friends in the United States, it is probable that the Spanish authorities turned them over to some of the missions for conversion. A man once told me that the old Spaniards loved their enemies so much that they would rather see them die than that they should not be converted to the Catholic faith.

The ancient Spaniards were nothing if not religious. They would rather proselyte an Indian than do any thing else. Away back in 1519, Hernando Cortez, on the eve of his departure for the conquest of Mexico, invoked on his enterprise the blessings of his patron saint, St. Peter; and, unfurling a banner, he pointed to the emblazoned figure of a crimson cross, and the motto, "Friends, let us follow the cross, and under this sign, if we have faith, we shall conquer."

In 1520 Alvarado, a lieutenant of Cortez, sacrificed six hundred Aztecs at the city of Mexico, and, as soon as he got through with the entertainment, offered up a *Te Deum*.

The failure of the Nolan expedition did not deter other scientists from the United States from visiting Texas. Between 1800 and 1820 many learned men explored its villages and settlements, and, probably for purposes of scientific investigation, carried away with them old coins, quaint silver ornaments from the churches, and some of the finest specimens of the Spanish mustang they could obtain. About this time science became distasteful to the Spanish inhabitants of Texas; and they not only protested against the trespass of their domains by the people of the United States, but they took up arms against the intruders. Many fierce conflicts ensued; sometimes terminating in favor of the Spanish, sometimes

resulting in a triumph for science. The Americans allied themselves with the Mexican Republicans, and fought against the Royalists. Science flourished for a time, but about 1814 there came reverses. History and the old inhabitants tell me that in that year, out of eight hundred and fifty Americans who took part in the battle of Medina, only ninety-five were known to have escaped to the United States.

In 1820 the scientific explorations, and the disputes attending them, had almost depopulated Texas.

The Mexican Government, in 1821, began to encourage immigration to Texas. It guaranteed to foreigners of good moral character, settling in Texas, security for their persons and property. It gave to each family a grant of one league (4,428 acres) and one labor (177 acres) of land. A single man got one-third of a league: this was increased to a league when he married. The only condition required of the colonist was, that he should occupy and cultivate some of the land within six years, that he should pay for the stamps on the deed, and that he should become a member of the Catholic Church.

Here we see the piety of these good people, and their love for man's salvation, cropping out again. "Save them cheaply if possible, but save them anyhow," was their motto. These men who ruled the destinies of Texas evidently understood human nature, and were well versed in the peculiarities of national character. Knowing that the monkish mode of converting the Indian would not be successful with the Anglo-American, they "persuaded" the latter with a league and a labor of land, — two ways to bring about the same result. The *gringo* made just as good a Catholic as the Indian. The conversion was as deep and lasting in the one case as in the other.

To the man who brought a colony of a hundred families to Texas was granted five leagues and five labors of land. The title of the land cost him nothing; and they called him an *empresario*, and did not charge him any thing for that title either. A man's wife got three hundred and twenty acres; each child, a hundred and sixty acres; and for each slave was allowed eighty acres. Subsidies of land were given to the projectors of all beneficial enterprises tending to the good of the

country, and the propagation of the Most Holy Catholic Faith. If a colonist built a saw-mill, the government deeded him half a league of land: if he killed a heretic, and produced the Protestant ears of the departed in proof of the holy deed, he got a league and labor of land, and was appointed to the office of *alcalde*. These were flush times in the real-estate business. Every one was a property-owner, and there were no taxes to pay. A colonist might not have a shirt on his back, but he was sure to have deeds to a few thousand acres of land in some crevice of his clothes. Schoolboys — or rather boys who would have been schoolboys, had there been any schools in Texas — traded their one-hundred-and-sixty-acre patents for second-hand Barlow knives, and other portable property. Speculative boys were in the habit of borrowing half a dozen marbles as a starter in a projected game, and of putting up as collateral security a land-grant deed with a big red seal in the corner.

Not long ago an old pioneer, who had lived in Texas in the days of the early colonists, was boasting of the good old times. "Why, sir," said he, "I was once offered a league of land for a pair of old boots."

"Didn't you take it?" said the party he was talking to.

"No, sir! I didn't."

"No-account land, I reckon?"

"Why, bless your heart, sir! it was the best piece of land out-doors, — grass five feet high, a clear stream of water running through it, and an undeveloped silver-mine in one corner."

"And why in the thunder did you not make the trade?" said the other.

"Because," said the old man in a sad and regretful tone of voice — "because I — I didn't have the boots."

In those days no one was too poor to own a farm, with a calf-pen of a few thousand acres back of it; and yet men who could walk all day in a straight line, and not get outside the boundary of their own property, did not probably see as much money in a year as would purchase a lot in an Eastern cemetery. The same man who would toil for a week, hauling a load of freight ninety miles with an ox-team, for a ten-dollar gold piece, would think nothing of squandering a few leagues of land in

betting on a cock-fight next Sunday morning. The colonist who owned a barrel of flour and a coon-dog was richer, and assumed more aristocratic airs, than he who had nothing but five leagues and labors of land. There was very little money in Texas. Cattle was the circulating-medium of the country. A year-old steer was the basis of calculation in all matters of trade.

The following translation from the ancient Spanish records of Texas, found among the archives of Bexar, gives the market-values of yearling bulls: —

ROYAL PRESIDIO OF SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR,
Feb. 17, 1738.

Considering that the room appropriated at the time of the erection of this presidio for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and now used as a parish church, has no tabernacle, font, or other ornaments requisite for decorum of the ministrations of the sacraments: therefore, in view of the representation to the effect laid before me by Padre Don Juan Rezio de Leon, curate, vicar, and ecclesiastical justice of the town of Fernando (without this presidio), I have resolved jointly with the justice and town council, for the better service of God, the promotion of divine worship, and public convenience, that a parish church shall be erected under the invocation of the Virgin Candelaria and our Lady of Guadaloupe, for whom this population profess a peculiar devotion.

To this effect, and with the assistance of said curate and ecclesiastical justice, the justice and council of this town, I proceed to the selection of the most eligible site for the erection of said church, which site was marked out in a location convenient to both the residents in the town and the garrison; and there being no other resources for the construction of this edifice but the donations that may be offered by pious souls of both localities, I hereby ordain that the justice and town council of San Fernando shall appoint to collect the donations, and with the proceeds thereof begin and superintend the work of construction, two trustees, uniting in their persons both requisites of zeal for the service of God, and skill, shall faithfully appropriate the revenue they may obtain to the completion of our holy undertaking, and give correct account, in due form, of their proceedings to the justice and town council.

Thus I, Prudencio de Oribio Barterra, Governor and Captain-General of the province of Texas and New Philipines, have decreed and signed, to which I testify. PRUDENCIO DE ORIBIO BARTERRA.

Signed before me,
FRANCISCO JOSEPH DE AROCHA.

TOWN OF SAN FERNANDO, GOVERNMENT OF TEXAS AND NEW PHILIPINES, the 19th day of February, 1738.

We, the justice and town council, — of which are members Manuel de Nis and Ignacio Lorenzo de Armas (both ordinary alcaldes), and the ayidores, Juan Leal Goraz, Juan Curbelo, Antonio de Los Santos, Juan Leal Albarez, Vicente Albarez Travieso, and Antonio Rodriguez, — in pursuance of the above decree, do hereby appoint the chief alguazie of this town (Vicente Albarez Travieso and Francisco Joseph de Arocha) trustees for the construction of a parish church, under the invocation of the Virgin Candelaria and our Lady of Guadaloupe, which construction is to be completed by the means of donations offered by the residents of this town and the presidio of San Antonio de Bexar, on a site already appointed. Said church shall be thirty varas in length, and six in breadth, including vestry and baptismal chapel: its principal door opening to the east, and pointing on the plaza of this town; its back door, to the west, and fronting on the plaza of the presidio.

The following amounts were received by the aforesaid trustees, hereinbefore mentioned, residents of said town and the presidio of San Antonio, to be appropriated to the erection of a parish church; to wit (here follows the names and amounts subscribed), —

Don Prudencio Oribio Barterra, governor and captain-general of this province, $200; Don Juan Ruio de Leon, curate, vicar, and ecclesiastical justice, $25; Don Joseph de Urutia, captain of the company of said presidio, $100; Don Manuel de Nis, ordinary alcalde of first vote, offered 10 cartloads of stones; Don Ignacio Lorenzo de Armas, ordinary alcalde of second vote, $10; Don Juan Leal Goraz, senior regidor, offered one yearling bull worth $4; Don Antonio de Los Santos, regidor, $10; Don Juan Leal Albarez, regidor, offered 10 fanegas of corn at $2 each, $20; Don Vicente Albarez Travieso, first alguazie, $20; Don Francisco Joseph de Arocha, $10; Don Antonio Rodriguez Mederos, collector of the town revenues, offered 20 cartloads of stones; Joseph Leal offered 2 fanegas of corn, and a yearling bull, worth $8; Patricio Rodriguez, $10; Francisco Delgado, $10; Joseph Antonio Rodriguez, $20; Martin Lorenzo de Armas offered one yearling bull, $4; Antonio Ximenes offered one yearling bull, $4; Bernardo Joseph offered one yearling bull, $6; Francisco Musquiz, $6, etc.

It would seem, from other statements made in this old record, that the illustrious and most excellent viceroy of New Spain, the Marquis de Casa Fuerte, was a very hard man to collect a

subscription from; and it is further shown, that the amounts subscribed did not suffice to complete the "holy undertaking." As the church was afterwards finished, and is now out of debt, we may assume that the trustees, — old Vicente Albarez Travieso and Francisco Joseph de Arocha, — aided and abetted by the female society of the church of our Lady of Guadaloupe, and the Candelaria Mite Society, did, by means of the lonely oyster in the large soup-plate, entice many a dollar and yearling bull out of the pockets of the young men of the front end of the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER XVII.

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, of Missouri, planted the first colony in Texas. Between 1822 and 1828 a great many colonies were established by other parties. Austin's colony, however, was the largest; and he added to it by the introduction of several hundred families brought from the United States, under subsequent contracts with the Mexican Government.

Austin stood well with the Mexicans. Besides being an *empresario*, he had the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Mexican army, and held the office of supreme judge. He had probably become a zealous Catholic, and may have conciliated the native Mexicans by presiding at their Sunday bull-fights. In no other way can we account for the honors and titles showered upon him. He had authority from the Mexican Government to call out and command the militia for the preservation of peace in case of an emergency. The value of this privilege was somewhat marred by the fact that there was no militia within six hundred and fifty miles, and that, from the date of the emergency, it took about a month of forced marching to bring the militia to the emergency.

Austin was almost as high in authority as the governor of the province. There was, however, a Mexican officer whose authority threw that of Austin considerably in the shade, — totally eclipsed it. This Mexican official was called the political chief. He was a sort of field-marshal, lord chancellor; had

power to reverse the judge's decision, and to allow the judge to resign; could imprison citizens at will, without trial, control the militia, and was only subordinate to the Governor in name. This reservoir of power received from the government the munificent salary of eight hundred dollars a year. He held office for several years, and, being of frugal and accumulative habits, retired from his position some half a million dollars richer than when he entered. This was unlike what a political chief would do in these modern United States of ours.

From 1830 to 1832 the Mexican authorities had been showing a disposition to curtail the civil liberty of the colonists. Americans were seized and imprisoned without cause, and many indignities were heaped upon the colonists, who were too weak in numbers to resist the injustice and tyranny; but at last an insult was added to the injury the colonists had already impatiently borne, that caused them to rebel against the tyrannical yoke.

It seems that a carpet-bagger named Bradburn, who was an officer in the Mexican army, and stationed at the small town of Liberty, in Eastern Texas, formed himself into a returning-board, and counted out a man named Johnson, who claimed to have been elected *alcalde*. Bradburn also disqualified all the members of the *Ayuntamiento* of the municipality of Liberty by arresting them, and putting them in prison. Then he put William B. Travis, Patrick C. Jack, Monroe Edwards, and Samuel T. Allen in a safe place, where they could not send cipher despatches to their friends, nor in any way influence the new election that he held. At this election Bradburn did all the voting; and the result was, that the candidates elected did not meet with favor in the eyes of the colonists. The friends of the imprisoned official were given no chance to tamper with the returns from the out-lying precincts. They got angry about that, and then they tampered with the Mexican soldiers. They did it in the modern way too, — with shotguns. This is what the historian says about it: —

"Two of Capt. Johnson's men — William J. Russell, and a man by the name of Morrison — crawled over an open prairie for about two hundred

yards, to a point very near the fort, where they discovered two Mexican soldiers standing together under a lone tree near the fort. These two men approached to within about forty yards of the soldiers; and, after taking a careful aim, both fired, — Russell with a long, heavy musket, charged with fifteen buckshot; and Morrison with a rifle. And then and there, in the month of May, 1832, the germ of Texas liberty was planted: then and there the first blood was spilled; and, as it is an historical fact, it may not be improper to state that W. J. Russell, and Morrison, are entitled to whatever credit may attach to this act."

So we see that the germ of Texas liberty was fifteen buckshot and a rifle bullet, and that the germ was planted in the

PLANTING THE GERM OF TEXAS LIBERTY.

bodies of two unsuspecting Mexicans, "standing together under a lone tree;" and W. J. Russell and —— Morrison are immortal, and will always be associated in history with the germ of Texas liberty. I trust they will receive, as the historian puts it, "all the credit that may attach to this act."

The causes that led to the revolt against Mexican tyranny are fully set forth in the Declaration of Texan Independence, of which the following is a copy: —

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

MADE BY THE DELEGATES OF THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS, IN GENERAL CONVENTION, AT WASHINGTON, ON MARCH 2, 1836.

When a government has ceased to protect the lives, liberty, and property of the people from whom its legitimate powers are derived, and for the advancement of whose happiness it was instituted, and, so far from being a guaranty for their inestimable and inalienable rights, becomes an instrument in the hands of evil rulers for their oppression; when the Federal Republican Constitution of their country, which they have sworn to support, no longer has a substantial existence, and the whole nature of their government has been forcibly changed, without their consent, from a restricted federative republic composed of sovereign States, to a consolidated central military despotism in which every interest is disregarded but that of the army and the priesthood (both the eternal enemies of civil liberty, the ever-ready minions of power, and the usual instruments of tyrants); when, long after the spirit of the constitution has departed, moderation is at length so far lost by those in power that even the semblance of freedom is removed, and the forms themselves of the constitution discontinued, and, so far from the petitions and remonstrances being regarded, the agents who bear them are thrown into dungeons, and mercenary armies sent forth to enforce a new government upon them at the point of the bayonet; —

When, in consequence of such acts of malfeasance and abduction on the part of the government, anarchy prevails, and civil society is dissolved into its original elements: in such a crisis, the first law of nature — the right of self-preservation, the inherent and inalienable right of the people to appeal to first principles, and take their political affairs into their own hands, in extreme cases — enjoins it as a right toward themselves, and a sacred obligation to their posterity, to abolish such government, and create another in its stead, calculated to rescue them from impending dangers, and to secure their welfare and happiness.

Nations, as well as individuals, are amenable for their acts to the public opinion of mankind. A statement of a part of our grievances is therefore submitted to an impartial world in justification of the hazardous but unavoidable step now taken, of severing our political connection with the Mexican people, and assuming an independent attitude among the nations of the earth.

The Mexican Government, by its colonization laws, invited and induced the Anglo-American population of Texas to colonize its wilder-

ness under the pledged faith of a written constitution, that they should continue to enjoy that constitutional liberty and republican government to which they had been habituated in the land of their birth, — the United States of America.

In this expectation they have been cruelly disappointed, inasmuch as the Mexican nation has acquiesced in the late changes made in the government by Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, who, having overturned the constitution of his country, now offers us the cruel alternative, either to abandon our homes, acquired by so many privations, or submit to the most intolerable of all tyranny, the combined despotism of the sword and the priesthood.

It has sacrificed our welfare to the State of Coahuila, by which our interests have been continually depressed, through a jealous and partial course of legislation, carried on at a far distant seat of government, by a hostile majority, in an unknown tongue; and this, too, notwithstanding we have petitioned in the humblest terms for the establishment of a separate State Government, and have, in accordance with the provisions of the national constitution, presented to the General Congress a republican constitution, which was, without a just cause, contemptuously rejected.

It incarcerated in a dungeon, for a long time, one of our citizens, for no other cause but a zealous endeavor to procure the acceptance of our constitution, and the establishment of a State Government.

It has failed and refused to secure, on a firm basis, the right of trial by jury, — the palladium of civil liberty, and the only safe guaranty for the life, liberty, and property of the citizen.

It has failed to establish any public system of education, although possessed of almost boundless resources (the public domains), and although it is an axiom in political science, that, unless a people are educated and enlightened, it is idle to expect the continuance of civil liberty, or the capacity for self-government.

It has suffered the military commandants stationed among us to exercise arbitrary acts of oppression and tyranny, thus trampling upon the most sacred rights of the citizen, and rendering the military superior to the civil power.

It has dissolved, by force of arms, the State Congress of Coahuila and Texas, and obliged our representatives to fly for their lives from the seat of government, thus depriving us of the fundamental political right of representation.

It has demanded the surrender of a number of our citizens, and

ordered military detachments to seize and carry them into the interior for trial, in contempt of the civil authorities, and in defiance of the laws and the constitution.

It has made piratical attacks on our commerce by commissioning foreign desperadoes, and authorizing them to seize our vessels, and convey the property of our citizens to far distant parts for confiscation.

It denies us the right of worshipping the Almighty according to the dictates of our own conscience, by the support of a national religion, calculated to promote the temporal interests of its human functionaries rather than the glory of the true and living God.

It has demanded us to deliver up our arms, which are essential to our defence, — the rightful property of freemen, and formidable only to tyrannical governments.

It has invaded our country, both by sea and by land, with the intent to lay waste our territory, and drive us from our homes, and has now a large mercenary army advancing to carry on against us a war of extermination.

It has, through its emissaries, incited the merciless savage, with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, to massacre the inhabitants of our defenceless frontiers.

It has been, during the whole time of our connection with it, the contemptible sport and victim of successive military revolutions, and has continually exhibited every characteristic of a weak, corrupt, and tyrannical government.

These and other grievances were patiently borne by the people of Texas, until they reached that point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. We then took up arms in defence of the national constitution. We appealed to our Mexican brethren for assistance. Our appeal has been made in vain. Though months have elapsed, no sympathetic response has yet been made from the interior. We are therefore forced to the melancholy conclusion, that the Mexican people have acquiesced in the destruction of their liberty, and the substitution therefor of a military government; that they are unfit to be free, and incapable of self-government.

The necessity of self-preservation, therefore, now decrees our eternal political separation.

We therefore, the delegates, with plenary powers of the people of Texas, in solemn convention assembled, appealing to a candid world for the necessities of our condition, do hereby resolve and declare that our political connection with the Mexican nation has forever ended, and

that the people of Texas do now constitute *a free, sovereign, and independent republic*, and are fully invested with all the rights and attributes which properly belong to independent nations; and, conscious of the rectitude of our intentions, we fearlessly and confidently commit the issue to the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies of nations.

In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names.

RICHARD ELLIS,
President and Delegate from Red River.

H. L. KIMBLE, *Secretary.*

After Russell, with his "long, heavy musket," and the "man by the name of Morrison," with his rifle, planted the germ in the two Mexicans, there were four years in which similar agricultural pleasantries were indulged in, both by Texans and Mexicans; and much planting was done by both parties before the plant of liberty was fully developed. The following statistics show how the germs were cultivated: —

MILITARY EVENTS OF TEXAS.

Battle of Nacogdoches, Aug. 2, 1827: Texans under Col. Hayden E. Edwards, with a force of 250, defeated the Mexicans under Col. Don Je de las Piedras, with 350.

Fort of Velasco, commanded by Col. Don Domingo Ugartechea, with 175 men, taken by the Texans under John Austin, with 130 men, June 26, 1832.

In June, 1835, the Texans under Col. Travis took the garrison of Anahuac under Capt. Tenora.

Rout at Gonzales, of a detachment of cavalry from the Mexican garrison at Bexar, Oct. 1, 1835.

Capture of Goliad, under Sandoval, by Capt. Collingsworth, with 50 men, Oct. 9, 1835.

Battle of Concepcion, near Bexar: 450 Mexicans defeated by Bowie and Fannin, with only 92 men.

The Grass Fight, near Bexar: 400 Mexicans retreated from 200 Texans, Nov. 8, 1835.

Attack upon San Antonio de Bexar: 1,400 Mexicans under Gen. Cos surrendered to the Texans, Dec. 10, 1835.

The town of Bexar taken by the Mexicans, and the Texans retired into the Alamo, Feb. 21, 1836.

Retreat of Gen. Houston from Gonzales, March 10, 1836.

Assault of the Alamo by Santa Anna: garrison put to the sword, March 6, 1836.

Mexicans defeated in the first fight of the "Mission del Refugio" by the Texans under Capt. King, March 9, 1836.

Expedition against Matamoras, under Johnson Grant, etc.: proved an entire failure, January, 1836.

Second fight of "Mission del Refugio:" Col. Ward attacked and drove back a large body of Mexicans, March 10, 1836.

Ward's retreat from the Refugio, March 11, 1836; surrendered, 24th; massacred on the 28th.

Defeat of Fannin, with 415 men, and all massacred by the Mexicans, March 19, 1836.

San Felipe de Austin burned by the Texans, March 31, 1836.

Harrisburg burned by the Mexicans, April 20, 1836.

New Washington burned by the Mexicans, April 20, 1836.

Battle of San Jacinto: 750 Texans under Gen. Houston defeated the Mexicans under Santa Anna, with about 1,600 men, killing upwards of 750, and taking the remainder, with Santa Anna himself, prisoners, April 21, 1836.

Retreat of the Mexicans beyond the frontier of Texas, April, 24, 1836.

It will be seen, by the figures given above, that the struggle ended with the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836. When Santa Anna was taken prisoner, and wanted to purchase his freedom, he said to Gen. Sam Houston, "You can afford to be generous: you have conquered the Napoleon of the West."

At least Santa Anna is said to have unburdened himself of those egotistical words; but then, this is only history, and I cannot, therefore, endanger my reputation for veracity by vouching for its truth. We do not know, nowadays, how much of the "truth of history" to believe; and probably it may be questioned whether Santa Anna did, or did not, make use of the words quoted, as the authorship of the memorable saying at-

tributed to Louis XIV. — "The State! I am the State!" — is questioned.

In 1836 Texas became a republic. On the 23d of October of that year, Gen. Sam Houston was installed president of the republic. The population of Texas was then estimated at 52,670, — Anglo-Americans, 30,000; Mexicans, 3,470; Indians, 14,200; negroes, 5,000.

In 1836 Texas began to keep house, and for about nine years she did business on her own account as a republic. She enjoyed the privilege of getting into debt, and the gorgeousness of having foreign ministers dine with her. She had a numerous retinue of officials; and she imitated other and richer republics, even in the keeping of a navy, which has been alluded to in a previous chapter.

The sister republic whose lot joined hers on the south was on bad terms with her during the greater part of this time, and annoyed her very much by jawing at her over the back-fence, and sometimes even trespassing on her property. Becoming tired of this, and of the expense and responsibility connected with her establishment, she made propositions to her neighbor on the north, the result of which was, that, on the 19th of February, 1846, she discharged all her servants, and went to board with the United States; or, as the historian expresses it, "annexation was consummated, and the Lone Star, the emblem of the youngest born of republics, was merged in the constellation of the American Union."

Whe-e-e! there, now! I hope the reader knows all he wants to know of Texas history, for I do not care to write any more on that subject. Historical writing is too severe a strain on the imagination.

When we left Schulenberg, we diverged from our direct western course for the purpose of visiting the town of Cuero, which lay some —— miles south of our line of travel. We were invited to spend a few days at Cuero by a genial Englishman named Capt. Delane, who had travelled with us during our ride from Eagle Lake to Schulenberg, and who promised to show us a town where more people had died with their boots on than in any other town in Texas. But it was not

to see men die with their boots on that we went to Cuero: it was for a different reason. Capt. Delane, who was an ex-officer of her Majesty's Third Buffs, promised us some sport. He had just received from England two greyhounds, that he intended to use in coursing the mule-eared or jackass rabbit. He had not yet tried the dogs; but, on his return home, he said he intended to invite his neighbors to participate in a day's coursing. The captain explained to us what a very popular sport coursing is in England, and how the Waterloo is in coursing what the Derby is in horse-racing, — the former being almost as great a sporting-event as the latter. He said the Texas jack-rabbit was about the same size as the English hare, and apparently ran at about the same rate of speed. He was enthusiastic on the subject of the exploits of certain celebrated greyhounds; told us of their victories, and gave us the pedigrees of Bab-at-the Bowster, Master McGrath, Don't-be-Headstrong, and many other noted dogs, and promised us unlimited sport, and much insight into the laws and rules governing coursing.

On our way to Cuero we passed through a settlement the name of which I have forgotten. I may call it Smithville. The soil was poor and sandy; the crops were of a weak and puny character; the farms were miserably cultivated; the inhabitants appeared, as far as their cultivation was concerned, to be in harmony with the farms, — most of them were but poorly educated, and many could not even read — their neighbors' brands on their neighbors' cattle. This often caused them to make mistakes when they went out to kill a steer for beef. They were, however, invariably willing to make amends for such errors by killing the neighbor when he came over to chide them for their ignorance. These peculiarities, and some cases of mistaken identity in the matter of horses traced to them, caused the people of this settlement to be looked upon as unfitted for high places in the church. In fact, it was a bad settlement, — the worst I ever heard of except the one made by Fritz von Schwindelmeyer down at Houston. Fritz compromised at twenty cents on the dollar, and settled that by burning his store, and turning over to his creditors half a

gross of *pretzels* and a grindstone, that were rescued from the flames.

But to return to the Smithvillians. They were without a church, but they were not without religous aspirations. The neighboring settlement of Jonesboro had lately enjoyed a clerical scandal and a funeral,—the funeral of poor Sam Jones, gentle Samuel, who never injured any one, and who died from the effects of casting reflections on the ancestry of R. J. Hunter, *alias* Cock-eyed Bob.

THE PARSON.

If the Jonesboro people, who were not any better than they should be, could afford these evidences of modern Christianity, why should not the Smithvillians have "a preaching"? Thus they argued; and the result was, that they invited the Rev. Samuel Smallwood to name a day on which he could conveniently come over and preach to them, promising, on their part, that they would shut up the store, make the appointment generally known, and give him a full house. They selected Dr. Saunders's gin-house as the place where the religious exercises were to be held. The Rev. Mr. Smallwood replied verbally through Major Sherwood, promising to preach, and appropriating the following Wednesday, at one P.M.

At the appointed time the parson appeared at the gin-house, and waited there for about an hour; but nobody came. He walked up to the store, and inquired why the people had not turned out, as promised.

"Why, parson," said the storekeeper, "we didn't know you was a-coming: you never sent us word."

"Yes, I did! I sent the appointment by Major Sherwood, and it was for to-day at one o'clock."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the storekeeper. "You see, parson, the major was put out a good deal the evening of the day he saw you; and—but here he comes, and he will explain himself."

"Good-morning, major!"

"Morning, morning, parson! Glad to see you, sir!"

"Major, why did you not give out the appointment I sent by you last week?"

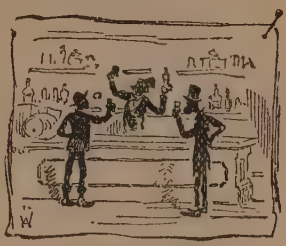
"Well, I declare, parson, I'm dog—I mean I'm everlastingly sorry; but I couldn't help it, sir—couldn't help it. It was a da—a shame, sir; but I met with an accident the evening I saw you, and the appointment went to the de—went out of my head, I should say—you must excuse me, parson, if I seem sort o' cramped in my language. You know, sir, I never touch whiskey, not even a drop; leastwise, very seldom."

Noticing the preacher's gaze fastened on his rubicund countenance, he continued, —

"Neuralgia, sir, neuralgia. It sometimes gives me the d—great pain, indeed. Did you ever have the neuralgia, sir?"

The Rev. Samuel Smallwood intimated that he never had suffered from that particular kind.

"Some people say that I drink: it is false, sir. I never use whiskey except when I am unwell, and I suffer from this cussed neuralgia all the time. After I got home on the evening I saw you in town, Dr. Saunders and Bud Bennett sent up for me to come down to the store and join them in a social glass. At first I didn't think I would go; but, as I had a sharp touch of the neuralgia that evening, I concluded to go down and take just one snifter, to see if it might not help me. When I got down, the doctor, who always makes himself too da—too familiar in this store, according to my notion, was behind the counter handing down a bottle of bitters. None of us had ever tasted it before. It was a new kind, and the doctor said he wanted to try if it wasn't good for the chest. He filled out three glasses; and, after a 'Here's to you!' we all three emptied them at the same time.



THE WRONG BOTTLE.

"'Devilish queer-tasting bitters!' said Dr. Saunders, screwing up his mouth as if he had stuck his teeth in a green persim-

mon. 'That's the damnedest bitters I ever tasted,' said Bud — excuse me, sir, but Bennett always does swear: I have spoken to him about it — and Bud, he smelled of his glass, and shook his head. I felt a sort of drug-store taste in my mouth as the stuff went down, and my throat began to burn. Sez the doctor, 'Take a hair of the dog,' sez he. 'Maybe it won't taste so bad when we get used to it.' Before I had fairly got the second drink down, I knew I was poisoned: my tongue had swelled so I could hardly speak, and sparks were flying before my eyes. I knew my only hope was my wife's rattlesnake remedy; and I broke for the door, and lit out for home as fast as I could run. By the time I got home my whole inside was on fire, my eyes were popping out of my head, there was froth at my lips, and my tongue filled my mouth so I couldn't speak. I just threw myself on the bed, and pointed to the shelf where the rattlesnake remedy was kept. Betty — that's my wife — saw at a glance what was the matter, or thought she did, and ran for the antidote.

"I JUST THREW MYSELF ON THE BED."

It is made of castor-oil, whiskey, and spirits of turpentine; and she dosed me with it, holding the bottle upside down in my mouth with one hand, while with the other she pulled my clothes off, looking for the place where the snake bit me. Oh, you needn't laugh! you wouldn't have laughed much if you had been in my place. I couldn't explain to Betty, on account of the size of my tongue, and the way I was choked with the infer — the nasty remedy. By the time she had got me stark naked, and was standing over me with a red-hot smoothing-iron, intending to laundry the place where the snake had bit

me as soon as she found it, the wife of Bud Bennett came running in, calling for help. She gasped out that Bud had come home clean crazy, and gnashing his teeth, and that she had come over here for protection, leaving Bud drinking buttermilk by the gallon, and frothing at the mouth. While she was talking, and I was trying to get the quilts over my bare legs, the nigger that Mrs. Bennett had sent to tell Dr. Saunders to come over quickly, as her husband was poisoned, came tearing in, and said that Dr. Saunders had 'done gone crazy,' and had sent his compliments, and to say to go to the devil; that he was 'done poisoned, and had got a fit himself.' Now, parson, that bloody fool — excuse me again, sir — had gone and handed down a bottle of Mustang Liniment, instead of a bottle of bitters; and, considering the circumstances related, can you blame me for failing once in my religious duty by forgetting to give out your appointment?"

We crossed the Navidad on a small ferry-boat, — one of the primitive kind, swinging by two pulleys to a rope, the ends of which were made fast to a stump on each side of the stream. The current was swift, and our progress necessarily slow. We

"ALWAYS READY TO 'BLIGE A GEMMAN."

volunteered to help the ferryman; and each of us took hold of the rope at the prow, and walked towards the stern, thus propelling the boat towards the other side of the river.

An old negro stood in the sand on the farther bank of the river. When we were in the middle, the doctor hailed him: —

"Uncle! can't you give us a hand, and help us across?"

"Yes, boss! to be sure. I's always ready to 'blige a gemman." And the old fellow stuck his heels in the sand, and lay back on the rope, pulling with all his strength, as if he wanted to pull the stump up by the roots. He pulled until we ran the boat ashore, and thanked him for the assistance he had given us. The poor old man really thought he had done much toward getting us across. It was the most absurd and ludicrous sight I ever saw, — the old darkey, with his earnest pull-all-together attitude, his perspiring face, obliging disposition, and the self-satisfied look of his countenance as he made steady and persevering efforts to draw the stump and the bank of the river to his feet.

The county of Lavaca has an area of nine hundred and fifty square miles. There is about one-half of the land timbered; the rest, open prairie. The bottom-lands are of black alluvial soil, deep, and very productive. The population is increasing rapidly, and the country is being improved by a thrifty class of immigrants, — most of them Germans and Bohemians. At the close of the war there were two thousand negroes in the county: now there is not much more than one-fourth of that number.

We noticed an extraordinary variety in the style of fences, — brush, wire, rail, board, and rock, in every imaginable combination. A large proportion of the pastures in Texas are fenced with wire. The prejudice against the wire-fence is gradually dying out, and its utility and durability are fast becoming apparent. In the prairie country west of the Colorado there is little timber, few saw-mills, and lumber for fencing or building purposes is very expensive, owing to the long distance it has to be hauled. A mile of fence costs from two hundred to four hundred dollars, according to the quality and amount of material used, and the location of the place fenced. It costs less per acre to fence a large pasture or farm than a small one. This suggests a very peculiar mathematical problem: —

If to fence 1 acre costs $40, 16 acres will cost $160, or $\frac{1}{4}$ as much per acre as it costs to fence 1 acre; 64 acres will cost $320, or $\frac{1}{8}$ as much per acre as it costs to fence 1 acre; 256 acres will cost $640, or $\frac{1}{16}$ as much per acre as it costs to fence 1 acre; and so on.

When you come to a forty-thousand-acre pasture, it only costs ten cents per acre to fence it. I have seen a fence around a forty-thousand-acre pasture; and the owner, Mr. Dewese of San Antonio, told me that the fence cost him just ten cents per acre, and that three feet of lumber fenced an acre. This suggests another calculation: —

It takes about 2,000 feet of lumber to fence 1 acre, when 5 6-inch planks are used; 8,000 feet for 16 acres, or 500 feet per acre; 16,000 feet for 64 acres, or 250 feet per acre; 32,000 feet for 256 acres, or 125 feet per acre.

Now, what I want somebody to figure out is, how much land a man would require to enclose, so that his fence would not cost any thing per acre. If the thing keeps on as I have shown above, it is bound to come to that in the end, if the land only holds out; and I believe it can be figured out so that a toothpick will fence an acre, and enough lumber be left over to build a church.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WERE seven of us in the party that started at daybreak for the prairie. The two greyhounds were carried in a buggy.

"What is that for?" said the doctor, pointing to some peculiar leather straps the captain carried.

"That's a slip. You know, we want the dogs to start together. We put them in the slip. When a hare starts, a pull on this little cord throws the collars open, and both the dogs get off at the same moment. If we did not use a slip, the dogs would not start together: one might see the hare before the other. Its use is also important in restraining the dogs until the hare gets a start."

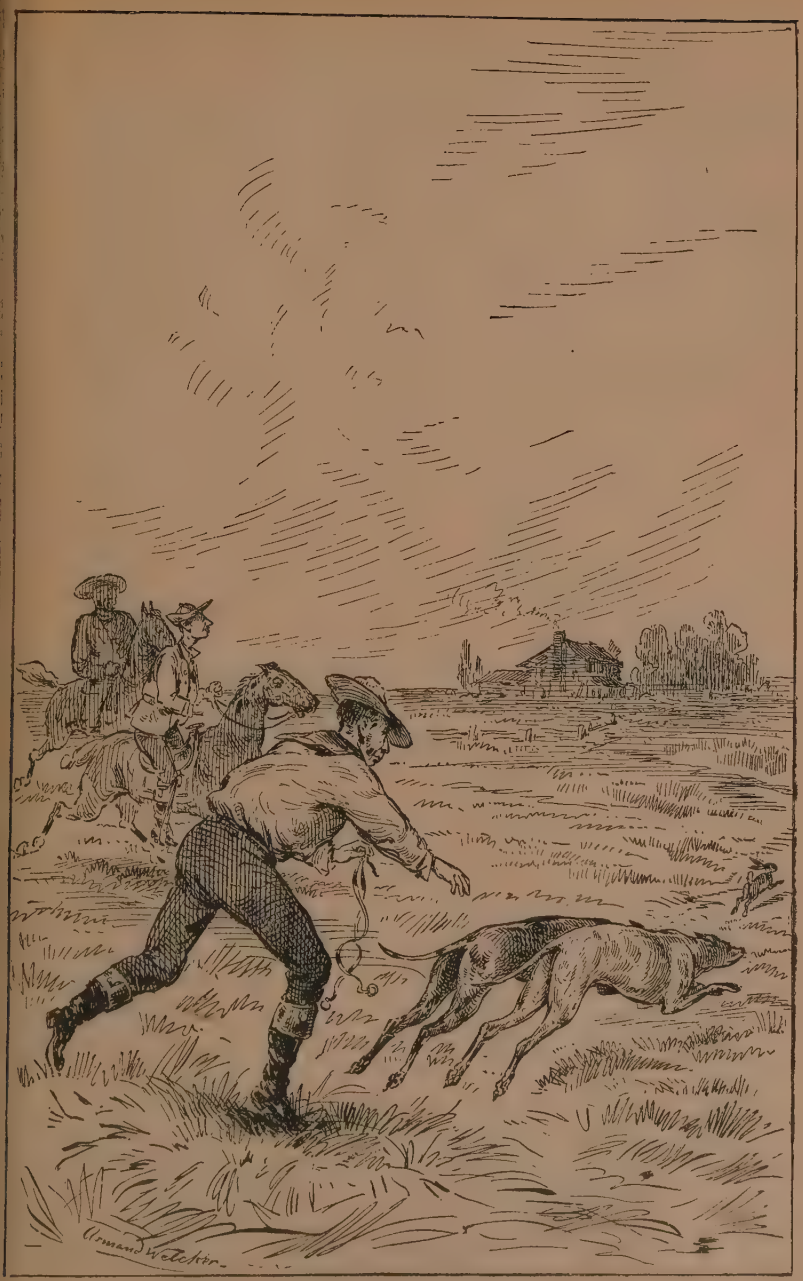
"What do you give the hare a start for?"

"Because the dogs run faster than the hare, you know; and it would be no fun to kill it at once. What I am afraid of is, that the jack-rabbit may not be so fast as the English hare; but I shall hold back the dogs, and give the rabbit a good start."

A man who looked like a Texas veteran smiled a gentle smile, that awoke the echoes in the next county, and then he said, —

"B-b-b-bless your innocent heart! do-do-do-don't be afraid of that; for a ja-ja-ja-jack-rabbit can just ke-ke-ke-keep ahead of any thing that runs. A full-grown jack can beat a half-rate me-me-message on an air-line."

The jack-rabbit does not burrow in the ground: he is found concealed in a tuft of long grass, or lying on the bare prairie,



COURSING JACK-RABBITS.

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with his ears folded back, and looking like a brown stone or a buffalo chip. When disturbed, he unlimbers his long legs, unfurls his ears, and goes off with a bound. After running for about a hundred yards, he usually sits down, throws his ears back, listens for a moment, and then goes off again.

When we came to an open place where the ground was level, the captain went on foot, holding the dogs in the slips. Suddenly a jack-rabbit started within a few feet of where he was walking. The greyhounds saw the rabbit the moment he started, and made strenuous efforts to get loose. The captain slipped them, and both started together. The rabbit was about fifty yards ahead at the start. In sixty seconds he had gained on the dogs, and was a hundred yards ahead. In two minutes he was out of sight, and the dogs were coming back with their tails between their legs.

A JACK-RABBIT.

Of the many fast things I had seen, from an ice-boat to a note maturing in the bank, none of them ever approached the speed of the jack-rabbit. I had often seen these rabbits running, but I had never witnessed one with his speed accelerated by the presence of a greyhound in his wake. It is wonderful to see a creature so short in the legs running at such an extraordinary rate of speed.

Of six rabbits started, only one was captured, and that was a small one.

Capt. Delane explained the cause of each failure, and proved to his own satisfaction, that, in every case, the dogs would have caught the rabbits had circumstances been different. One time it was a fence in the way; the next, it was the sandiness of the soil; and again it was the delay in slipping the dogs, thereby giving the rabbit too great a start.

As we turned to leave, the old stutterer, who looked like a Texas veteran, said, —

"Well, Kernel, I th-th-th-think that p'raps a gr-gr-gr-greyhound could catch a ja-ja-ja-jack-rabbit if you could only fix it, that, instead of gi-gi-gi-giving the rabbit the st-st-st-start of the dogs, you would give the do-do-do-dogs the start of the rabbit."

We staid with Capt. Delane two days; and although we did not see as many rabbits caught as we expected, yet our visit was a very pleasant one.

Our conversation after supper gradually drifted into the subject of lawlessness in Texas.

"Yes," said the captain in a meditative tone, "things were rough around here once, and scenes were enacted within sight of where we sit that did more to give Texas a reputation for lawlessness than any thing else. At present DeWitt County is as orderly as any county in Texas, but only a few years ago almost the entire population was more or less involved in a *vendetta* that cost scores of men their lives. In fact, a regular *guerilla* warfare was carried on between the Taylors and the Suttons, in which most of the adult male population took sides. It reminded one of the way the rival Scotch clans used to engage in joint discussions. The son regarded it as his sacred duty to kill one or two of his neighbors, whose fathers had years before made him an orphan. From their earliest age the boys devoted themselves to practising with pistols, and nursing schemes of vengeance, in which latter occupation they were assisted by the relatives of the men against whom they entertained unfriendly feelings. In time some of the men, who at first were merely thirsting for vengeance, degenerated into ordinary cut-throats and highway robbers. Dominant among the DeWitt-county braves was John Wesley Hardin, who is now in the Texas penitentiary. It is believed that he has killed about twenty-one men. He inspired the whole community with dread. Nobody pretended to interfere with him. The officers of the law looked the other way when he passed. Unless a person had visited DeWitt County during the prevalence of that epidemic of lawlessness, he could not form the slightest idea of the homage that was paid to this outlaw. Not that the

people liked him, but they were afraid to say or do any thing that might be construed into disapprobation of his course. I happened to be in the town of Cuero once during the 'reign of terror;' and, although the town was quiet, I was remarkably impressed with the scared looks of the respectable citizens when any reference was made to Hardin.

"In October, 1874, I first visited Cuero. I found the town comparatively quiet. Nearly a week had passed over without anybody having been murdered, and it was inevitable that the calm could not last much longer. There were a good many people in town, some local election being in progress. The first thing that I remarked, was the large number of armed men who patrolled the streets. I also found that there was an enthusiastic unwillingness, on the part of the natives, to be communicative on the subject of lawlessness; and as for 'Wes' Hardin,' as he was familiarly and even tenderly called, few would acknowledge being aware of the existence of such a person."

"Were they all so much afraid of him? and had he no friends?"

"Well, not many friends. He had some admirers; but they did not care to say any thing, even in his favor, because Wes' was too careless. He would hear that a man had been talking about him; and then, without inquiring what the man had said, he would fill him full of lead, and afterwards ask what lies the scoundrel had been telling about him. Then, when it was too late, he would find out that the deceased was really a friend of his, and had spoken kindly of him. Hardin would then apologize to the widow and orphans for his thoughtlessness, and make a solemn vow never again to shoot a man until satisfied that he really needed shooting. This course, however, made even his warmest friends appear cold and reticent."

"How did you manage to find out any thing about this bandit?" inquired the doctor.

"I met a man in the hotel who was very intimate with Hardin. He said that he and Wes' had been schoolmates, and that he was not afraid to talk about him. He volunteered to take a walk with me, and show me the principal points of in-

terest in the town. As we strolled down the street, he said, pointing to a small store, 'Do you see that shanty that has "Oysters" painted on the gable? Well, sir, that's an historic spot. Right in that saloon is where Wes' Hardin shot an entire stranger — a man from Missouri — twenty minutes after the man had stepped off the stage that brought him to town. Wes' is the durndest fellow you ever set eyes on. Some people call him a murderer, when he ain't about to explain things to 'em. You see, the fellow came into the oyster-saloon, and began talking to a man who was with him about being on the ragged edge of civilization, and said as how he believed there was neither law nor justice in judge or jury; and he said he wouldn't be afraid to kill a man, for he knew he could bribe the whole jury for two hundred dollars, bulldoze the judge for nothing, and fix the sheriff with a drink. Hardin, who was eating a dozen raw, back of the counter, asked the stranger if he was coming to stay in Texas. The stranger said he was. Then Wes' told him that he was the sort of immigrant that wasn't wanted in Texas. He told him that he lied when he said that a Texas judge or jury could be corrupted, and then (that temptation might be kept out of the jury-box, I suppose) he shot the stranger dead where he stood. Now, the idee of calling that a murder! He didn't even know the stranger's name; had never seen or heard of him before, and consequently couldn't have no malice. 'Tain't no murder unless there is malice, is it? Wes' was drunk, you see; and, when he's drunk, he's the durndest fellow you ever saw for law and order, and backing up the judiciary. When Wes' is sober, he wouldn't hurt a fly; but, just as soon as he gets whiskey, he's death on upholding the officers of the law, and he generally keeps at it till somebody gets hurt.'

"When I inquired why Hardin was not arrested, the friend of the outlaw was carried away by an uncontrollable fit of laughter at the idea of Wes' Hardin being arrested. He explained to me, that, when Hardin got into a difficulty, no one ever thought of arresting him. 'Getting into a difficulty' in Texas means killing a man. Out in some of the western counties the sheriffs had to reside in the brush for weeks, to

keep from being themselves arrested. Let me tell you what I saw myself: —

"The Taylor crowd had about a dozen of the Suttons corralled in a house. The Suttons could not get out without being killed, and the Taylors dare not come within range of the house. After a siege of thirty-six hours, the hostile parties made a compromise, according to the terms of which they were to quit shooting each other, and to turn their attention to agricultural matters until after the cotton-picking season. This happened near Clinton, the county seat of DeWitt County. They all rode into town together. Court was in session, and the judge was very much surprised to see Wes' Hardin stalk into court with his gun on his shoulder. He showed a law-abiding disposition. If he had been a lawless character, he would have just cleaned up the docket of that court, and burnt the county records; but he wasn't that kind of reformer. He just said to the judge in his off-hand way, 'Old pard, me and my crowd have made up with the Suttons; and I called to inform you, that, if you find any more indictments agin us, thar will be a vacancy in this judicial district.' Then, turning to the sheriff, he said, 'Me and the Suttons wants to draw up a sort of a treaty like, and I want you to sign it as a witness. I never want to do nothin' without the sanction of the law.' The sheriff was a little confused; because his breast-pocket was bulging out with some fifteen or twenty *capiases* from other counties, commanding him to arrest John Wesley Hardin, and to make due diligence in doing so. But he, and other prominent officials, willingly signed the document. After these formalities, Wes' gave the judge permission to go on with the circus, as he called it; and he and his crowd retired to a saloon to celebrate the armistice. Now, I saw all that myself."

"Did your friend show you any other historic points in Cuero?" said the doctor.

"Yes," replied the captain, "he did. We strolled out in the suburbs, — about a hundred yards from the business centre of the town, where the saloons were, — and he pointed out an old live-oak covered with moss. I was anxious that he should talk about something else besides gory murders: so I took a

lively interest in the old oak, and suggested that probably under its branches the pioneer fathers of Cuero formerly celebrated the anniversary of their arrival. He said that on that tree three of the Taylor crowd were hung last month. They were taken out of their beds, and strung up in the night."

"Any more sacred spots?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, yes! plenty of them scattered about everywhere. He took me into a saloon; and pointing to a hole as big as a saucer, in the wall, as the next object of interest around which clustered tender and historic memories, he explained how it was caused by eighteen buckshot that Bowlegged Simpson desired to plant in the head of Mexican Mike, and how, by a providential interposition, Simpson's elbow was joggled as he pulled the trigger, and the buckshot missed Mike, and went through the wooden wall. Then my guide went on to give a long and mixed account of a battle between men with all sorts of barbarous nicknames, where all the participants were either killed, or perforated and carved beyond recognition, and where five or six spectators got severely winged. Finally, after inspecting a few more bullet-holes, and listening to some more history that sounded like a chapter from the life of the warrior saints of the Bible, we got back to the hotel, and I parted with my guide.

"While I was sitting in the hotel, musing about what an unhealthy place Cuero was, a man came in carrying two shotguns, a box of cartridges, and a rifle. He distributed the firearms around the room in convenient places. Presently another ammunition-wagon stepped in. He was loaded with six-shooters and metallic cartridges, which he deposited on a desk in the corner. Several other prominent citizens arrived, every one of them loaded to the muzzle, and ready to go off at a moment's notice, so to speak. Every once in a while a little fat man, who seemed to be chief of artillery, would pick up a shotgun, and, holding it in a line with my person, would lift the hammer of the weapon to see if the cap was all right. He did it in a careless way, that deprived me of any sense of enjoyment. I sought the landlord, and inquired the meaning of all this warlike preparation. He took me into a closet under the stairs,

and, after swearing me to secrecy, informed me, with the aid of pantomime and whispers, that a crowd of the Taylors were in town; that the Suttons had threatened to come in, and clean the Taylors out; and that the men now in the hotel were friends of the Taylors, preparing to hold the fort, should any attack be made that night."

"You didn't make Cuero your permanent residence?" queried the doctor.

"I reckon I would have, if I had staid there that night; but I started on the stage for San Antonio late in the evening. I had business there anyhow. I heard afterwards that there was a big fight in Cuero the night I left, and that the landlord of the hotel got killed by accident, besides having the whole gable end of his house shot full of holes. I did not come back to Cuero for two years afterwards. During these two years most of the murderers and robbers got killed off, and Hardin went to Florida, where he was caught about a year ago, brought back to Texas, tried, and sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-one years."

"Captain, were you in Cuero when old Feehan was running the 'Weekly Clarion'?" said the red-haired man at the end of the table.

"I met him once," said the captain, "during my brief sojourn at Cuero. On the occasion I have just referred to, I found time to call on the editor of the 'Clarion.' I was once a newspaper man myself; and I always make it convenient, when I pass through such a town as Cuero, to call and pay my respects to the great man who wields the Archimedean lever that moves the world. During my visit to the 'Clarion' editor, I saw and heard what surprised me more than any thing I have ever seen or heard in the whole course of my life. You know how it is in the office of a little country paper. It consists of a suite of one room, which is composing-room, press-room, editorial sanctum, dining-room, and sleeping-apartment. The editorial tripod consists usually of an old candle-box or an empty nail-keg, in front of which is a decrepit old table upon which the thunderbolts are forged. The editor is a lank, hollow-eyed man, who looks as if he had been blighted by an

unseasonable frost early in life. His clothes have the same blighted look, and his editorials show traces of dyspepsia and disappointment. Irregularity in taking his meals, and the mental wear and tear incident to his getting out a weekly paper, give him a pinched and careworn look. If he is particularly energetic, he can usually manage to raise enough money semi-occasionally to calm down the boy who sets up the paper and engineers the old Franklin press, and prevent him from going on a general strike."

THE AFFLUENT EDITOR.

"But the editor of the 'Clarion' was no such a slouch as that," said the red-haired man.

"No, he was not; and that is what surprised me. He must have weighed two hundred pounds, and he did not look as if he had missed a meal since he was born. Instead of wearing old clothes, he was dressed in a suit that a nabob or a drummer might have worn. Instead of an old cot to sleep on, he had a room all to himself, fixed up with an elegant set of furniture, 'Chimney-Corner' chromos on the wall, and other indications of extreme wealth on every side. I could hardly believe my senses, and even now the whole affair seems to be a kind of a vision. He asked me to step up to the sideboard, and, setting out a whole box of cigars, desired information as to my preference in the way of tonics. He had bourbon and rye, dry sherry, burgundy, and port. He apologized for the absence of champagne, stating that his last shipment from his San Antonio wine-merchant had been unaccountably delayed on the way. I was acquainted with the circumstances of the Texas editors in the large towns, but never had I witnessed such gorgeousness; and I wondered how that little country paper could support such a John Jacob

Astor of an editor. Taking all the material that went to make up the 'Clarion,' — the type, presses, paper, and total outfit, including an average set of editorial brains, — the whole thing would have been extravagantly dear at two hundred dollars, on six months' time. Here was a mystery I determined to unravel if it took a week to do so.

"After we had discussed several kinds of beverages, and were in a somewhat advanced condition of mellowness, I brought the conversation around to the influences of the press, and expressed some surprise at the wonderful prosperity of the 'Clarion.' The editor and proprietor of the 'Clarion' opened a fresh bottle, and smiled a most significant smile. Said he, 'I owe all this fatness to Wes' Hardin.'

"'Do you mean to say that you give the moral support of your paper to lawlessness?'

"'Not a bit of it,' he responded. 'You know, Wes' and the boys are in the habit of coming to town and scaring the merchants out of their senses. There is no telling what Hardin and his crowd might do; and, when they hear of a man slandering them by intimating that they are not law-abiding citizens, just as likely as not they appoint a committee to forward the man to that bourn from which, etc. Now, while the "Clarion" is not a lawless organ, I did not purpose, for the sake of the miserable patronage it received from merchants, to pitch into the boys. Half of the merchants didn't advertise, and some did not even take the weekly at two dollars a year. They grumbled because I did not give them enough reading-matter, and because the editorials were not scholarly enough to suit them. If it had not been for Bill Jenkins, who keeps the Gently-Dreaming Saloon, I would have starved to death. My clothes needed repairs before they could have been fit to put on a scarecrow. The merchants treated me with contempt; and when I wanted to get a pair of trousers, or a few pounds of crackers, I had to come out and puff them, and call them merchant-princes. And now — well,' continued the editor of the 'Clarion,' as he passed the cigars, and threw himself back in his armchair with the air of a man owning a silver-mine and a trotting-horse, 'you see yourself how I'm fixed.'

"'How in the name of all that is magnetic did you manage it?' said I.

"'Well, I'll tell you. These merchants here got into the habit of bullyragging me for not denouncing Wes' Hardin. They alleged, very truthfully too, that the town had a bad name; country customers were afraid to come here to trade: and they said that the "Clarion" ought to take a bold stand. I knew what the result would be if the "Clarion" were to hint that Col. J. Wesley Hardin was not one of the most respected citizens in DeWitt County. I would be—in short, shot; and I did not think the patronage the "Clarion" was getting, justified any such sacrifice on my part. Now, sir, will you believe it? One morning about all the merchants in the town, including those who didn't subscribe, waited on me in a body. Said one, who was owing a year's subscription, "Vy ton't you shust dake a pold shtand, and give dem routies fits? So helb me grashers! I shtobs mine babers." He was one who used to take a bold stand by crawling under the store when Wes' Hardin came to town.

"'The drift of the matter was, that they had no use for a paper that did not sustain the good citizens by denouncing rowdyism; and they threatened to withdraw their support if I did not come out in the next issue, and denounce Hardin and his crowd. In their excitement, they called Col. Hardin every bad name they could think of. I offered them the use of the columns of my paper. I agreed, that, if they would all sign a card denouncing the banditti, I would publish it free of charge. This threw a coldness over the delegation: the very idea scared them; for they knew, if they did such a thing, they would be called to an unpleasant accountability as soon as Wes' would read the paper. A happy thought occurred to me. I would turn the tables on my unappreciative patrons. I asked them to wait, and I would write an editorial on the matter under discussion, and submit it to them. They smiled significantly at each other, as much as to say, "We knew we would bring him to terms." When I had finished writing my article, I read it to them. It was a simple statement of facts: it gave the name of each member of the delegation, the object of the

visit, and the opprobrious terms each had used in speaking of Col. Hardin and his friends. It told how they sought to intimidate and coerce the "Clarion" into denouncing a man who had never yet been convicted of any crime. When I finished reading, that delegation was the sickest-looking set of mortals I ever set eyes on. At first they said they would withdraw their patronage if I published it. I told them I could better afford to lose such patronage as theirs than to suppress an article like this, that was bound to make a sensation, and run the "Clarion's" circulation up into the thousands. I asked their advice as to issuing it in the shape of an extra, and sending a marked copy to Wes' Hardin. I assured them that I would do justice to their memories when they were gone. I would be in attendance at their funerals, and publish a description of the obsequies in the columns of the "Clarion." But, to shorten my story, I collected two hundred and fifty dollars in cash on the spot for subscriptions and advertisements, having promised, at the earnest solicitation of the delegates, to say nothing of their visit. Since then I have had no trouble to get along. I am the only really prosperous editor in Texas. My credit is unlimited, and the "Clarion" is read with absorbing interest by our business men. They are all ready to indorse any thing I say. Here's to Col. Wes' Hardin, the friend of the press! God bless him!'

"Just as the editor was draining his goblet, we were interrupted by a prominent merchant sticking his head in at the door, and saying, 'Eggscuse me, mein frient, I chust stepped over to let you know dot my fall gootsh ash arrived. I hopes you comes over and picks yourself oud a new goat and bants for my birthday breshend.'

"I parted with the affluent editor, as he went off with the merchant to get the 'new goat and bants,' and for the first time I realized how completely we are all in the hands of the Archimedean lever."

While in DeWitt County, we saw a company of Texas rangers. The rangers have done more to suppress lawlessness, to capture criminals, and to prevent Mexican and Indian raids on the frontier, than any other agency employed by either State or

national government. They are employed and paid by the State.

The rangers are almost all young men. They are enlisted for a year, and are each required to furnish a horse, saddle, and bridle, a repeating Winchester rifle, and a navy revolver. The State furnishes rations, and pays thirty dollars a month to each private. They wear no uniform: each man dresses as his taste, or the condition of his finances, may dictate. They are uniform, however, in some things: they all wear broad-brimmed *sombreros*, and swear. There are about a hundred and eighty rangers in the service of the State.

On our way from Cuero to Gonzales, we found some rangers camped in the woods, on the bank of a small creek. There were ten men in the squad. They had been camped there for several days, waiting for the opening of court, at which they had been ordered to attend to protect a murderer, whose life was threatened by the friends of the man he had killed. It was expected, that, should the jury acquit him, he would be shot before he left the court-house by the murdered man's relatives. The ranger captain invited us to dismount, and share the mid-day meal with them. We accepted the invitation, and enjoyed an excellent dinner. Some of the men had caught fish in the creek: others had shot some birds and a squirrel. The products of the rod and the gun, with the indispensable corn-bread and coffee, made an unexpected feast that we were thankful for, and to which we did ample justice. We staid several hours, while the boys entertained us with stories of horse-thief hunting, Indian trailing, and scouting generally. The ranger captain is responsible for the following: a man called on him one day in camp. The man looked like a cowboy: he wore a dyed mustache, and he wanted to be a ranger.

"Captain, I want to join your company."

"Haven't got a place for you, unless you're a cook."

"Cook! Sweet spirit, hear my prayer! No, *sir:* I'm a scout from the Far West, whar the turkey-buzzard roosts on the fleshless ribs of the dead buffalo, and whar the *coyote* sleeps in the deserted wigwams of the skulpt Indian. Geehossifat! I'm the Long-range Roarer of the Sierra Mojada Mountains. I

want to enlist in your company, and show you how to clean out the gory red-skins."

"But we are full; don't need another man."

"Major, you don't mean it! You don't know who I am. I'm *on* it, I want you to know. I'm no feather-bed soldier. I'm old pie, I am; and, when it comes to fightin' Indians, I'm just the sort of a liver-pad you want."

"But I tell you, there is no use"—

"O Lordy, colonel! jest give me a show. You can't know who you are talking to. I'm the Cavortin' Cataclysm of the Calaveras Canyon,—the terror of"—

"Well, all right! Dry up, now, and I'll take you; for I believe, since I've come to think of it, that we do need a long-range roarer, and, taking you at your word, I think you will fill the bill."

THE CAVORTIN' CATACLYSM.

So Bill was enlisted in the rangers, and went out with them on the next trail. His tale of the many Indians he had chawed up soon gave him a prominent position among the boys, many of whom had never seen an Indian sign. His opinion and advice were sought by the officers whenever any matter of difficulty presented itself. His advice was always given in general terms, and to the effect, that, when the moment for action would arrive, they should be calm and collected, keep cool, and, above all, use strategy. On the last point he dwelt in terms of almost lyric fervor: "In war, gentlemen, strategy is more'n guns, it's more'n whiskey, it's more'n any thing; and it's hellamile when you come to trádin' lead with the Indians."

Somehow or other Bill, who from his knowledge of signs, was given temporary command of the scouting-party, always arrived too late. "Indians been here last night, sure's you're a foot high," he would say. He promised from day to day to bring the command up with the fugitives "to-morrow, 'bout two

hours by sun; and when they tackle me, boys, they'll find they have barked up the wrong tree, you can just bet your boots."

One morning, on turning around a neck of woods, they came suddenly within sight of about fifty Indians, who were in the act of breaking camp. Every one looked to the experienced Indian-chawer for their cue. He was equal to the occasion. "Hush!" said Bill: "lie low, be cool, and wait for orders: I'll show you what strategy can do." And cautioning them to keep concealed behind trees, and not to move until he returned, the Cavorting Cataclysm put spurs to his horse, and, striking a trail at right angles to their former course, he disappeared over a slight rise in the ground. The rangers waited for him until near sundown, expecting every moment to see some grand strategic movement inaugurated by the scout from the Far West. When next seen by the boys, the geographical position of the Long-range Roarer from the Sierra Mojada was two hundred miles east, and he was engaged in the prosaic occupation of mixing drinks in a Waco saloon for the paltry sum of forty dollars a month.

CHAPTER XIX.

WE WERE two days riding from Cuero to Luling. On the second night we camped in the woods a few miles from the latter place. Being tired, we slept soundly on the hard ground. In the morning when we awoke, about daybreak, we noticed six Winchester rifles and carbines, three shotguns, and four six-shooters, that we had not observed the night before. I had time and again gazed on an array of levelled muskets — in a gunshop; but that never affected me as did these newly discovered arms. We were surprised to see such an armory in that out-of-the-way place; but our astonishment was of short duration, for it had to give place to other and more powerful emotions. An unpleasant feeling of uncertainty, not unmixed with a positive foreboding of some dire misfortune, took possession of us, caused by the discovery of an ill-favored varlet embracing the wooden end of each weapon.

I had on one occasion sought the bubble Reputation at the cannon's mouth — that was when I ran for first corporal in the Washington Guards; but no incident of my experience with fire-arms exceeded this in thrilling interest. The thrill that wandered around inside me, when I gazed into the muzzle of

the rustiest shotgun, was of the largest caliber, — some twelve to the pound. In 1863 I looked into the mouth of Roaring Meg, the big cannon on the walls of Londonderry; in 1875 I stood at the base of Mount Cenis, and peered into the dark opening of the great tunnel; last year I was introduced to the biggest bore in our own country, — a man who owned a patent motor; and a short time ago I had my attention called to an opening in the grocery business: but the largest orifice I ever

"HOLD UP YOUR HANDS."

examined in my life, as it seemed to me, was the one I saw as I looked inside the barrel of the old muzzle-loader pointed at my head on this occasion.

"Hold up your hands!" said the leader of the party, — a small man with a long duck-gun at his shoulder, — "and be pretty quick about it."

So anxious were we to avoid giving him any opportunity to exasperate us, that if he had suggested — in a gentlemanly way, of course — that we should stand on our heads, and hold up our

legs, the suggestion would have been acted on at once. The doctor got his hands up with an alacrity that I had never seen equalled. I held my hands up too, as the matter did not admit of any delay.

"We had a devil of a time catching up with you," said the spokesman. "I suppose you know what you are to expect. We are going to commission you for a longer journey than the one you started on, durn you!"

We expressed our surprise at their action, and requested that they might explain what they meant.

"Yes, that's the way with all of you: you don't never know nothing. You're too good to live in a hard community like this; and that's the reason that your sort is always in such a hurry to get away that you are compelled to borrow a horse, and scoot without saying 'by your leave.'"

We understood our situation now. We were supposed to be horse-thieves. It was a very unenviable position, — our earthly hopes in the past, thirteen armed men in the present, and a rope in the immediate future. We offered to prove our innocence by our papers.

"Papers be blowed! Of course you have papers. They all have 'em, — bushels of 'em.

"Put a beggar on horseback," continued the leader, addressing us, "and you know where he goes. Well, that's where you are going; and we propose to furnish the means to start you. Bring on the ropes, Alex.!"

Alex. produced about thirty feet of rope. The presence of the men in our camp, and the subsequent proceedings, were so sudden, I could not realize that in a few minutes I was going to be "launched into eternity," as the newspaper reporters say when describing the hanging of a criminal. I caught myself wondering if the rope would hurt much more because it was new than an old one would, and hazarding guesses as to whether they would haul us up from the ground in the old way, or put us on horses, and then lead the horses from under us, — the more modern way of "snapping the vital thread."

A discussion now took place between some of our captors, as to whether we should be allowed ten minutes for prayer or

not; and one man proposed that we should be taken back some distance, until another party that was in pursuit on another road would have a chance to "see the show," as he put it, and "have a share in the good work."

The anti-prayer was in the majority. They argued that horse-thieves' prayers wouldn't be "no account, nohow," and therefore it would be useless to lose further time. After some discussion, however, they agreed that it would be pure selfishness to enjoy the festivities all by themselves; that it would be a burning shame to cheat their absent co-laborers out of participation in the entertainment by being too precipitate; and they were self-denying enough to delay the proceeding until they could conduct us back to a point where they expected to meet the other scouting-party. Just as they were about to start with us, yells from human throats, tramp of horses' feet, and cracking of branches, advised us that another party of horsemen was approaching. I thought of all the stories of frontier life I had ever read: and I remembered, and was consoled by, the fact, that the prisoner bound for execution was always saved by the opportune arrival of friends at the critical moment; that, where the honest white man was helpless under the uplifted tomahawk of the savage, a "well-directed shot" from the gun of a hidden friend invariably saved him. This never failed. It was always so in the books I had read. The innocent man never suffered. The Nemesis of the wicked was always on hand at the right moment, in the shape either of a trapper, who was unconventional beyond what was human, or of a good Indian, who spoke in short paragraphs, and could be in six places at once. I was comforted, and looked for relief at the hands of the approaching horsemen; although I had some doubts, for I had heard that all the good Indians were dead. My hopes were of short duration; for one of our captors said, "That's them now! I hear Bill Gatlin's tongue a-waggin': I'm glad he's along; he's accustomed to the business, and can do the job to a dot."

Four horsemen galloped into the open space. "Jist in time to help put 'em through, Bill. We have got 'em. There they are. Slick-lookin' fellows, ain't they? and I reckon them's your

horses staked out there;" and he pointed to our ponies cropping the grass at some distance off.

"Them my horses! you ——— fool! You have took the bug from under the wrong chip this time. Why, the horses that were stolen from me were two hands higher than them plugs, and these men here are all right. They stopped at uncle Pete's night 'fore last. And I have done catched my horses, and swung up one of the thieves, an hour ago. I trailed him into the bottom, and we never took him off the horse: we led the mustang from under him, and left him hanging there."

"Well, gosh darn it!" said our captor: "if that ain't a blamed shame, after all our trouble! Let's take a drink, and get out of here." He handed around a beer-bottle full of whiskey, remarking, "Better luck next time. This is the most uncertain country I ever saw. There is no pleasure in living in it, anyhow. Whenever a fellow thinks he is going to have a good time, he is sure to slip up on it. Why didn't we do as I wanted to, — hang 'em first, and discuss the evidence afterward? Can't make a mistake that way, because you can be sure they needed hanging for something, anyhow. I say, durn such a country!"

After advising us not to be "too confounded smart next time," or we might fall in with a crowd not disposed to be so lenient, the man with the duck-gun mounted his horse, and was about to ride off. It was over in a moment. Before he got the reins gathered up, Bill Gatlin had drawn and fired his revolver, and the owner of the duck-gun had gone to render an account of his villanies, — gone, as he had wanted us to go, without a moment wherein to breathe a prayer.

"What does all this mean?" cried several, as they gathered around Bill and his smoking revolver.

"Mean? I'll tell you what it means: it means that this fellow is a brother of the thief we've hung. They have been working in partnership, and have thirty head of horses corralled down in the bottom, ready to drive off to Kansas. They worked it fine, but they didn't get up early enough in the morning for this crowd."

"By thunder! he was the fellow that first put us on the

trail of these galloots. Easy to see now why he wanted them hung so suddint."

I realized that the stories in the books were right, after all; and I reproached myself for having doubted them.

We were very thankful for getting off so easy; for, as has been before intimated, murder and midnight robbery are considered mere misdemeanors when compared with horse-stealing.

Not long since, in an interior town of Texas, a young man with blond hair, a freckled nose, and other marks of personal attractiveness, applied to the deputy-sheriff for a pass to see his father, who, he had reason to suppose, was an inmate of the county jail.

"What's your name?" asked the officer, turning to his register.

"I'm Jim McSnifter, from the Arroyo Colorado."

"What peculiar kind of playfulness has your feyther been amusin' himself with, — murder in the first degree?"

"Wusser than that," was the McSnifterian response.

All levity vanished from the face of the officer, who was really a kind-hearted man; and there was human sympathy, and perhaps a tear in his eye, as he turned over the page, and said in a low voice, —

"Worse than murder! My God! he must have stolen a pony!"

"It was some misunderstanding about a mewel," observed McSnifter, jun., punishing his cowhide boots with his whip.

"There are none of the McSnifters in jail. Maybe I've got a *capias* for you. Don't go just yet." And the officer looked in vain through his files to accommodate the young man, who began to explain, —

"I bleeve in the last indictment the old man s name was spelt Bob White. You see, that's the old man's new jail-name. The title of the suit is 'The State agin White.'"

"Why didn't you say so at once? You mean that is his title at court. Why, certainly! just you come along, and I'll present you. He is in the ground cell. Come along! I want to see if the old rooster hasn't been trying to saw his hobbles off."

About noon we arrived at Luling, which, a short time ago,

was the terminus of the San Antonio Railroad, and it remained so for almost a year. It was a type of the town created by the railroads in their progress through Texas. Its history would read like a chapter from the biography of the man with the wonderful lamp, — its site, one day the feeding-ground of the jackass-rabbit and the home of the *coyote;* a month hence, a wooden town of a thousand inhabitants. Where *then* the rattlesnake aired his poisonous fangs, *now* the denizen of the music-hall exhibits her equally dangerous blandishments. *Then* the wild beasts of the field, as their instincts and necessities taught them, made war on each other with the weapons nature furnished: *now* human beasts (gamblers and roughs), prompted by the devil and bad whiskey, destroy each other with the deadly derringer and the murderous bowie-knife.

In one short month the howling wilderness is transformed, by the nervous energy and resistless enterprise of the railroad pioneer, into a town of a hundred houses, where beer is sold, billiards are played, the gentle tiger is bucked, and the strange woman holds her court; where the scattered fragments of the Third Commandment darken the air, and the sound of the pistol-shot is monotonously frequent, — a pandemonium of vice, folly, and sin, where the struggle for gold, and the viler passions of men, blot out the better part of man's nature, — a place where a drink of whiskey costs twenty-five cents, a poor cup of straight coffee the same amount, and a badly cooked dinner, served on a rough pine table without a cloth, costs a dollar, — a spot where all manner of trades and professions are represented, where the bedbug luxuriates, and even the book-agent lurketh around, with his brazen cheek burnished more elaborately than usual, to meet the exigencies of the situation. So moves the car of progress; so the "star of empire westward takes its way," and civilization's march is onward toward the gateway of the setting sun. This condition of things is merely the forerunner of the true civilization, — the darkness before the dawn, disorder before order, chaos before creation.

The men and women who constitute the society of such places merely prepare the way for better men and women. They are as rude, as barbarous, and more degraded than the

savage. The ancient heathen worshipped wooden images, and sacrificed their bodies under the wheels of Juggernaut's car: these worship perishable gold, adore filthy greenbacks, and sacrifice their souls in pursuit of the pleasure that money can buy.

Walking up the straggling streets, we find the houses in irregular rows, and fronting on the streets at every possible angle of incidence. The houses are mostly of the dry-goods-box style of architecture, the fronts covered with roughly painted signs for the purpose of letting the world know the

STREET-SCENE IN LULING.

proprietor's business, and how badly he can spell. Here is a restaurant where the owner advertises "Squar Meals at Resonable Figgers, and Bord by the Day or Weak;" next, a Chinese laundry; then a beer-saloon; across the street a gun-shop; next to it a saloon; then a bakery, a saloon, another saloon with billiards, a lumber-yard, a dance-house, a restaurant, a free-and-easy, a saloon, a shooting-gallery, a faro-bank, a grocery, a saloon and hotel, a ten-pin alley, a concert-hall; and so on to the end of the street. Queer and suggestive signs some of these whiskey-dens have, — "The Sunset," "The How-

Come-You-So," "The Panther's Den;" and on one, in a North-Texas town, is inscribed the legend, "Road-to-Ruin Saloon — Ice-cold Beer 5 cts. a Skooner."

While passing the Dew-Drop-Inn saloon, we were startled by several pistol-shots being fired in quick succession inside the house, and only a few feet from us. Assuming a safe position behind a convenient cotton-bale, we awaited the development of events. A loud-talking crowd was in the saloon. The crash of glass, and the fragments of billiard-cues that came whizzing out of the door, indicated that somebody was raising Gehenna inside. As the shooting ceased, the crowd came pouring out, carrying the limp form of a man who was shot in the leg, had a bullet in his left lung, and was bleeding profusely from a knife-cut on the neck. Inquiry elicited the information that he was a cowboy, who, being on a "high lonesome," entered the saloon, and incontinently began discharging his six-shooter at the lamps and mirrors behind the bar. This, it seems, is a favorite pastime with the high-spirited cattle-kings in their moments of enthusiasm. The *rôle* had been enacted, however, with such frequency, of late, that it began to pall on the taste of the spectators. What was at first a tragedy, exciting and dramatic, was now but a vapid piece of very weak comedy of questionable taste and doubtful propriety. So thought the barkeeper; and he emphasized his views by placing a few bullets where he thought they would do the most good, and have the most mollifying effect. The wounds were fatal. The playful cowboy died, and, as a bystander remarked, "never knew what hurt him."

The barkeeper was never tried. In less than twenty-four hours this "difficulty," as it was called, passed out of the public mind in the light of a fresh and more interesting incident of a like character, where two men were killed, and one woman dangerously wounded.

So long as a town remains the terminus of a railroad in Western Texas, it presents the characteristics described. The roughest of wild frontiersmen and desperadoes congregate there. It is what is called, in the classic vernacular of the country, "a hoorah place." As soon as the terminus is located

ten or twelve miles farther west, a new town springs up, the rowdy element moves out of the old one, half of the houses are moved off to the new town, and the place, wrecked and dismantled, is left to the few people who came to stay. It is then that the real progress and civilization begins. Brick houses take the place of the wooden ones carried away; the bullet-holes in the doors and shutters are filled with putty; the brazen noise of the music-hall is hushed, and in its stead the voice of the Methodist circuit-rider is heard singing the songs of Zion.

Some years ago the trapper, the hunter, and the ox-wagon pioneer formed a transition state between the end of savagery and the beginning of civilization. The change and development were gradual: they may be compared to the cathedral at Cologne. One generation after another added wing after wing; there was pleasing variety in the architecture; each addition merged harmoniously into the preceding one; and all had their history and associations. The whole structure was the result of growth upon growth, change after change, until little of the original could be recognized. The slow march of improvement in our ancestors' days allowed time for mellowing down the acute angles incident to new structures, — allowed time for the growth of architectural light and shade, for the adornment of homes, and for the cultivation of social amenities. Now the civilization incident to railroad extension moves, as it were, by columns, and in forced marches. No advance guard of skirmishing pioneers hew out the way: the change is sudden, startling, and decidedly characteristic of American civilization, — a sudden substitution of a busy community for a hitherto untrodden wilderness. The benefits that are thus gained in time are counterbalanced by the newness and the monotonous rectangularity of every object presented to the eye. The distressingly geometrical construction of every thing — from an easy-chair to a court-house, from a spittoon to a watering trough — is very offensive to the eye that has been accustomed to the rounding and mellowing effect produced by the hand of time.

These headstrong, irresistible pioneers have not time to think that the curvilinear is the line of beauty; and, if they

should think of it, it would only be as of a thing associated with a future and more luxurious age. They are in that state where beauty and ornamentation are subservient to utility and economy.

In the hotel where we were stopping, there was a guest whose name, as the register showed, was Joseph P. Maxwell, but who was better known among his associates and the people of the town as "Monte Joe." He had been in Luling about three months. No one knew where he came from, and no one cared to know. He had stepped off the train one morning, had registered at the hotel, and in three days afterwards was on speaking terms with one-half of the male population of the place.

In a town like Luling, society was not exacting. A stranger was not required to exhibit credentials, nor to state who his grandfather was, as a condition of *entrée* into society. In fact, society was of a mixed character, — if it had any character at all, — and could not afford to be particular. Monte Joe was handsome, well dressed, and of genial manners. He brought a blue-eyed, sunny-haired child with him, — his daughter, — a smiling, laughing, little fairy, who captured the hearts of all who knew her. In her presence the cares of life vanished; and the people felt, as they listened to her joyous, childish prattle, that, after all, this world was not such a vale of tears as they had thought it was.

Little May saw but the rosy-hued side of the clouds that encircled her life. She loved the bright sunshine, the birds, and the flowers; she loved music and pictures: but above all, and with a greater and stronger love, she loved her father, Monte Joe the gambler. These two, father and daughter, seemed to live for each other, and in the light of their mutual love.

Joe's face had a worn, sad look, except when he was playing with the child. Then there was a soft, happy light in his eyes, and a womanly look on his handsome face. When he got excited at the gambling-table, and swore, or when he was insulted or annoyed, — then the sadness and womanliness vanished, and his eyes gave evidence of the devil within.

It must be acknowledged that Joe was much given to the vice of swearing, but he never swore in the child's presence. It was pretty well known that he was ready at all times to back any statement that he might make, and to give his opponent choice of weapons. His friends claimed that he never "took water;" but it must not be inferred from this that he declined to use water as a beverage. It was only their terse way of explaining that he was a brave man. Joe was not a bully: he never sought a quarrel; but, as those who knew him said, when a quarrel was forced upon him, "he was there." It was rumored that he had killed three men, but that did not detract from his standing in a community where killing a man was often a necessity and a praiseworthy action. No one could tell any thing about Joe's history previous to his advent in Luling. He never received any letters, and he never wrote any. Regarding the past, he was reticent. He and the child seemed to be alone in the world. Little May had never known any relatives except her father. Joe wore a deep band of crape on his hat. He was father and mother and all to her, and she was all the world to him. The boys used to say, that, if the child should die, her death would kill Joe. Amid such surroundings, and associating with such characters as of necessity little May was compelled to associate with, it was a wonder that the child retained her childishness. There was nothing pert or precocious in her words or actions; although she sometimes had quaint ways of expressing herself, and would ask queer and startling questions. She played but little with other children. When her father was absent, she

LITTLE MAY.

would amuse herself in a corner, for hours at a time, with the end of an old billiard-cue dressed in rags for a doll. This doll was the recipient of all her secrets. She would tell it how lonely she was when papa was away, how much she loved papa, and what beautiful things she was going to sew and "broider" for him when she became a big girl. Her greatest desire was to get, "to wear all the time every day," as she expressed it, some old jewelry that her papa kept in a trunk, and used to bring out and show to her when they were alone on Sunday mornings. "And, Dolly," the child would say, "I wish you was big too, that you might tell me what makes papa cry when he puts that pretty chain around my neck. Papa says he will tell me some day, when I's a big girl, when we live in a pretty little house that will be May's own house, with vines all around it, and pictures on the walls, and a bird in a gold cage. Then I'll let nobody live there but papa — and you, Dolly, if you be good."

She told stories to the doll about giants — bad and wicked giants — who ate little children, and afterwards came to an untimely end, as all bad and wicked giants should. Papa killed all the giants, and it was papa who rescued all the children who were in danger from bears and lions. And the child added something to every story, wherein "papa" figured as the champion of the oppressed, the benefactor of the poor, and the good angel who guarded the virtuous.

As little May walked down the street with her father, women who had lost all their womanliness — and there were many such in the town — spoke in hushed tones in her presence. To them she was a speck of gold in a mass of baser metal, a ray of light from a better world, a bright piece of color on a sombre background. As her childish words and joyous laugh smote the ears of those, who, although now hardened with the world's folly, had still a woman's heart, they were moved by her freshness and purity; and the unbidden tear often coursed down their cheeks, as they thought of the time when they, too, were but a little lower than the angels.

And so they went on from day to day, little May and her father. From the nature of Joe's profession, he was at leisure

during the day. In the summer mornings, while yet the dew was on the grass, he and the child would be seen passing down the street, out by the cemetery, past the straggling huts and tents where the railroad hands lived, on into the woods, — the child sometimes on her father's back or in his arms; sometimes running along by his side, chasing the butterflies and the humming-birds, or gathering the wild-flowers of the prairie. Down by the banks of the clear stream they would go, — down into the valley, where, in the sunlight, grew the flowers and grasses (a rich and beautiful carpet of Nature's weaving), while in the shade the fern and the vine flourished in luxurious profusion, — down in the groves of the valley, with their patches of light and shade, where Nature's choristers chanted carols of joy, and sang songs of welcome. There in some quiet nook they staid and played and laughed all through the long summer day, — the father telling fairy-tales to the child; the little one weaving crowns of leaves for her father's head, and garlands of flowers for his neck. It was there that Joe the gambler told little May, in words suited to her understanding, the old, old story of man's creation and woman's disobedience, of God's love and compassion, and of the Saviour's suffering. He told her of heaven and of the angels there, and of the joy and peace and rest in the home of the good beyond this life. Joe was a sceptic, and would have claimed that he did not believe these tales any more than he believed the other fairy-tales that he told to the child; but he felt, that although he could do without a religion and a God himself, yet he could not afford to let his child believe as he did. With a strange inconsistency, he acted as if the belief that was good enough for himself was not good enough for his "little one," as he loved to call her; and he taught her, as well as he could, the religion of his mother.

The God that the child was taught to love was not the God that we, in our childhood, were taught to fear, — a being whose chief attributes were wrath, anger, and revenge. They tried to teach us to love him by telling of the calamities he would send on us in the present, and the seething hell he would consign us to in the future, if we whistled on Sunday, or failed to enjoy reading the genealogical tables and narratives of kingly

atrocities and priestly fallibilities contained in the Bible. They pointed out to us the passage in the Good Book where we were informed that "God is angry with the wicked every day;" and then they explained to us how totally wicked and depraved we were. This was not the God that little May believed in. Her God was one that loved little children, — one that came down to earth, and took little ones in his arms, — one whose heart was full of love and compassion, and who gave life and health where the God they tried to force on us sent death and torment. To little May, God was a real though unseen personage, who got credit equally with her father for providing all the good things she received. She talked to him when alone; and, every night when she prayed, she asked him to send papa home safe, often adding, "and make him bring some candy too." Her faith in God and in her father was wonderful.

One day Joe was walking down the street with little May by his side, when a man stepped out of a saloon, and cursed him, accusing him of having acted unfairly at the gambling-table. He slapped Joe on the face. Joe became very pale, and trembled so that one not knowing him would have supposed that he was afraid. For a moment he looked irresolutely at the child by his side; then, taking her up in his arms, he hurried to the hotel. Not a word was said by Joe or any of the spectators. It was some time before those who were witnesses to the occurrence recovered enough from their surprise at the temerity of the man who had insulted Joe, to offer any criticisms on his action. Then the saloon-keeper, looking up at the sky with half-closed eyes, as if he were making an abstruse astronomical calculation, remarked, "There'll be a dead man round somewhar to-night."

It was a true prediction. The jury said that Joe was justifiable.

During the second day of our stay in Luling the doctor was called on by the landlord, and requested to go and see little May, who was sick. "Five weeks ago," said the landlord, "she was out with her father down by the creek, and came home with a sort of dumb chill, and she hasn't got over it yet, and I'm afeerd she never will. God knows that we would rather

part with the best man in town than with little May, we all love her so!"

It appeared, that, from the day on which May became ill, she had never left her room. Day by day she became more feeble, and now for a week she had been unable to leave her little bed. The people of the town talked lovingly of her patience in suffering, and showed their sympathy and love for her by sending fruits and flowers, toys and fancy groceries enough to have made Santa Claus envious; and one big Irish tie-spiker sent her a bottle of whiskey, with a message that she "would foind a drap av it, wid hot wather and shugar, moighty comfortin' whin the chills took hoult." The people were all very considerate of her comfort. The owner of the ten-pin alley closed the place for a week, rather than disturb her with the noise; and the landlord, with a club, knocked down a man who had startled the child by shooting a negro on the sidewalk.

I accompanied the doctor in his visits several times. We found the little one cheerful and happy, as she sat propped up with pillows at the head of her bed. She was gazing out of a window, across the tree-tops, at the place where, with her father, she had spent so many happy hours, and where the wild-flowers now bloomed for other eyes, and the birds sang for other ears; for nevermore would little May visit the place, or leave her room again.

It was on the eve of the day before we left Luling that we saw her for the last time. Her father was going to her room with medicine. He told us she was much better, and that he thought the crisis was over. He invited us to go and see her.

We entered the room on tiptoe. On a small bed by the window lay little May. Her face was thin and pale, and but the shadow of a dimple was on her cheek. Her eyes had a sober, suffering, far-away look, until she saw Joe coming in behind us. Then her eyes brightened up until they shone like stars, the pained look on her face gave way to a smile, and the dimple for an instant came back to her cheek. Joe sat down on a low chair by her side, and we stood around her bed. She reached out her thin little arms toward her father.

"The doctor says I am going to die and leave you. Is it true, papa?"

Her father buried his face in the pillow, and sobbed.

"Then, papa, we won't have any more nice picnics together; and I'll have to go to heaven alone, all by myself. But don't

DEATH OF LITTLE MAY.

cry: you will come soon, papa, won't you? and I'll watch for you; and when you come, we will gather flowers together all day long by the beautiful river, and I'll never go away from you any more."

The last rays of the sun, as it sinks behind the distant hori-

zon, lights up her face with a rosy tint, as with an effort she puts her arms around Joe's neck, and whispers, "My poor, lonely old papa!"

Then all is still. There is no sound in the room, except the tick-tick of the little clock on the mantelpiece, as it registers the flow of the river of time into the ocean of eternity; but musical echoes of the jubilant song of the heavenly visitants around the bed of little May on earth reach to the gates of heaven itself. The angel sentinels on the walls of the golden city take up the refrain, and the glad chorus resounds through all the corridors of the heavenly mansion, until it bursts in exultant hosannas around the throne of God.

Little May is dead.

ANCIENT IDOL.

MODERN IDOL.

CHAPTER XX.

WE STARTED from Luling at six o'clock in the morning. By eleven it was so hot that we were compelled to seek shade and rest. There had been no rain for six weeks; and the natives were beginning to predict that this would be as bad as 1857, the dry year in Western Texas. In that year the drought killed all the crops; and there was nothing raised, not even an umbrella, during the whole season. One man told us that we were bound to have rain sooner or later; and, when it did come, it would be a deluge, and there would be no telling when it would quit raining, — that it would be like unto a great dam broken loose. There had been a great many damns breaking loose from the exasperated farmer, he said; but they had had no perceptible effect on the meteorological condition of Western Texas.

For three thousand years, more or less, we have all been bored nearly to death hearing and reading about how much superfluous wisdom Solomon was endowed with. Among other sayings of his, that are being continually inflicted on the public, is one to the effect that "there is nothing new under the sun." Wonder if Solomon ever saw any thing like Western Texas

weather! It is new every day, and sometimes two or three times a day. It may snow and hail in the morning; about dinner-time the clouds will let their garnered fulness down; and in the evening you can have Italian sunset and moonlight, palm-leaf fans, and ice-cream. The man who undertakes to predict the weather, and makes one bull-eye in a possible ninety-nine, is doing better than can seventy-five of the oldest inhabitants.

Texas is infested with people who predict sudden changes in the weather. The weather-sharp is an alleged prophet, who tries to make people believe he is more intimate with the climate than anybody else in the whole community. One would suppose, to hear him talk, that he slept with the clerk of the weather, who adopted his suggestions. He is to be found everywhere. All he wants is a climate: any climate will do, even a second-hand one; but he has to have some little climate to start with, and then he makes up all the rest of the climate as he goes along. Dr. Kane found weather-sharps up among the Esquimaux, within three and a half inches, on the map, of the north pole. They would predict by infallible signs, that within three days the weather would be so sultry you might go in bathing "mit nodings on." Stanley found weather-sharps in the heart of Africa, who, when it was hot enough to cause the mercury to knock the end off a three-foot thermometer, would swear it was impossible for forty-eight hours to pass over without a norther. It is as ridiculous to talk of a sober inebriate or an honest thief as it is to talk about a truthful weather-sharp. Originally, perhaps, they were not so depraved. They do not reach the hard-pan of wickedness, the bed-rock of depravity, at once. At first they begin by predicting what kind of weather is going to be on the day following; and they keep it up until finally, losing all moral restraint, they will tell you

THE WEATHER-SHARP.

to a day how many millions of years it will be before the earth will become a lump of solid ice, or fall into the sun and burn up everybody, including the weather-sharp. In no other instance do they ever predict any thing pleasant or favorable. They become reckless and desperate, and inflict a six-months' drought or an unheard-of severe winter on a helpless population without winking. And yet, if some public benefactor were to brain one of these climatic frauds, half the newspapers would be shocked, and say the act was injudicious, and calculated to discourage immigration; whereas the reverse is the truth. What immigrants are going to come to a country where these weather-fiends go about tampering with the elements, interfering with the seasons, and making everybody afraid to go out fishing on Sunday for fear there will be an earthquake or a deluge before he can get back?

It is a sight to exasperate a saint, to observe one of those old graven images inspect the clouds, as if he had furnished the material they were made of, rub the end of his chin on his palm, and drawl, "Well, I reckon, boys, if we don't have a change within a week, we are in for a right smart spell of weather, if old Uncle Billy knows any thing about it; and you bet he does." Occasionally this venerable monument of the good nature or negligence of the fool-killer will try to ring in wild ducks, squirrels, and even the shells of the pecan-nuts, as joint conspirators against the public peace of mind. He is the outcast who started the superstition that wild ducks are a forerunner of cold weather, and many there are who still follow the delusion. They put on flannels and winter clothes, and buy firewood when it is higher than four dollars a load; and then warm weather sets in for six weeks, and they sweat and swear, and are afraid to take off their warm dry-goods for fear of catching cold. It is the weather-sharp who induced soft-headed people to believe that the amount of pecans the squirrel stores away in his vaults has something to do with the kind of a winter that has been ordered for the occasion. If the squirrels lay up plenty of pecans, it is because the mast is abundant. When there are no pecans, the prudent squirrel does not lay up any, not even if the winter should last for six months.

The squirrel himself has better sense than to believe in such humbug. When he looks out of the garret-window of a four-story tree, and sees the young man of the period riding out in a buggy in his last winter's coat, the squirrel doesn't say, "Young men are wearing their winter clothes already. I must lay in firewood, and the children have got to have new under-clothes, and I need an overcoat, and Mrs. Squirrel will have to get a new fall bonnet. This is going to be a hard winter, because young men wear winter clothes early." You never hear of a squirrel emitting any such nonsense. He thinks for himself, and muses correctly: "That young man wears his winter coat thus early because he had to take his duster to the pawnbroker to raise money to pay the buggy-hire."

And about pecan-shells. It is said that when they are hard, the winter is going to be cold — as if a pecan had a sixty-three ounce brain. An investigation will show that two trees within fifty yards of each other will bear pecans the shells of which differ very much in thickness.

This brings me naturally to another subject that I have already alluded to, — the Texas climate, and what it is good for. The climate is an unabridged one, and I feel that I would be doing it an injustice if I did not devote a page or two to it.

When the pious old Spanish missionaries first came to Western Texas to convert the Indians — and every thing else they could lay their hands on — to their own use, they noticed the extreme balminess of the atmosphere, the gorgeous Italian sunsets, and the superior quality of the climate. They were surprised to think that the Creator would waste so much good climate on the wicked heathen. Back where they all came from, — where the folks were all good Catholics, and observed two hundred and eleven holy days in the year, — they couldn't raise as much climate in twelve months as they could harvest in Western Texas in one short week.

In the early days of the Republic of Texas, and even after annexation, many of the white men who came to Western Texas from all parts of the United States had strong sanitary reasons for preferring a change of climate. To be more explicit, most of the invalids had been threatened with symptoms of throat-

disease. So sudden and dangerous is this disease, that the slightest delay in moving to a new and milder climate is apt to be fatal, — the sufferer dying of dislocation of the spinal *vertebræ* at the end of a few minutes and a rope.

A great many men, as soon as they heard of Western Texas, left their homes in Arkansas, Indiana, and other States, — left immediately, between two days ; the necessity of their departure being so urgent that they were obliged to borrow the horses they rode to Texas on. All these invalids recovered on reaching San Antonio. In fact, they began to feel better, and to consider themselves out of danger, as soon as they crossed the Guadalupe River. Some of them, who would not have lived twenty-four hours longer if they had not left their old homes, reached a green old age in Western Texas, and, by carefully avoiding the causes that led to their former troubles, were never again in any danger of the bronchial affection already referred to. As soon as it was discovered that the climate of Western Texas was favorably disposed toward invalids, a large number of that class of unfortunates came to San Antonio. Many well-authenticated cases of recoveries are recorded. Men have been known to come to San Antonio suffering with consumption, and so far recover as to be able to run for office within a year, and to be defeated by a large and respectable majority, all owing to the dry atmosphere, and the popularity of the other candidate.

There is very little winter in Western Texas. But for the northers, San Antonio would have a tropical climate, as it is situated on the same parallel of latitude as Cairo in Egypt, where they have tropics all the year round. As it is, there is seldom any frost, although it is not an unusual thing for lumps of ice several inches thick to be found in tumblers by those who go to market in the early morning. Occasionally New-Year's calls are made in white linen suits and an intoxicated condition. Spring begins seriously in February. The forest-trees put on their beautiful garments of green, and the fruit-trees come out in bloom. Prairie-flowers and freckles come out in this month, and the rural editor begins to file away spring poetry. In February stove-pipes are laid away in the wood-

shed, and the sirup-of-squills and "Kough-Kure" man puts a coat of illuminated texts on the garden-fence. Seed-ticks are not pulled until April. Early in March the doctors oil their stomach-pumps; for the green mulberry ripens about that time, and has to be removed from the schoolboy.

Toward the middle of April the early peach appears; and all nature — and the druggist — smiles, ushering in the long and lingering summer-time, when the ice-cream festival of the Church of the Holy Embarrassment rageth from one end of fair and sunny Texas to the other.

Such is a short synopsis of the varying features of the Texas climate, as described to me by an old veteran. He also told me that there used to be a very peculiar fruit in Western Texas, that of late years has become quite scarce. It was something in the nature of a parasite, like the mistletoe, growing on almost any kind of tree, but generally preferring those with wide-spreading branches, from which it hung pendent. It ripened at almost any season. There was a great deal of this fruit collected by the coroner in Wilson County in 1860. While it no longer grows wild, so to speak, in the forest, it is still cultivated with much success in enclosed yards — jail-yards principally.

Almost all kinds of fruit that grow in the Northern States can be successfully raised in Texas. Figs and grapes grow in great quantities, and attain a large size. Two kinds of grapes are indigenous to the soil, — mustang, and a small variety of sweet winter grape. Wine can be made from either kind, and drunk with highly unsatisfactory results. The farmers probably do not know how to make it. The stuff they manufacture and call wine is sour enough to pucker up the mouth of a cannon.

The proprietor of the Houston "Age" told me that an old farmer from the Brazos once presented the marine editor of the "Age" with a complimentary bottle of native mustang wine in return for three-years' subscription he was owing. The old salt, who compiled the shipping intelligence for the columns of the "Age," was so carried away with gratitude, that he wrote a juicy editorial on Fort Bend County claret, telling how superior it was to the imported article, which was

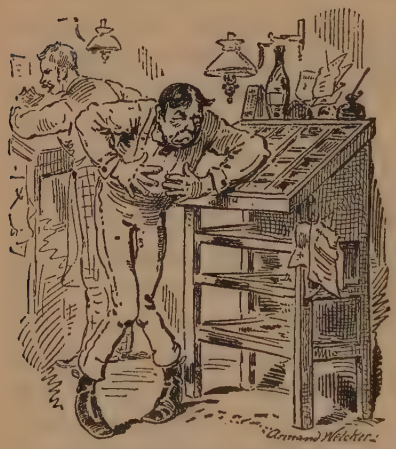
usually adulterated. He recommended it for medicinal purposes on account of its being the pure juice of the grape, and wound up by calling the old farmer the people's benefactor.

The editor was an old traveller, and too smart to drink any of the diabolical stuff. He had a family dependent on his exertions: he was afraid that taking a glass of the healthful beverage might invalidate his life-insurance policy, even if it failed in more fatal results. But the printers were young men, and of strong constitution. The editor sent one of them the bottle of wine along with the article on the Fort Bend County claret, which was to be set up immediately.

After refreshing himself with a long pull at the bottle, the printer went to work. He had set up the first part — about the wine being good for medicinal purposes — before the stuff began to take effect. The colic was so severe that he could not stand up to pick the type; and, when he did set up a line between the spasms, his type and his talk were rather contradictory. When he got to the length of "delicious flavor, and beneficial effects on the digestive organs," the cramps got him, and he gave vent to his feelings in the most horrible profanity, cursing the wine, the villain who made it, and the editor who gave it to him. When he got the type straightened out to read, "This native wine of Texas is equal to the wine presented by the priests of Apollo to Ulysses, and which he described as luscious, pure, and worthy the palate of the gods: the wine of the native mustang grape will sustain the enervated energies of the invalid, and nerve the strong arm of the warrior to deeds of noble daring," he gave a howl, and ground his teeth together, as he yelled, "Oh, Lordy! how I wish I had the enervated invalid who sent me that liquid shoe-blacking! Canaan's happy shore! Wouldn't I make him sorry that he had nerved the strong arm of the warrior with the [profanity] diabolical stuff!"

Then he set up, "This wine, being the pure juice of the grape, and unadulterated, is suitable for sacramental purposes." Again he was doubled up; and as he pressed his hands on his stomach, and rolled on the floor, he said, "I always did hate a [more profanity] fool, anyhow. If I had the low assassin who

sent me that wine here — soul of Bacchus! wouldn't I sacrifice him! and that other old atrocity who made the stuff, how I'd like to see him hanging on one of his own sour-grape vines! — Jim, you unfeeling young pup, why don't you run for some whiskey, or a doctor, or something? Want to see me die in my tracks, do you?" [Prolonged profanity.]



"RUN FOR WHISKEY OR A DOCTOR."

The typographical errors in the article on "The Culture of the Native Grape" were so dreadful that the man who presented the wine to the editor stopped his paper.

I have not quite got through telling about the wonders of the Texas climate yet. As it was one of the most remarkable cases of a consumptive being cured after he had exhausted every known remedy, and when both of his lungs were gone, I have concluded to put it on record as illustrating the advantages Texas has to offer in the way of salubrity of climate.

His name was Crank. He was from Syracuse, N.Y., and was suffering from lung-disease. He came to Texas, hoping that the climate might benefit him. He came, however, when it was too late to hope for much improvement in his condition.

Away out on the hills, fifty miles west of San Antonio, the air is pure, there is no dampness in the atmosphere, and persons suffering with consumption, and going there in the early stages of the disease, are either cured, or have their days lengthened. This man, Crank, went to Boerne, but his health did not improve there. Boerne is a resort of consumptives; and he found too many invalids like himself, — invalids who talked about themselves and their poor remnants of lungs, and coughed and groaned all night. The hotels and boarding-houses smelled

like drug-stores, and the invalids drank to each other's better health in cod-liver oil until they smelled like ancient fishermen.

Mr. Crank moved out to Fredericksburg, — a town built on a high hill, and inhabited by Germans and beer-kegs. He took lodgings in the only hotel in the place, the Schwiker House, kept by a jolly Teuton, who was so rosy and cheerful that his very presence was better than the prescription of a doctor, and one of his jokes as good as a whole barrel of cod-liver oil. This old Sangerfest took quite a liking to the invalid, and determined to do all in his power to make him comfortable, and to cure him if possible.

I saw the sick man on his way to Fredericksburg. He was weak, and hardly able to sit in the wagon. Three weeks afterwards I met the landlord of the Schwiker House.

"Hello, old Schutzen-Verein, where is our sick friend?"

"Oh, dot sick man? He vas gone died already; but I cures him all de same, better as goot."

"How was that?"

"Vel, I tole you how it vas. Dot man, he vas very sick ven he cooms to mine house yet. He vas not like dot feller what pays nodings, and vants der pest room in der house. No, mine grashus! he vas not like dot. He care not much for any tings. He makes no racket like dot oder feller, because dose sheets vas damp. His abbetite vas so schmall he eats not much: so I likes dot man, und I gives him some exdra tings dot I not scharge for. I nurse him all der time; but he got pooty bad, and more worse every day, and von time he calls me to his room, und he says, —

OLD SANGERFEST.

"'Fritz, I am going dead, und I vants dose remains sent to New York to mine vife.' He say, 'Fritz, you vas mine friend; you vas goot to me; you vill not refuse to promise to a dead

man vat he ask. Mine vife, she vas a goot womans, Fritz: she expected dot I vould be cured down here. She vill be sorry, but you express me to her ven I vas dead already.'

"I had to make dot promise: I could not refuse. I all der time keeps mine promise to a dead man; and ven he vas dead as vun door-knob, I tinks vat I do mit him. It vas a very hot time, und he vould be decombosed if I sheep him to New York. I tought me of a vay, und I say, 'Fritz, you vas schmart,—de doctor could not cure him: you can cure him, py shiminy!'

CURING A CONSUMPTIVE.

So I dakes und puts him in a bath-tub mit pickle, und I pickles him two, tree day. Den I dakes und puts von schugar-barrel on top mit anoder, und hangs him up in der barrels, und I schmokes him for a veek. Den I sheep him to his vife in a box mit shtraw. I tole dot man ven he cooms I vould cure him. He gone died already; but I cures dot remains anyhow, py schingo!"

When Texas was admitted into the Union, the State retained control of her public domain. The title to all lands since disposed of emanates from the State. During the early history of Texas, liberal donations of land were made to settlers, and to the soldiers who fought in the war with Mexico. Land-certificates were issued to those entitled to them; and these certificates entitled the parties receiving them, or their assignees, to survey, and to acquire title to, the number of acres covered by the certificate, the land to be selected out of any part of the public domain. Certificates for immense quantities of public land have been given to those companies that have built railroads in Texas. The land for which these certificates have been

issued can now be bought at prices ranging from fifty cents to one dollar per acre. In the original titles of Texas land, the quantity was expressed in varas, labors, and leagues; and even now it is all measured by varas.

SPANISH LAND-MEASURE.

1 vara	33⅓ inches.	
1 acre	5,646	square varas (4,840 square yards).
1 labor	1,000,000	square varas (177 acres).
⅓ league	8,333,333	square varas (1,476 acres).
1 league	25,000,000	square varas (4,428 acres).
1 league and labor	26,000,000	square varas (4,605 acres).

To find the number of acres in a given number of square varas, divide by 5,646, fractions rejected.

Land improved and ready for cultivation can be rented at from three to six dollars per acre, the rent payable when the crops are marketed. Land-owners will rent land, and furnish the tenant with a house to live in, and with all the tools and teams necessary to cultivate the land. He will accept, as rent, one-half of the crop raised. If the tenant furnishes tools and teams, the land-owner gets one-third of the corn and one-fourth of the cotton. When necessary, the land-owner furnishes provisions, for which the tenant pays out of his part of the crop. The law says that the crop cannot be moved from the farm until the rent, and allowance in money and provisions, are paid to the land-owner. Thousands of farmers have made enough money in a year or two, on rented land, to purchase farms for themselves. In doing this, the industrious German is especially liable to be successful.

Article 2335 of the Revised Statutes of the State of Texas provides that the following property shall be reserved to every family, exempt from attachment or execution, and every other species of forced sale for the payment of debts, except as hereinafter provided.

"1. The homestead of a family; 2. All household and kitchen furniture; 3. Any lot or lots in a cemetery held for the purpose of sepulture; 4. All implements of husbandry; 5. All tools, apparatus, and books belonging to any profession or trade; 6. The family library, and all family portraits and pictures; 7. Five milch cows and their calves; 8. Two yoke of work-oxen,

with necessary yokes and chains; 9. Two horses and one wagon; 10. One carriage or buggy; 11. One gun; 12. Twenty hogs; 13. Twenty head of sheep; 14. All saddles, bridles, and harness necessary for the use of the family; 15. All provisions and forage on hand for home consumption; and 16. All current wages for personal services.

"ART. 2336. The 'homestead' of a family, not in a town or city, shall consist of not more than two hundred acres of land, which may be in one or more parcels, with the improvements thereon; the homestead in a city, town, or village, consisting of a lot or lots, not to exceed in value five thousand dollars at the time of their designation as the homestead, without reference to the value of any improvements thereon; provided that the same shall be used for the purpose of a home, or as a place to exercise the calling or business of the head of a family; provided, also, that any temporary renting of the homestead shall not change the character of the same when no other homestead has been acquired."

The homestead-law allows every head of a family in Texas two hundred acres of land that cannot be sold for debt. Some people, who have not got two hundred acres of land, are envious enough to say that this law was made to enable the horny-handed farmer to sustain his family on fancy groceries, and to buy a piano for his daughter. They say it makes him feel, that, whatever may be his misfortune, there is one little spot on this earth he can call his own. The thought of death is robbed of its sting, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that his offspring will be provided for, even if the children of his creditors have to content themselves with cornbread and a jew's-harp.

The operation of the Texas homestead-law makes death a luxury, not only to the debtor, but also to the ruined creditor. It is said that it enables the bone and sinew of a country to feel calm and serene in the presence of an execution for debt, and encourages the honest farmer to defraud the merchant who sells him goods on credit.

The advocates of this law say it is a wise measure, and was made to protect the wife and children from the action of the spendthrift head of a family. Its provisions prevent him from mortgaging the homestead. A Texan who does not own more than two hundred acres of land never has been known to sit in the back-room, and turn a bulldog loose in the front-yard on the first day of the month. The circumstances do not demand

any such precaution. He can afford to be courteous to those who dun him, to be even jocular with them on the subject of his debts. He invites them to go through his house, and see the modern improvements he has introduced at their expense. This is the reason that the facilities for amassing a fortune in Texas are so profuse. Nowhere else can a man, on such a small capital, and in the same length of time, reach to such affluence as the homestead-law enables him to attain in Texas. Circulars inviting immigration to Texas, and describing the advantages of the State, never fail to draw a touching picture of the beauty of the homestead-law, and the facilities it affords for evading the absurd and antique practice of paying debts.

When it is hinted, as it very frequently is, to the friends of the homestead-law, that justice seems to be lop-sided in the matter, and that the wives and children of the storekeepers who supply the farmer, and who are daily defrauded by the action of the law, have rights as well as the farmer's family, and are deserving of equal protection with them, they reply, that "The law does not compel the storekeeper to sell goods on credit, therefore there is no injustice done him; that, if he does sell on credit, it is at his own risk, for he is supposed to know the law; that he can turn farmer, and get the benefit of the law, if he so desires, or he can sell out his stock of goods, invest in a city lot, build a fine house on it that no one can touch for debt, then live on credit, and thus enjoy the blessings of the beneficent homestead-law."

This reminds one of the king of the island of Kawahowa and his parliament. The majority of the king's subjects made a living by fishing. The king and parliament declared that no person should pay to the fishermen more than a certain fixed price for fish,--about one-fourth of their value. The fishermen waited on his Majesty, and stated that they would be unable to make a living by selling fish at the prices specified, and hinted at the injustice of the law. His Majesty laid the matter before his parliament, the members of which were noted for their ability to consume vast quantities of the brain-fertilizer in question. They decided that "the decree does not compel those fishermen to be fishermen. They need not catch and

sell fish unless they so desire. Knowing the law, they have no one to blame if they fail to make a success of the business. There is, therefore, no injustice done them. God save the king!"

Besides the advantages that the homestead-law offers to the settler in Texas, there are many others that he shares when he casts his lot with the people of this great State.

MEXICAN TEAMSTERS.

CHAPTER XXI.

WE drew near to San Antonio we saw many Mexicans. More than half the people we met or passed on the road, the day we reached San Antonio, were Mexican wagoners, — some driving mule-teams, others driving oxen; the oxen not pulling the load, but pushing it with their heads, a cross-bar on the front of the pole being strapped to their horns with leather thongs. The teamsters plod silently along beside their slow teams: they never seem to be in a hurry, but act as if they had very little to do, and all time to do it in.

I have never heard a Mexican teamster sing, but I have heard him sometimes curse his oxen. (Wonder if any one ever did drive an ox-team without cursing them!) Cursing an ox in the soft, musical, Spanish language, sounds like a benediction in English. When an ox stalls, or becomes unusually obstinate, the Mexican driver realizes how inadequate the Spanish language is to meet the exigencies of the situation; and it is said that on such occasions he has recourse to English expletives.

We met an old Mexican riding on a donkey. He rode without either saddle or bridle, and sat so far back on the donkey that his coat, hanging down, covered the tail of the animal.

Afterwards this was a common sight to us. All Mexicans ride donkeys in the same manner.

"Buenos dias, senor!"

"Good-morning!"

"Is this the road to San Antonio?"

"Quien sabe?"

"How far is it to San Antonio?"

"No entiendo, senor."

We put a variety of questions to the old man, and the doctor went so far as to recite to him two verses of "The Raven;" but his invariable reply was, "Quien sabe?" ("Who knows?") or "No entiendo" ("I do not understand").

The Mexican, however, seemed to enjoy the conversation very much, and bowed and smiled, and bowed again, when we parted with him.

This conversation reminded me of Michael Sullivan's first lesson in Spanish. Michael was a hardy and honest Celt. He left the old country with the price of a good farm in his pocket, came to Atascoso County, Texas, and bought a piece of raw land, — what is usually called an unimproved place. As he "couldn't get along wid the naygurs," he hired some of his own countrymen to clear the timber off the place. Needing more laborers, and having mentioned the matter to his neighbor, Williams, Mr. Williams brought a Mexican to him.

"CAN HE CHOP?"

"Mr. Sullivan, here is a Mexican who wants work. I think he will suit you."

"Can he chop?"

"Oh, yes! he can do most any thing. I have found him a good hand, and he'll work for fifteen dollars a month."

"An' foind himsilf?"

"Yes; but he can't speak a word of English."

"All the betther for that. I can't spake a word av Mixican, and I want to larn it. I'll tache him English, an' he can tache me the Mixican."

"Yes; a good idea."

"Is these Mixicans obaydient to their supariors? I hope they are more biddable than the naygurs."

TACHIN' A HAYTHEN.

"You need not fear that, Mr. Sullivan. This man Rodriguez will do any thing you tell him to do."

"Well, thin, Rody, me boy," said Michael, "I've hired ye. Now take this axe, an' whale away at thim postoaks down there."

"No entiendo, senor," said the Mexican.

"The divil and Tom Walker! Listen to what he is afther sayin', the haythen. He don't intind to. But the divil's cure to ye, I'll make ye intind to. See here, now: I've hired ye to work a month for fifteen dollars. No backin' out, now. Take that axe, an' don't give any lip, but go to work right at wanst."

"No entiendo," said the Mexican.

"Ye dont, eh?"

Off went Michael's coat; and, before the greaser could realize what his new master's vigorous demonstrations meant, he found himself sprawling on his back, his mouth full of blood and sand, and a vague idea in his Aztec brain that he had been struck by lightning. Further bodily harm would have been done to him had Mr. Williams not interfered, and explained to the irate Michael what the Mexican meant. Michael was at last mollified, and shook hands with the discomfited greaser, but intimated that the "haythen desarved all he got for not spaking like a Christian." This was Mr. Sullivan's first Spanish lesson.

After parting with the old Mexican, we hurried on, that we might reach San Antonio before night.

As the last rays of the setting sun were glorifying the hill-tops around us, we looked down into the valley, and there, below us, in the peaceful shadows of evening, lay the "quaint old city" of San Antonio, — the birthplace of Texas liberty, — the scene of heroic deeds, — the spot that "Freedom, from her mountain heights," used to grieve over, until her grief was assuaged by the sacrifice offered up at the Alamo, where one hundred and eighty-eight Americans held the fort for eleven days against a force of two thousand Mexicans, and where all the one hundred and eighty-eight Americans were killed, though not until thrice as many dead Mexicans gave evidence of the prowess of the heroic band led by Bowie, Travis, and Crockett.

As we were too hungry to shed a tear, or to indulge in the thoughts and sentiments appropriate to such a scene, we turned our attention to our jaded ponies, and by gentle whipping, and an energetic use of the spur, encouraged them so much, that in half an hour we stood in the hall of the Menger Hotel, and realized that we were in a city that, in historic interest, romantic surroundings, and a strange, foreign aspect, has no equal in the United States.

Historians agree that in 1602 there was a settlement at or near the present site of the city of San Antonio. This settlement was called San Fernando. I have obtained from the old records the following translation of the original royal order creating the Villa de San Fernando. This, I think, settles the date of the foundation of the town now called San Antonio.

DON JUAN DE ACUNA, *Marquis de Casa Fuerte, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Commander of Adelpha en los de Alcantara, representing his Majesty, Supreme Military Commander, Civic Executive Officer, Viceroy, Governor and Captain-General of New Spain, etc.:*

In that we have given several provinces, from this date forward, for the use and benefit of the fifteen families which, by the right of royal order, are coming from the Canary Islands, and which are now on their way to demand their right to possess the country that has been assigned them, among which is the presidio de San Antonio de Bexar; and the necessary orders having been given by Brig. Pedro Rivera, and ap-

proved by the auditor-general of war: therefore, by these presents, I do order the governor of the province of Texas, Don Juan Antonio Bustamento, and, in case of his absence or other impediment, the captain of the said presidio de San Antonio, to take charge of the list remitted of said fifteen families. He will make a note of their names and surnames, and also of those of their parents, and the county each of them was born in; he will also make a note of their age, and as to whether they be single or married; take the names of their wives and the parents of their wives, and record the place of their birth; and make record, also, as to whether their wives have children, the number of them, and the names and ages of such children. And by virtue of this despatch and law 6, book iv. of the Recapitulations of the Laws of the West Indies, in which his Majesty commands to honor all families, sons, and the legitimate descendants of all those who have pledged themselves to erect towns, and fulfilled their promises, the heads of these families are declared noblemen in that city which they propose to erect, or in any city of the West Indies, and will be recognized and held as noblemen and gentlemen of the Kingdom of Castile, according to the grants and laws of Spain. By these presents, therefore, we command that all of them, and each and every one of the heads of these fifteen families, their sons, and legitimate descendants of said noblemen, to be honored and respected as all the noblemen of the Kingdom of Castile, according to the grants and laws of Spain, and as his Majesty wishes done. And by virtue of this declaration, the necessary documents will be issued by my superior government whenever demanded. This despatch will remain in the custody of the government at San Fernando, and you will inform the families, when they arrive, of the contents of this order.

Be it further understood, that this despatch authorizes the governor to set six for councilmen, one for sheriff, one for notary public, and another for chief justice and custodian of public property. These shall have authority to appoint two justices of the peace. The governor will attend personally at the first meeting of the council, take the oath of office of those officers, and place them in possession of their respective positions, and will issue their commissions; a certified copy of which proceedings he will remit to me for my approval: and he will also attend the first election for justices of the peace, and inform them of the systems and rules they will have to observe, of which testimony must likewise be remitted. And this being the first political town of this colony to be founded in the province of Texas, I declare it the capital of the province. It will be named "La Villa de San Fernando;" but to his Majesty is re-

served the authority of confirming the name, and selecting the coat of arms, according to his royal pleasure, subsequent to his being furnished with testimony, according to these presents, by the said governor or captain.

(Signed) MARQUIS DE CASA FUERTE.

By command of his Excellency,
ANTONIO DE AVITES.

Dated at the city of Mexico, this
28th November, A.D. 1730.

From the time that we arrived in San Antonio until we left, we were continually being surprised by strange and un-American sights. The city, with its narrow streets and queer buildings, is much more like a provincial town in France or Spain than like our rectangular American cities. The Menger Hotel has a large courtyard inside the building. This yard is about a hundred feet square, is flagged with large, flat stones, has trees growing in it, and a stream of water flowing through it. Galleries run around the four sides of the buildings that surround the courtyard. Stone stairways lead from this courtyard to the hotel bedrooms. The doors of the rooms on the ground floor open from the courtyard; and these bedrooms are carpetless, and stone-flagged like the yard. The first night that I occupied an iron bedstead in one of these cells, and lay awake for hours listening to a mocking-bird whistling in a fig-tree at my window, I felt as if the United States must be a long way off.

San Antonio is called the Alamo City, or the City of the Alamo. The inhabitants are very proud of the Alamo. They consider it a sacred duty to let the stranger know that he is in the city of the Alamo, and ought to be grateful that there is such a place to come to. The first thing that I noticed, when I stepped out at the side-door of the hotel in the morning, was an ice-wagon. I noticed it because the street was not wide enough for both of us, and one of the wheels took a chip off my leg. "Alamo Ice Company" was painted on the side of the wagon. I walked across the plaza to the Alamo drug-store to get some arnica. An aged gentleman sitting in front of the

store seemed to take a great deal of interest in my misfortune, and recommended a bottle of Alamo liniment, — a medicine patented by the proprietor of the drug-store. The aged gentleman, knowing I was a stranger, volunteered a vast amount of information. "This is the Alamo plaza," he said; "and that square building in the centre of the plaza is the Alamo meat-market."

From where I stood I could see the Alamo livery-stable, the Alamo cigar-store, and the Alamo tin-shop. I was told that around the corner I could find the Alamo bakery, the Alamo brewery, the engine-house of the Alamo Fire Company, and the rooms of the Alamo Literary Society. The aged gentleman said there was some talk of building an Alamo monument, that the name and fame of the historic spot might be kept before the people; and I could not detect any sarcasm in the tone of his voice when he said it. I said that I was anxious to see the sacred premises, — the cradle in which Texas liberty was first rocked. The aged gentleman said he would take pleasure in showing it to me. We walked across the plaza, and around the market-house.

"There, sir, is the old church of the Alamo!" and the aged gentleman anchored himself to the pavement with his cane, swelled out his chest, and pointed proudly across the way.

"What! that flat-roofed building with the tree in front?"

"No, no! that is the Alamo saloon, — a point of interest that we shall visit presently."

"Ah! now I see, — the structure with the striped hitching-post in front. Quaint old building, very!"

"Pshaw, no! That's the Alamo Tonsorial Arena, as they call it, where you can get shaved, and have your hair amputated, for four bits. Look to the left of that, — right over there."

Now I see the original godfather of all these bits of scenery he has been pointing out. It is a low, massive structure, with an arched doorway, over which the Spanish coat-of-arms, the date 1745, and other carved work, are discernible. Four arched niches in the wall, intended for images of saints, also adorn the front.

Until a short time before I saw the Alamo, it had been used by the United-States Government as a quartermaster's depot, where old saddles, tobacco, blankets for Indians, and other munitions of frontier war, were stored. At the time of my visit, the building was used by a prominent San Antonio merchant as a warehouse in which he stored groceries and vegetables.

As the door was thrown open, and we stepped into the vault-like chamber, — the chapel of the old Alamo mission, — I sat down on a beer-keg, and allowed my mind to wander back into the past. Then I took out my note-book, and wrote as follows: —

"The Alamo, with its crumbling walls, as it stands to-day, is a monument to freedom that fires the blood, thrills the hearts, and fills with admiration the minds, of all who have heard its story. The scene of the most heroic defence that has ever been emblazoned on the pages of history; the spot where Bowie, Crockett, and Travis, with their noble band, scorning to surrender, fought until there were none left to tell the tale; the place where were consummated deeds of valor that far outshine the feats of arms of the noble Romans 'who kept the bridge in the brave days of old,' — what country can show such self-sacrifice for the good of others! what nation has been so honored by the prowess and patriotism of her sons! what people have been so immortalized by such glorious deeds! These pioneers on freedom's frontier, and their acts, will they not be embalmed in song and story yet to come? The memory of the heroes of the Alamo shall never perish until the granite hills themselves shall crumble into the chaos of matter's final end. It will remain a living influence as long as noble deeds have power to call forth the admiration of men. No statue or monument is needed to perpetuate the memory of the valiant patriots who gave their lives a sacrifice for the liberty of unborn generations. Would memorial marble outlast the gratitude and hero-worship in the hearts of the sons and daughters of Texas, men and women whose heritage of freedom was bought with the blood of heroes, — heroes than whom the world has never seen greater? — Defeated not by superior strategy, conquered not by greater courage, but annihilated by overwhelming force of numbers. What a commentary on their chivalric heroism is the legend inscribed on the monument constructed of the blood-stained stones of the Alamo! — 'Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat: the Alamo had none.'"

"Do you see where them boxes of soda-crackers are? Well, that's where the baptismal font used to be," said the aged gentleman.

If he had not interrupted me, and broken the current of my thoughts, I was going on to write a history of the siege of the Alamo; but the aged gentleman was yearning to talk, and it would have been cruel not to have allowed him to vent some of the ancient lore that I saw he was full of.

I had read a great many newspaper articles, as well as his-

THE ALAMO.

tories and books, that had been written about the battle of the Alamo, and was, therefore, a little mixed on the subject, although I recognized some of the historic spots at once. Here, to the left, was the spot where Travis fell dead, bayonetted beside the gun that he had used with such deadly effect on the advancing Mexican host. Again, in the next room, I

recognized the place where he breathed his last, with a smile of triumph on his brow, a bullet in his brain, and a Mexican officer of rank impaled on his sword. Moreover, with the assistance of the aged gentleman, I found the place where the *porte-cochère* had been, and in front of which, when the massacre was almost ended, Gen. Castrillo begged Santa Anna to spare the life of Travis; but the tyrant motioned to a file of soldiers, and Travis, as he stood defiantly in the narrow entrance, with his shattered sword in his hand, received a charge of musketry, and fell pierced with a dozen bullets.

These and many other spots in the neighborhood, on which the hero yielded up his life so frequently, I recognized; and I was so affected by the sacredness of the place, that I accompanied the old gentleman to the Alamo saloon to — to conceal my emotions.

When we returned, said I, "Colonel, where is the sacred spot where Crockett stood in the doorway, and choked the passage with the remains of the Mexicans that he brained with the butt of his gun?"

"Here," said the aged gentleman, leading me into a small room with massive walls, "he took his position close to the door, and piled dead Mexicans on top of each other, until the doorway was full, and he was killed by a bullet that entered that little window up there."

After I had gazed with indescribable feelings of reverential awe at the grim, silent walls that must have lent their ears to the din of battle, the death-yell of the Texans, and the shouts of the victorious Mexicans, I asked the aged gentleman if he was positive that this was the identical spot where David Crockett died like a tiger at bay; and he said there was no doubt about it. After being convinced of the correctness of the old gentleman's historic knowledge, it was with feelings too emotional to be described that I begged him to show me the other room, where Crockett, emaciated to a skeleton by fever, had his arms brought to his bedside, and there perished in his bed, after filling the room with deceased Mexican soldiers.

The aged gentleman was not at all discouraged. He knew the exact spot. The building had been torn down, but he showed me where it had formerly stood.

Then I said, "Colonel, it seems to me that you must be a Texas veteran."

He seemed offended at my remark, and said that he could refer me, as to character, to the best citizens of San Antonio.

While we were inspecting the various portions of the building, the gloom was somewhat increased by the running comments of my guide.

"Do you see that angle in the wall, where those old cabbages and those boxes of Limberger cheese are piled? Right there at least forty Mexicans were killed. Phew, how they smell! Reckon those Limbergers must have soured! I wonder why we can't raise them right here, instead of having to import them from the North."

"What, Mexicans?"

"No: I mean cabbages. In this room, where so much soap and axle-grease is stored, seventeen wounded Texans were shot. We have got a soap-factory right here in town: we don't have to send to the North for soap. 'Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat: the Alamo had none.' And it's a darned sight better article than the Yankees make, anyhow. Right here is the most sacred spot in Texas, — and it would bring sixty dollars a month if it was rented out for a saloon, — around which the sacred memories of the past cluster."

There are a great many different and conflicting accounts of the battle; so many, in fact, that I, who have heard all of them, or nearly all, am harassed with doubts about any battle ever having been fought there at all. If what the old residents and the historians say be true, then there is not a spot within a quarter of a mile of the Alamo where Travis did not yield up his life rather than submit to the hireling foe, who would have shot him, anyhow. There is not a hole or corner in the whole building where Crockett, while he was sick in bed, did not offer up, with the butt of his rifle, from eleven to seventy-five Mexicans, most of them of high rank. Adding up all the

Mexicans the historians have killed, it aggregates a number that is fearful to even think of. I have read every thing that has been invented on the subject, including some very poor poetry I made myself; I have had strangers from the North tell me all about it; and I have come to the conclusion, that, after all, I know very little about the battle of the Alamo.

A SAN ANTONIO SCENE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHECKERED and bloody has been the history of San Antonio, beginning in the year 1691, when the warrior monks arrived, and began the erection of churches and the digging of irrigating ditches. For thirty years the monks and Indians had the country all to themselves. They lived in the beautiful valley of the San Antonio River, hundreds of miles away from any form of civilization. The monks converted and reduced the Indians. The Indians dug ditches, and once in a while reduced an over-zealous monk. Then, in 1730, colonists began to arrive, and settle around the missions. The village of San Fernando was founded. It grew slowly; and for eighty years more the monks went on with the good work, and the colonists kept store, and traded with the monks, soldiers, and Indians. In 1810 the village had grown to be a place of some importance; and the king of Spain, by royal decree, changed its name to San Antonio.

During the next decade many fierce battles were fought between the Royalists and Republicans at San Antonio. The city was taken and lost and retaken by both parties. Sometimes the leaders of the conquered parties would have their heads cut off, and stuck on the ends of poles. At other times the defeated generals would only have their throats cut, and their bodies consumed by fire. These struggles continued at intervals until about 1821, when Mexico separated from the mother-country. Then the Mexican Government invited immigration from the United States to Texas. Many immigrants

came to San Antonio, which had five thousand inhabitants in 1825.

The Mexicans, and the descendants of the "noblemen of the kingdom of Castile," soon began to feel that they were being pushed aside by the new arrivals from the United States; and they objected to it. The Anglo-Americans had about four times as much energy, and fourteen times as much brains, as the natives had. While the warm-haired, freckled-faced pilgrims from the United States were not exactly dandies, they insulted the sensibilities and shocked the propriety of the Mexicans by washing their faces and combing their hair several times a week. It stirred up bad blood to have these heretic upstarts putting on clean shirts on Sunday. All these innovations were foreign, and distasteful to the proud and haughty Spanish cavaliers. The Mexicans were very religious, and strict in their observance of holidays. They would not work on saints' days. The immigrants had no such scruples. The Mexicans were in the habit of observing the sabbath and the saints' days by bull-fighting, prancing about the streets on horseback, and attending services at the cathedral and in the cock-pit. There were about two hundred saints' days in the year, and the natives observed every one of them. The immigrants did not observe the saints' days: hence the devout Mexican, on his way to the cock-pit, was inexpressibly shocked on seeing the heretic at work in his field, desecrating Saint Somebody's day with a hoe or a plough. This confirmed the gradually growing impression among the Mexicans, that the Americans, like the Indians, needed reducing. If the Mexicans had not been loaded up to the muzzle with self-conceit, and had learned only half as much of history as they had of cock-fighting, they would have known that the Saxon races are

OBSERVING SAINTS' DAYS.

very apt to reduce those who attempt to tamper with their religious liberty.

There were two kinds of Indians, — those who could be reduced, and those who were not susceptible to Christian influences. But there was only one kind of American. He had his faults; but subservience to tyrants was not one of them.

It may be asked, Why did the Mexican Government invite the Americans to settle in Texas? In the first place, the result of the one hundred and fifty years' attempt of the Spaniards to civilize the Indians in Texas had not been successful. The only visible signs of their occupation of the country for a century and a half were a few small towns and mission-stations. There were no longer any tame Indians to speak of, and the grand mission-buildings were almost without worshippers. On the other hand, the unreduced Indians had become more numerous; and they swarmed about the suburbs of the town to such an extent, that it was as much as a man's life was worth to go to market in the morning. When a citizen did not come home to dinner, the meal was not kept warm for him. It was inferred, as a matter of course, that the Indians had killed him. There was no protection for a man a quarter of a mile from the military plaza. Outside of the actual heart of the city, every house had a small fort, to which the owner retired for protection — when necessary. It consisted of a large hole in the ground, large enough to accommodate the whole family. The top was covered with a conical roof of earth and mortar a few feet above the ground, while narrow port-holes enabled the besieged to sweep the vicinity with their guns.

The columns of the papers of those early days teem with Indian outrages. Scarcely a week passed during which whole families were not swept from existence by bands of raiding Indians. Such local items as the following are of continual recurrence: "We are much indebted to Col. Shepard for laying on our table a beautiful Indian arrow, which he has just pulled out of his youngest child. Col. Shepard lives on the outskirts of the town, where he is much exposed to Indian raids. How long, O Lord, how long shall we have to put up with this nonsense? The colonel also tells us that there are two or

three more arrows in other members of his family, which are almost ready to pull out. Where are the police? Have we an ordinance against Indians thus disturbing the peace and quiet of families? If so, why is it not enforced? We need, however, expect no relief until an alderman comes home some day from a beer-saloon bristling with arrows like a porcupine. The arrows can be seen at our office by regular subscribers when they come up to settle for past arrearages. In the midst of life we are in danger of being stuck full of Indian arrows."

So familiar had the inhabitants become with danger, and so common an occurrence was it for Indians to depredate on the people, that the press could thus jest at what was really a serious inconvenience.

The Mexican population was dwindling away under the constant Indian attacks: hence the Americans were invited over, very much as Hengist and Horsa were invited to England — and with about the same result.

From existing records of the Indians, and of their treatment by the Spaniards, the noble red man seems to have been the same unreliable savage in the beginning of the century that he is to-day, and the Indian policy of the Spanish differed but little from that of the government of the United States at the present time. The following is translated from an old Spanish record bearing date 1800: —

"Although those lands are very rich and productive, being fertilized by the San Antonio and San Pedro Rivers, the waters of these two springs are not sufficient for the garrison, town, and missions, being unable to extend their settlements on account of the hostility of the Apache Indians. Their villages are situated at a distance of twenty leagues from said garrison; and from these places they come out to commit their depredations, not only in the garrison of San Antonio de Bexar, but as far as the province of Coahuila, as they have excellent horses, fire-arms, and arrows, which they manage with the greatest dexterity. The chastisement which they received in 1732 by our companies was not sufficient to give them experience. They beg for peace whenever they find themselves in danger; but, as soon as they consider themselves in safety, they are the first to break all treaties, and would commit murders and all kinds of barbarities, caring less for their wives and children, whom they very often sacrifice for the acquisition of a few horses."

The following literal translations of proclamations made by the Governor of Texas in the year 1809, show how the Spaniards talked to the Indians, of whom they were afraid, and who readily accepted the Spaniards' presents of tobacco and fire-water, but would not accept their plan of salvation.

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOVERNOR OF TEXAS TO VARIOUS INDIAN TRIBES.

The Second Big Captain of San Antonio, to the captains and warriors of the Tahuayas, Wichita, and Aquichi Nations, Greeting:

Brothers! Your envoys and their companions have arrived here in good health, and my heart felt glad at seeing them.

Brothers! Open well your ears, and listen to the words of your father, who treats you as his sons.

Brothers! When the First Big Captain of this province heard that your envoys and their companions were near, he sent out eleven Spanish warriors to give them to eat, and accompany them to town.

Listen well to my words! They will tell you how well they have been received: it is our way to show our friendship to you. They all went to the house of the First Big Captain, who gave them tobacco; afterwards they came to my house, and I gave them to drink because they were tired; and then they went out to rest.

Brothers! The First Big Captain loves you as much as I do, and told me to go to meet your envoys and their companions, to listen to what they had to say. I did so two suns after their arrival, and my heart felt good when I listened to their talk.

Brothers! The first who talked to me was "Feather in the Ear," the son of the Wichita captain: the second was the Tahuayas Achaja (the Deaf), in the name of Quiritachequia. The first wanted to know if what the Comanche Shojas told you was true; and the second, if it was true that the Spaniards and the French were at war, and why so.

Brothers! You will show by your envoys and their companions that I have opened my heart to them, as they did theirs to me; and I said to them, "The reception you have met with, the demonstrations of my friendship, and the presents you will receive, will show you that Shojas has not spoken the truth; since the First Big Captain and myself did not say any such thing, because you are our good and faithful sons."

Listen well! As to answer the second question was a proof of our confidence, I wanted, first, to know if you were faithful Spaniards in

your hearts. Therefore I, your envoys, and their companions, went to see the First Big Captain, who had just arrived, and whom they wanted to know and talk with. And before him they swore in your names that you would always obey the Spanish captains, and listen to no man of any other nation without our permission.

Brothers! My heart felt very good at that, and I said to them, the king of Spain and the Indians, "Our Great Father, seeing that the Frenchmen of the big land on the other side of the sea were not good nor true friends to his sons the Spaniards, and that they were not grateful for his favors, and that they wanted to do harm to the Spaniards, went to war against them. He killed many French big captains and warriors, and finally made prisoner their emperor, who is the worst of all of them. It is so, that we Spaniards punish those who are not good friends, and bear in our hearts those who are true friends."

Brother! Open your ears! You see now how the Spaniards trust you. If you keep your word to be faithful and obedient, we shall be your fathers; we shall treat you as our sons; and, if you do what we tell you, you shall want nothing.

The First Captain and myself, as a proof of our word to protect you, send to you our marks, which will be a sign for you that any man who shows you either of them must be listened to, and receive of you assistance and help. You must keep well these marks, and let me know if you happen to lose them.

Your envoys take with them three bundles of tobacco, one for each nation. They all received fine presents, and had their bellies filled. I think they go away satisfied, as I shall always be, if you remain faithful and obedient. And so you shall be happy.

The Second Spanish Big Chief,

MANUEL DE SALCEDO.

SAN ANTONIO, April 19, 1809.

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOVERNOR OF TEXAS TO THE TAHUAYAS, WICHITA, AND AQUICHI INDIANS.

I represent the person of your great father, the king of Spain, and your land. I look on you as on my sons, and I am glad that you trust me as you say, and I will treat you as sons.

You have asked me to send with you some warriors to protect you. To which I say, that, having now a great use for my soldiery, I cannot send them with you; but next spring, if you want them, I shall send them to visit your land.

You cannot doubt but that I look on you as on my sons, as, like a father, I will give you what you want, and you shall soon be happy.

I will give you powder, clothes, and other things you want for yourselves, your sons, and your wives.

Grant me only one thing that I ask of you: it is, that you close your ears to any man who is not a Spaniard, not to listen to any men but ourselves. Remain faithful to us, and you shall be happy.

Do not allow the Englishmen of the other side to pass through your land to come among us, and do not allow our men to go among the Englishmen.

The Spanish Big Chief,

MANUEL DE SALCEDO.

JAN. 1, 1810.

Until 1836 the population of San Antonio de Bexar continued to increase. Then came the war between the Texans and Mexicans, and the victory of the Texans. From that day to this there has been a slow and gradual change, the enterprise and civilization of the Texans taking the place of the apathy, ignorance, and shiftlessness of the Mexicans.

The old and the new are brought together in violent contrast in San Antonio, — here, the Mexican jacal, with its thatched roof and adobe walls; across the street, the palatial residence of an American or German merchant, with its surroundings of flowers and fountains. Now a narrow and crooked street is intersected by a broad avenue lined with trees, where we see the carriage of the broadcloth-covered American passing the ragged Mexican's donkey-cart of a pattern used two hundred years ago. Farther on we see a cock-pit on the same block with the Methodist church, while we hear the creak of the huge Mexican carretas mingling with the rattle of the railroad-cars.

The following is a *bonâ fide* list of the names of those to whom marriage-licenses were issued during one week while we were in San Antonio. I found the list in the San Antonio "Express."

"The following is the list of marriage-licenses issued the past week by Sam S. Smith, Esq., the county clerk: Henry Edwards and Jane Smith; Manuel Cluke and Fomasa Granados; Stefan Von Mecezhawrki and Bry-

jida Farka; R. C. Cummings and Susan V. Emmer; Federrico Zepeda and Valeriana Zedio; Francisco Batron and Monica Bihl; Ramon Toldra and Isabel Martinez; Charles Ackerman and Anna Rickermann; Otto Schroeder and Fannie Seiler."

The San Antonio River flows through the city. A range of hills, with a gradual elevation of two hundred feet, almost surround the valley in which San Antonio is situated. The city is in latitude 29°30′ north, longitude 98°24′. Its altitude above the level of the Gulf of Mexico is six hundred and eighty-seven feet. Average temperature: spring, 69.90°; summer, 83.50°; autumn, 68.90°; and winter, 52.90°.

San Antonio is now a city of about twenty-two thousand inhabitants. Of this number, about six thousand are Mexican, and six thousand German.

Official notices and advertisements are printed in three languages. On a bridge over the San Antonio River there is a signboard on which appears the following notice: —

WALK YOUR HORSES OVER THIS BRIDGE, OR YOU WILL BE FINED.

SCHNELLES REITEN ÜBER DIESE BRÜCKE IST VERBOTEN.

ANDA DESPACIO CON SU CABELLO, O' TEME LA LEY.

These notices are not by any means literal translations of each other. Each shows something of the characteristics of the nationality to which it is addressed. The American is told to walk his horses, or he *will be fined.* The appeal has a financial aspect.

The German is advised that fast riding *ist verboten* (is forbidden). It is only necessary to notify the law-abiding German that it is forbidden.

To the Mexican the command is more in the nature of a threat: Go slow with your horse, *o' teme la ley* (or fear the law).

Commerce Street, which crosses this bridge, and connects the two principal plazas, is the chief thoroughfare of the city, and most of the business-houses are on it. The street is quite crooked, and very narrow. An ox-team cannot turn on it.

When one vehicle passes another, there is hardly room for the dog to escape. The sidewalks are three feet wide; and, when the small man meets the large man, the small man steps out into the gutter until the large man passes. These sidewalks are indescribably rough and uneven.[1] They are composed of pieces of rock of different sizes, placed at every imaginable angle over which a pedestrian can stumble. There is only one uniform thing about the San Antonio sidewalk, and that is its uniform hardness. There are, however, along this *Via Dolorosa*, quite a number of well-furnished drug-stores, in which the pleasure-seeking pedestrian can be carried when he needs splints and arnica, or when he wants an ankle-joint adjusted.

The aged gentleman before alluded to accompanied the doctor and me on our first stroll through the city. Our route from the Alamo Plaza was through Commerce Street. The aged gentleman could see nothing in San Antonio but what was superior to every thing of the same kind to be seen anywhere else. If a cloud of dust came along and filled our nostrils, eyes, and lungs, he would call attention to the beautiful gulf-breeze that mitigated the heat of summer. If we had been ankle-deep in mud, he would have reminded us that the San Antonio soil was very rich alluvial, and six feet in depth.

"This," said he, tapping with his cane one of the bowlders on the pavement, "is none of your slippery asphalt or Nicholson, that wears out in a year, and has to be repaired every month. This, sir, is rock, solid rock, native rock; and these sidewalks you see here have not been repaired in twenty years. They are just as the Mexicans built them."

I was about to say, that they looked as if they had been built by an earthquake, when I was startled by the noise made by some one stumbling; and falling on the pavement. It was myself. As soon as I regained my feet, the aged gentleman remarked blandly, "You are not accustomed to good, solid sidewalks, and probably you"—

He was going to say something more; but he unexpectedly stumbled over an obstruction of the tertiary formation, and went head first into a fruit-shop. After explaining and apolo-

[1] Since this chapter was written, some improvements have been made in the sidewalk

gizing to the proprietor, he went on to state, that the street was much more picturesque than the straight streets of modern cities, where the houses were all uniform in size and architecture. Then he stopped, and, looking up, was about to point out some object of interest on the roof of the house, when a

"NOT ACCUSTOMED TO GOOD, SOLID SIDEWALKS."

negro boy, carrying a tray full of dinner on his head, collided with us. The doctor got some soup on his pants, and the aged gentleman was not forgotten in the matter of vegetables. The doctor inquired, "Why did the founders of the city not build the streets straight?"

"It *is* a little out of line," said the aged gentleman; "but originally it was straight. There is an old legend regarding it which is very touching. When the Spanish fathers came here first, they camped just where Jack Harris's variety theatre is now. One of the party, full of holy zeal, started out to begin the work of evangelizing the wild Indians, who were camped about where the Menger Hotel is. The good father went as far as where Commerce-street bridge is now located, searching

PLANTING ARROWS IN A MISSIONARY.

for an Indian. His zeal was rewarded: he found one. The Indian at the same moment discovered the padre. Before the holy father could raise his voice in praise, the Indian raised a howl that could have been heard at the head of the river. The monk's legs were short, but the speed with which he returned to camp would have done credit to an antelope. The Indian attempted to overtake him; and, in his zeal to place himself under Christian influences, he planted several arrows in the person of the missionary, who, taking a bee-line for camp, suc-

ceeded in making his escape. The fast time made by the monk was regarded as a miracle. Commerce Street was laid out exactly as the padre ran, and was as straight as a shingle."

"But how did it come to be so crooked?" asked the doctor.

"That shows that you are a stranger, and that you have never seen San Antonio in a real muddy time. The old Spaniards staked out the lots and building-sites on each side of the street: but, before they began to build, a heavy rain fell, and the soil became liquid; consequently the street flopped about like an eel in a mud-puddle. After the mud had dried up, and they came to examine the stakes, they found the street had dried up crooked. As they could not wait for another rain to make it pliable, they built along the crooked line, and thus made it permanent. They had to abide by the stakes they had driven into the ground: hence many of the lots have fourteen corners.

"Have you been to see our old missions, built in the seventeenth century?" said the aged gentleman; and then he went on to tell us all about them. We do not remember having met a native in San Antonio who did not ask us if we had been to see the missions, or who failed to describe their architectural beauties with a minuteness of detail that was cruel.

But to return to the San Antonio streets. The old Spaniards have moved away. I don't know where they have moved to — but they left the streets behind them. They are regarded as such sacred relics that some of them have never been repaired since. Some of these streets have been widened so that a modern alderman and a load of hay can pass each other without lightering. In order to widen the streets, the property of private individuals has to be encroached on; and, so soon as that is suggested, property rises as if there were a volcano under it. On the same principle it is impossible for a railroad-train to run over any thing but a pure Durham cow.

If a foot and a half is taken from a lot, that much land becomes worth as much as, if not more than, the whole is assessed at. Under these circumstances the conviction gradually dawns on the tax-payer, that either he has been systematically swin-

dled by low assessments or else an attempt is being made to enrich the property-owner out of the city treasury.

The San Antonio city council is taking vigorous measures to make itself unpopular, and with very flattering prospects of success. An ordinance is being introduced to compel merchants to keep their empty dry-goods boxes off the pavements; which goes to show that the days of feudal despotism are not over yet. Not even an inspired pen can describe the condition of the San Antonio sidewalks. If a stranger really wants to understand how bad those of Commerce Street are, let him undertake to walk backwards down a steep pair of stairs in the dark, with a cooking-stove in his arms. After he and the cooking-stove have reached the bottom, which they will do without much exertion on their part, he will be in the same frame of mind and body that the stranger is in when he undertakes to saunter along a San Antonio sidewalk, except, that, when he falls down-stairs, he will probably strike a carpet; but, when he strikes hard-pan on the sidewalk, he rests cosily on sharp-cornered pieces of hard sandstone set up edgewise. Otherwise the illustration is perfect.

There is on Commerce Street, nearly opposite the National Bank, a hole in the pavement, as it is humorously called, — a hole in which, on an average, five persons sprain their ankles daily. Being a hole in the ground, it is not an obstruction in the legal sense of the word: consequently it cannot be removed. The owner of the property has been notified to take the hole inside the store, just the same as if it were a wooden Indian or dry-goods box; but he knows his rights, and leaves it out all night. A special ordinance will have to be drawn up to cover that hole, or it will remain open all summer. But to return to the dry-goods boxes I have just left. The merchants, in the goodness of their hearts, put the dry-goods boxes on the sidewalks for the very purpose of obstructing them. As long as the sidewalks are not blocked up, people will imagine they are intended for pedestrianism; and, whenever they make that mistake, they have to be carried endwise into drug-stores. The idea, however, of anybody being able to devise an obstruction of dry-goods boxes that would be as complete an obstruction as the side-

walks themselves, is laughable; and yet, if the city were to require the wealthy property-owners to lay down good pavements, they would hold indignation meetings, and suggest mob violence. Some few persons who have never made the ascent or descent of the San Antonio streets may think the foregoing exaggeration. Not so. Those who die of lack of pavement facilities appear in the mortuary report as having died of some Latin name nobody understands. The matter is thus hushed up so as not to deter capitalists from investing in town property.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SAN ANTONIO is famous for its dust, — not only the dust of the Alamo, but common dust. In fact, there is a quaint old legend that San Antonio owes its existence to dust. When the Spanish soldiers, missionaries, and settlers first settled in this valley, the friars passed an ordinance that everybody who used profane language would be fined fifty cents for church purposes. It was a dry season; and, high winds prevailing, the air was filled with dust. Before two months were over the dust was so annoying that the Spaniard and Indian converts had cursed together a large cathedral and four mission-buildings, the ruins of which, like grim sentinels of a bygone age, still stand where their walls once rang with vesper hymns, mixed up with choice Spanish profanity at the accursed dust. One afternoon, when the dust was absolutely fearful, old Gen. Ignacio Barterra "cussed" a forty-foot steeple on the old church on the plaza, while his staff swore a stone wall around the new cemetery. Those were the ages of faith. Nowadays, when a man gets his eyes, nose, and mouth full of dust, instead of contributing to church purposes by the inevitable flow of language, he contributes half a cent to the revenues of the State, and listens to the tolling of the bell-punch as he passes out of the saloon with a piece of lemon-peel in his mouth.

We passed a young man who was sitting on a dry-goods box with his head tied up, and one arm in a sling.

"Did a loaded wagon run over you?" asked a policeman, as

he stepped out of the saloon-door in front of which the young man was sitting.

"No: we were only celebrating my birthday last night. We had a glorious time. *You ought to have been there.*"

The policeman merely said, that, judging by the looks of the celebrant, the whole force ought to have been there.

For its length and opportunities the San Antonio River is accused of being the crookedest river in the world. From the head of the river to the city is a distance of only three miles and a half; and yet, to reach the city, the river has to travel seven miles. This disposition to loaf and ramble about in an aimless way was noted by the observant Indians, who named it, in their musical tongue, *Chem-quem-ka-ko*, — in English, Old-man-coming-home-from-the lodge. The Spaniards thought this the name of some heathen god. Wishing to change it, and being desirous of conciliating St. Anthony of Padua, — thus killing two early birds with one worm, — they rebaptized Old-man-coming-home-from-the-lodge, and called it San Antonio. From this the simple-minded Indians imagined St. Anthony to be a most jovial saint. How much influence this had on San Antonio and its inhabitants, it is impossible to say. But when, in these modern times, you smell and see about fifteen saloons on one block in the business centre of the city, and when you are told that several of the aldermen travel a mile and a half in getting to their homes, only one hundred and fifty yards distant, you cannot shake off the impression, that the original name, *Chem-quem-ka-ko*, would be more in harmony with the surroundings, and that the unities would be better preserved, than by perpetrating a huge joke on a distressingly steady saint like Anthony.

The San Antonio River has selected a lovely spot on the Brackenridge place, at which it bursts forth unexpectedly in the shape of one of the most beautiful springs to be found in Texas. From San Antonio this spring could be reached conveniently in half an hour if it were not that the owner has erected a stone wall around the place, which is hardly low enough for strangers to climb over, and be chased out by the irate Irishman kept on the premises for that purpose.

The spring is circular in shape, about six feet in diameter, and not less than fifteen feet deep. The water that bubbles up is so wondrous clear, that the movements of even the smallest fish can be discerned. No attempt to describe the beauty of the spring can succeed. Real poets, with long hair and a wild glare about their expressive nostrils, have tried it; but I shall not distress the reader by reproducing any of their efforts.

The San Antonio River, even as late as twenty-five years ago, was a clear, rapid brook, gliding onward to the sea to the melodious cadence of the mocking-bird's song, etc. Now it looks as if it had just made its escape from a laundry. The temperature of the water is the same, winter and summer. It is not as good for drinking-purposes as it used to be. The habit of depositing cats, and other luxuries that the citizens have no further use for, in the stream, coupled with the inability of the slow current to transport them outside of the city limits until they have become infirm with age, has done much to make cistern-water popular. According to the most reliable tradition, the principal use the Spaniards and Mexicans had for the river, after using it to irrigate the land, was to bathe in it, — a pious ceremony, that has fallen into neglect as far as their descendants are concerned. It was the custom for all ages and sexes to bathe promiscuously together. In fact, when the Americans began to settle in the Alamo City, and put up canvas-covered bath-houses, the astonished natives could not understand what they were for. In a "Personal Narrative," written by the abbe Moses Domenech (a French priest who visited Texas in 1845), when describing San Antonio, the modest abbe says, —

"Close to the house was a stream of clear water, where the washing business of the town was done, and in which the women bathed publicly. My window was in view of all their gambolings. I was therefore obliged to keep it closed during the day."

Moralizing on the change in the times and — and priests since the days when Father Moses Domenech closed his window, I am forced to exclaim, in the classic language of the ancients, "O tempora! O mores! O Moses!"

At the present time both banks of the river are, for miles, studded with bath-houses floating on empty whiskey-barrels. Almost everybody, except Mexicans, bathes; and, during the heated term, a bare-headed clerk in his shirt-sleeves, darting across Commerce Street with a towel and a piece of soap under his arm, is a permanent feature of the landscape.

The river was formerly utilized for irrigating purposes, and helped the seasons out in their efforts to make a crop. By promising the Indians a happy future beyond the sunset-glow, and creating a yearning for it by making it hot for them on this side of the valley of the shadow, the Spanish monks induced them to excavate the long miles of irrigating ditches that still exist, and that may be found in all parts of the city and out in the suburbs, producing the only genuine cases of typhoid-fever of which the city can boast.

There is another stream, the San Pedro. It runs through the northern part of the city, as nearly parallel to the San Antonio River as the windings of the two streams will permit.

The rivers of San Antonio are given to sudden rises and falls, and on two occasions their waters met on the main plaza. In 1813 a tremendous cloud burst just above the city; and the volume of water that fell was so great, that the two streams rose until their waters commingled. The second occasion on which the waters of the two streams met was 1872, when two milk-wagons, being driven rapidly across the plaza, collided with disastrous force, the milk-cans bursting, and the milk mingling in one common flood on the plaza. One of those vehicles was from the San Pedro side of the town, and the other was from the farm of a German who lived on the San Antonio River, below town. Thus, more than half a century after the great overflow, the waters of the two streams commingled a second time.

The Mexican element is a large feature in the population of Western Texas.

Outside of the cities and towns, the Mexicans serve as shepherds, teamsters, and cattle-herders. Very few cultivate the soil. The majority of those in San Antonio live by hauling wood, prairie-hay, bones, and other country-produce, into town.

The remainder eke out a miserable existence by pawning and redeeming their superfluous wearing-apparel. A Mexican may be very poor; he may be in more indigent circumstances than Job's turkey; he may be steeped in such abject poverty, that, compared to him, a church-mouse will seem to be rolling in affluence; and he may be so destitute, that he is not able to keep more than six dogs, — but, even then, he can draw upon his pawnbroker for the value of a ticket that will admit him to the arena where chicken-disputes occur on Sunday. The Mexicans spend freely what little they have: they seldom accumu-

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

late much worldly goods; and they cannot keep any thing — not even the sabbath day.

The Mexicans are remarkable for their politeness, and suavity of manners. Before reaching San Antonio we called at the rancho of Don Ignacio Gonzales to ask for directions as to the way. Don Ignacio welcomed us at the door, told the doctor, who pretended to speak Spanish, that he was his servant, and invited us into the house. "Estoy enteramente a su disposicion" ("I am entirely at your disposal"). We had a very pleasant talk, and many very complimentary things were

said on both sides. Among other things, Don Ignacio said, "Esta V en su casa, y puede mandar" ("You are in your own house, and can command").

The doctor noticed a fine pair of spurs, and expressed his admiration of them. "Tomele V senor; es suyo" ("Take it, sir; it is yours"), said the old gentleman.

The doctor thanked him in the most extravagant terms that

"TOMELE V SENOR; ES SUYO."

a mixture of Spanish and English would allow, and put the spurs in his pocket. We were then directed as to the route, after many assurances from Senor Gonzales that he and his sons and daughters, his man-servants and his maid-servants, were our most devoted servants henceforth and forever. We said "Adios," and started to leave. The hospitable and generous old ranchero bowed us to the door, assuring us, that, while he continued to inhabit this terrestrial ball, he would daily pray

that the choicest blessings of Heaven might follow us; and then the old fraud intimated, in quite a business-like tone, that, as the doctor was his dearest friend, two dollars was all that he would charge for the spurs that he had given him.

In my intercourse with the Mexicans, I learned that the courteous and high-sounding phrases are but polite expressions, meaning nothing; and that although they may say "Tomele V senor, es suyo," when you admire any of their possessions, you had better not take them at their word, unless you have money in you pocket to pay for the article. If you inquire of a Mexican as to any matter regarding which he is ignorant, or indisposed to talk, the invariable answer, accompanied by a lazy shrug of the shoulders, is, "Quien sabe?" ("Who knows?") Many of the Mexicans residing in Texas can speak English; but they often deny that they can. "No entiendo" ("I do not understand") is frequently heard by the stranger who tries to induce the Aztec to speak English.

The majority of Mexicans live in miserable huts called "jacals." These dens consist of one room about twelve feet square. The walls are made of upright posts, the interstices being filled with mud. There is no attempt at ornamentation. The mud is just plastered on, the capacious hand of the Mexican serving as a trowel. The roof is made of cane, thatched with tule, a kind of rush. The more pretentious edifices have tin roofs, constructed out of old oyster-cans. This kind of roof is water-tight (when it does not rain), and makes an excellent breeding-place for scorpions and centipedes. Another advantage of the thatched roof is, that it takes fire readily, and thus, by obliging the owner to build another roof, stimulates him to habits of industry. There is a doorless opening in the side of the jacal, used for the entrance and exit of the inhabitants. There is another opening that serves in lieu of a window, and is used as a private entrance by the goats and dogs. The floor is of mud, pounded hard. The American national pastime of taking the carpets out to the back-yard, and beating the dust out of them, is unknown in Western Texas.

There being only one room in a jacal, it is much more convenient than the arrangement of Buckingham Palace, because

in the jacal you are not compelled to leave the dining-room, and go away off by yourself to another room, when you want to put on a clean shirt. The grounds around the jacal are, however, adorned with statuary, particularly in summer, whenever the older members of the family sit around in the shade, clothed only in their native modesty and one other garment.

The census of Mexicans, of all ages and sexes, who live, move, and consume beans, in one of these habitations, has never been taken; but the number of male Mexicans old enough to vote, that can be enticed out of one of them with a bottle of

A MEXICAN JACAL.

whiskey on election-day, is large enough to justify putting the average at about thirty.

Jacals of this description are about the only dwellings, outside of the towns, that can be found from the mouth of the Rio Grande to El Paso, — fourteen hundred miles up the river.

Leaven bread of any kind is not used by the Mexicans. They have a substitute for the indigestible boarding-house biscuit of the American: they call it *tortilla.*

The *tortilla* is made of corn. The corn is first soaked in lye until it is soft; then it is ground into a paste on a rough, flat rock, called a *metate,* a smaller rock being used as a

pestle. The soaking of the corn, the grinding of it, and its final baking on a piece of sheet-iron, are done by the women. When the real hard work of chewing and swallowing it has to be accomplished, the men bear most of the heat and burden of the day.

When warm, the *tortilla* can be eaten without letting out the contract to a deputy. The soles of an old pair of brogans would be tender and juicy compared with a cold *tortilla.*

When the Mexican cannot get fresh beef, he lives on dried beef (but he usually has the fresh article when there is any in the country). He first hunts up a "beef." Any beef will do, provided he does not own it himself. The animal is executed; and the flesh, having been cut up into strips and slabs, is salted, and hung out on the fence, like a week's washing. When the beef has been thoroughly cured, it becomes so tough that it is a fit accompaniment to the *tortilla.* Thanks to their Indian descent, and their abstinence in the matter of hot soup and ice-water, the Mexicans have the best teeth in the world. Were it not for the excellence of their teeth, the Mexicans would starve to death on such food as they have.

The Mexican laughs and grows fat over another dish, which may be called Mexican hash. Like our American hash, the ingredients cannot even be accurately guessed at. It requires a great deal of confidence to really enjoy any kind of hash, but Mexican hash is particularly exacting as to the amount of faith necessary to a comfortable enjoyment of it.

The *tamale* is even more mysterious than the hash, for it is concealed in a greased corn-shuck. The materials that can be detected in it with the naked palate are pepper, corn-meal, some kind of meat, and — pepper. This mixture is seasoned with pepper. It is believed that there is a connecting-link between the plump, fat Pelon dogs that swarm about every jacal, and the *tamales.* Mexicans of all ages, sexes, and previous conditions are equally fond of both. There is a wild legend among the older inhabitants of San Antonio, that tells how one of their number, who was an enthusiast on the subject of *tamales,* — claiming for that article of food medical properties, — one day discovered in one of those herbs a tuft of hair that had evi-

dently adorned the head of the Pelon or Barbary dog. This discovery established the fact that *tamales* really do have medicinal qualities, — somewhat in the nature of an emetic; and it effected a perfect cure: the enthusiast's craving for *tamales* was gone forever.

The mode of preparing the *tamale* is peculiar. A handful of hash is wrapped up in a corn-shuck, and boiled in lard or grease. The corn-shuck is not eaten with the *tamale;* although nothing can be brought up against the shuck, except that it is found in bad company, associating with the other ingredients.

The bean called *frijoles* is the national berry of the Mexicans. Do not pronounce it "freejowls," however, but "freeholies," if you want a Mexican to understand you. There is one thing about the bean that the Mexican dislikes very much. If he requires fresh meat, he can go out on the prairie, and shoot a yearling; if he needs a pony, he can go out and rope one: but, when he wants beans, he has to chastise the earth with a hoe, — an ignoble undertaking, that no true hidalgo should ever be caught at.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TEALING, and cultivating revolutions, are the pastimes of the Mexican aristocracy, and have always been so; while tilling the soil is reserved for the common herd. The Mexican has enough Spanish blood left in him to be constitutionally opposed to any more severe labor than cavorting over the prairie like the Arab.

Beans are to the Mexican soldiers what the bagpipes are to the Scotch Highlanders: they fill them with *élan.* As soon as one party of revolutionists in Mexico cuts off the beans of the other party, an unconditional surrender follows.

The bean is quite small and black, but it has a fine flavor. It is often spoken of as being "unhealthy for foreigners;" and it is generally understood that there was a time when it was not safe for Americans to tamper with it, a single bean having been known to cause sudden death. All rumors of this kind are based on something tangible, even if that something should be a lie; and so it is with the assertion that the Mexicans' black bean is unhealthy.

It frequently happened, during the Texas revolution, that Americans were taken prisoners by the Mexicans. In many instances these prisoners were massacred on the spot, as at the Alamo and Goliad; but afterwards a great many were taken to Mexico. Whenever the Mexicans in their own country heard of the Texans defeating the Mexicans in Texas, they would take out some Texan prisoners, and shoot them, to re-establish

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the national courage. They preferred shooting Texans who had no arms, — probably because it was safer, and saved travelling-expenses. In selecting the prisoners to be shot, they used beans. For every ten prisoners they put nine white beans and one black bean in a hat, and then passed around the hat, the result of which was death to the man who selected the black bean.

Americans can now eat *frijoles* without the slightest risk. The idea that they are dangerous is founded upon the facts above stated.

The average Mexican has scruples about engaging in enterprises that require any thing savoring of physical exercise. He is very effeminate, except when somebody is after him on horseback, or when he is eating his meals, in both of which emergencies he develops surprising vigor; but otherwise he prefers his *dolce far niente*, with which every family is amply provided. He has none of the aggressiveness of the old Spaniard. They keep on calling him a Spaniard and an hidalgo; which reminds me of the Cuban coin that is now worth only fifteen cents, but is still called a dollar.

The Texas Mexicans are very lazy. They are, however, cheerful and contented, bearing patiently the proud man's contumely, while they humbly climb over his back-fence, and steal his chickens at night.

"Are the Mexicans a good-natured people?" asked an American of one who had lived among them.

"Very good natured," was the reply: "they will take almost any kind of treatment without grumbling. They will even take the small-pox from each other without making any fuss about it."

Some have been so uncharitable as to contend that the Mexicans on the Rio Grande have for generations been so accustomed to taking every thing, that now they take the small-pox from mere force of habit.

About the only two institutions that can be relied on in Mexico are revolutions and small-pox: otherwise the country is healthy. Owing to its very fine climate, Mexico would be distressingly over-populated, were it not for these two modes of

keeping down the population. Either is liable to break out at any time. Vaccination is not popular. But time will change all this. Revolutions and small-pox will both be suppressed as Mexico becomes modernized. The citizens who are liable to small-pox will be vaccinated by the doctors, and those who are in danger of breaking out in a revolutionary sense will be vaccinated with guns by the soldiers. President Diaz has several times, by this means, prevented the epidemic from spreading. At present, however, the small-pox has it all its own way. The Mexicans regard it as any other disease, and cannot understand the alarm and terror of the Americans, who are accustomed to die of other diseases.

When an American takes the small-pox, he is arrested, and locked up in a pest-house. If he were to be seen on the streets, his best friends would refuse to drink with him, and the Board of Health would sit on him. Those who do not leave the neighborhood where a case of small-pox is located, spend most of their time in getting vaccinated, and in examining each other's arms to see if it has "taken."

The following is a San Antonio incident, and is positively true: —

The accused was a Mexican who had been drunk and disorderly. His very appearance was suggestive of small-pox. As soon as the recorder took his seat, he riveted his eyes on the prisoner, and asked, —

"What is the name of that villanous-looking outcast on the mourners' bench?"

"His name," said the county attorney, "is Don Jose Maria de Valgeme Dios tres Palacios."

"I dismiss the case against him."

"But, your honor, the man is guilty."

"Maybe; but there are mitigating circumstances."

"What are those circumstances?"

Recorder (aside). — "I've not yet been vaccinated."

The National Board of Health sent a man to San Antonio to find out how small-pox patients were treated. He found that the patients were treated with such profound respect by the white population, that, when one of them walked down Com-

merce Street, he had the middle of the street and both sidewalks all to himself. He was never jostled or run over by the mob.

In Mexico it is entirely different: they regard a person who has not had the small-pox as a suspicious character. In certain parts of Mexico everybody is more or less marked with the small-pox. The people look with awe and pity on a man who is so unfortunate as to lack the beautifying evidences of that popular disease. The Mexican treats the small-pox with indifference — when he treats it at all. If a member of the family

TREATED WITH RESPECT.

is down with the disease, the entire family would feel aggrieved if the neighbors did not call in at least once or twice a day to see how the small-pox was coming on. When there is small-pox in town, and the townspeople do not notify those out in the country, so that they can come in and enjoy themselves, too, it engenders bad feelings. In fact, the Mexicans never seem to be quite sociable until there are three or four deaths a day in the neighborhood. They always call around to look at the remains, and compare the number of spots with the number on some other remains. If the corpse is very much disfigured, the grief of the relatives is mitigated.

"YOU MAY WHISTLE TO YOUR CORPSE."

Several attempts have been made to popularize vaccination, but in vain. It is dangerous for a doctor to make the suggestion. The Mexicans feel as if it would deprive them of some vested right bequeathed by their forefathers. The fact that about two-thirds of those who take the small-pox die, is no drawback. To the Mexican the great charm about the disease is the almost inevitable funeral, which is as cheerful as an Irish wake.

A gentleman from San Antonio happened to be in Laredo during a small-pox epidemic. Out of curiosity he attended a funeral.

A Mexican had died in the neighboring house; and the service of the local band, consisting of a fiddle, a drum, a harp, and one or two other musical instruments, had been engaged to render the ceremonies unusually impressive. It was the custom to play two tunes — a lively waltz and some other sentimental piece — at the house, and two more pieces at the grave. The corpse was laid out in the room; and the musicians began to play "The Blue Danube," or a dirge that sounded very much like it; and all were enjoying themselves hugely, and saying that it was the nicest funeral of the season, when the chief of the musicians made a signal, and they all stopped playing in the middle of the tune. Everybody was dumfounded, and asked what had happened to thus mar the solemnity of the occasion. The chief musician promptly explained. He had been hired to play for one corpse; and, behold! there were two. It seemed that a child in the neighborhood had died; and the parents being too poor to hire the band, and knowing that there was going to be music at the other funeral anyhow, had brought their dead infant, and put it alongside of the corpse in whose honor the musical entertainment was gotten up, and without consulting the chief musician. He told the grief-stricken survivors that he would not let them ring in a whole morgue on him in that way: they might whistle to their corpse if they wanted to, for not another jig would he play. The pall-bearers reasoned with him. They pointed out the smallness of the corpse, and how it cost no more exertion to fiddle for one corpse than it did for a whole graveyard. Would he not, at

least, make special rates? But he refused: he wanted to be paid for two whole corpses. Things began to look gloomy, when the American proposed to pay, and did pay, the extra dollar and a quarter demanded. The bereaved parents wept tears of joy. The fiddler tuned up, and played a merry roundelay, while the professor at the drum banged away with such vigor as to start every echo and donkey in the neighborhood.

Talking about donkeys, there is a very pretentious young man in San Antonio, named Humboldt Wilson, who recently took rooms and board with a family named Smithers. Young Smithers, after the manner of San Antonio boys, rides about on a little Mexican donkey. A short time ago Wilson was standing at the door of the post-office, talking to some of his acquaintances, when young Smithers rode past on his donkey.

"How long have the Smithers been keeping an ass?" said some one.

"They've had one about the place ever since I have been there," replied young Wilson. [Rude laughter by the audience.]

It is very difficult to distinguish one Mexican from another. They all look as if they had been cast in the same mould, — a mould very much out of repair.

There was a case of horse-stealing tried in the district court in San Antonio, in early days, that was very peculiar. There was not very much style about trying cases then, and particularly horse-stealing cases. Where a Mexican was accused of stealing a horse, pretty much all that was necessary was to say, "Gentlemen of the jury, there's your Mexican!" and they would cry out, "Guilty of murder in the first degree," without leaving their seats. Maybe it was not quite so ceremonious, but there was not much time wasted in consigning him to the penitentiary.

One day a Mexican named Jose Maria Somethingorother was brought into court to be tried for undue recklessness in the transfer of live-stock. The Court had appointed a leading lawyer to defend the Mexican, he being without funds to employ one; but the lawyer had been prevented by more important business from consulting with his Mexican client. In

fact, he never saw his client until the deputy-sheriff brought him into court, and dumped him down into a chair alongside of his attorney. Now, the deputy-sheriff had been lately appointed, and did not know one Mexican from another; and as the venue had run short, and the jury-box had to be filled, he picked up all the loafers in the court-room, and actually took the prisoner himself, and put him in the jury-box to try his own case. The prisoner was not familiar with the ways of the Court, so he did not say any thing; and, as another Mexican strolled in and took the vacant seat of the prisoner, his counsel was none the wiser, particularly as he himself had been out in the mean time, and had taken several drinks. The jury was impanelled and sworn, among them, of course, the prisoner, who lifted up his hand with the rest.

The prisoner's attorney now turned to his client, and, not knowing Spanish, asked him in English if he really stole the horse, as charged in the indictment. The Mexican understood not a word; and, as sometimes happens when Mexicans are asked questions they do not understand, the answer was, "Si, Senor!" ("Yes, sir!"), whereupon the lawyer got up and told the Court that his unfortunate client pleaded guilty, but that he, the lawyer, would like to address a few words to the jury. The district-attorney not objecting, the lawyer made the greatest effort of his life. He proved that his client was descended from a noble Castilian family that had shed their blood like water in holding this country against the Indians, how bad company had ruined him, how his family was in distress, and much more of the same kind of eloquence, until all the jury were more or less affected — except the prisoner in the jury-box, who being a Mexican, and not understanding English, was not much moved. It was not his funeral. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and assessed the penalty at five years' imprisonment. The jurymen, among them the real culprit, were dismissed, while the sheriff put handcuffs on the innocent man in the chair, and led him off to jail. No doubt he had been guilty of some rascality, for he went along without murmuring. The upshot of it was, that the guilty juryman got wind of it, and made his escape. In the mean time the

friends of the missing Mexican hunted the whole town over for him, but in vain. At last he was discovered in jail, with hobbles on. As he owned several carts and oxen, and was a man of wealth and influence among the Mexicans, a lawyer got him out on a writ of *habeas corpus*. On the examination all these facts came out, and the lawyer who had defended the Mexican had a great deal of fun poked at him. Judge Thomas J. Devine, before whom the Mexican was brought on writ of *habeas corpus*, and Judge John H. Duncan, city attorney of Houston, will cheerfully substantiate the facts contained in the foregoing.

A peculiar feature of San Antonio is the ditches which cross the city in different directions. They are about three feet deep, three feet wide, and filled with running water of an uncertain color. The aged gentleman walked out with me to show me the Alazan ditch.

"Did you," said I, quoting from Mrs. Spofford's sketch of San Antonio, in "Harper's Magazine" — "did you ever see the water in these ditches glisten and sparkle like diamonds in the merry sunlight?"

Said he, "Which?"

I quoted the statistics from "Harper's" to him again.

"No, not since I quit drinking; but I remember that was the way it used to look — particularly on Fourth of July and Christmas."

"Are these ditches very useful now? There must be some people who are benefited, or the ditches would be filled up."

"Yes — the doctors. The ditches are mighty useful in furnishing the community with fever. They are not only useful to people living here, but to strangers, who don't know where they are after dark until they fall into one of them.

"You see," continued the aged gentleman, "when the Spaniards came here, the climate was so dry that they didn't raise any thing — except a disturbance with the Indians. The first thing they did to encourage the weather was to get up processions, and hang pictures of saints up in the trees; but that didn't do anybody any good, except, probably, the priests. When they found that processions were of no avail in chan-

ging the climate, they hired a priest to have a vision, and he had one that very night. St. Anthony appeared to him, and beckoned him to follow. The priest followed; and, in an incredibly short space of time, the saint and the priest stood at the head of the river.

"'Now,' said St. Anthony, speaking for the first time since he appeared to the priest, 'do you see the head of the river?'

"The priest nodded assent.

"'Well, do you know what I think ought to be done to it?'

"The priest shook his head, and looked his most ignorant look.

"'It is worthless as it is,' said St. Anthony. 'It does nobody any good; it is an unprofitable servant; and I think it ought to be dammed.'

"The priest gazed with awe at his companion. Could it be Satan, disguised as St. Anthony, who had brought him up here to make sport of him!

ST. ANTHONY AND THE PRIEST.

"'I mean,' said St. Anthony, 'that it ought to be dammed, so as to raise the water high enough to irrigate the valley. Let me speak to you privately.'

"Then the saint took the priest aside, and explained how easy it would be for the priest to get in with some capitalist, and buy up the land lying along the route of the proposed irrigating-ditches for a mere song. 'Why,' continued the saint in an earnest tone, 'you can also buy the city council by giving each alderman a few lots; and they will run the ditches right through your real estate, and it will go up five hundred per cent. I tell you there is something in it if judiciously managed.'

"'How much interest in this business will you expect?' inquired the priest, who now felt assured that Anthony was

not the Devil, but merely a poor saint, without capital, desirous of making an honest living.

"St. Anthony smiled, as he said, 'You forget I am not of this world, and am not moved or influenced by its vain and mercenary desires. But I'll tell you what I want you to do for me. You see, where I live they are disposed to look down on me. All the other saints who have any rank and position have some town or river named after them. There is St. Louis. You ought to hear him brag about the town he claims to be the patron of. And then St. Peter, he claims St. Petersburg. And St. Lawrence, he is always talking about his river. They sort of hold up their heads, and fold their wings, as if they owned forty acres and a mule; and I'm getting tired of it. Now, I want you to name this town and river after me. Some day your town will be the largest city in Texas, and the day will come when I won't feel like taking my hat off to any of them.'

"The priest promised to see to it, and the saint disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared."

I ventured to suggest to the aged gentleman, that his version of the origin of the name did not agree with history.

"History be durned!" said he. "It's not history, it's truth, I've been telling you."

Stranger honors than having San Antonio named for him were actually heaped on St. Anthony a few years later. The Lisbon "Rivista" not long ago published an old record found in the archives at Rio Janeiro. It seems that King John VI. of Portugal, being regent in the year 1814, and being either grateful for some saintly favor or anxious to secure the influence of St. Anthony, issued a decree, in which, after stating what a noble saint St. Anthony was, and how much the Portuguese people were indebted to him, he continued, —

"In consequence, we have resolved to promote, to the grade of lieutenant-colonel of the infantry, the said St. Anthony, with the pay attached to the rank thereof; which will be paid by our marechal-de-camp, Ricardo Xavier Calval de Canha, provisionally charged with the command of our troops at the capital. Let our will be executed. In faith of which, we sign the present decree with our royal hand.

"Given in our capital, Aug. 31, 1814."

And so it is affirmed that some one has drawn St. Anthony's pay ever since, for the name is still on the pay-roll.

We can now imagine Lieut.-Col. St. Anthony looking down on mere civilians, like the patron saints of St. Louis, St. Thomas, and St. Petersburg.

As part of my business in San Antonio was to accumulate all the truth I could, I asked the aged gentleman if he knew who dug the ditches.

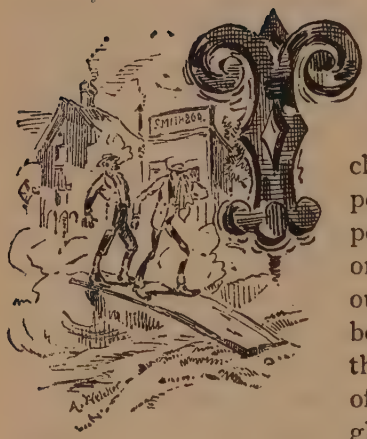
"The Indians dug them. The priests told them that there was no opening in heaven for them unless they kept on digging; and, as the Indians believed them, they used to fight for the privilege of excavating those ditches. Now, did you ever hear of such foolishness? If these Indians had been civilized and educated, they would have known that the proper way to get a title to a heavenly mansion was to build a church, raise corns on their backs with a hair shirt, disappoint their stomachs on Fridays, and persecute everybody who did not believe in their religious doctrines. But they were ignorant savages, and did not know any better than to believe that there was merit in digging ditches. They didn't have intelligence to think for themselves: even if they had, I reckon they would have been lazy enough to let the priests think for them, and then blindly follow their instructions."

The aged gentleman would have started a theological argument at this point if I had not been called away to dinner.

Immense quantities of fruit and vegetables are raised in the gardens irrigated by the water from the ditches. What the Nile is to the Egyptian, and the Ganges to the Hindoo, the ditches are to the San-Antonians.

I have probably said enough about these ditches, but I was compelled to notice them continually while I was in San Antonio. When they were not obtruding themselves into notice, I was obtruding myself into them.

CHAPTER XXV.



TO say that the ditches are filthy is to use language as feeble as Watts's hymns for infant minds. Every spring they have to be cleaned out. If they were not, the people would have no place to deposit those things which the city ordinance requires shall be carted out of town. Whenever the people begin to buy quinine, and to drag themselves around with the agility of a wet fly crawling up a pane of glass on a cold day, then you may know the ditches are being cleared of their unhealthy sediment.

But what should be done with the San Antonio ditches? I never heard but one man make a practical suggestion on the subject. His ideas were so original, that I give them for what they are worth. I don't know how much that is, but I give them, anyhow. Said he, "You can use these ditches to bury people in. Use them for a cemetery. It will save grave-digging. Just plant your leading citizens all the way along up to the head of the river for three or four miles. Taking the length of the ditches, you would have forty-five miles of unrivalled cemetery privilege. No other city in the world would have a graveyard forty-five miles long. It would be a great inducement to invalids to visit the city. How monotonous it is to always be riding to the same cemetery. If my plan were adopted, you might attend a funeral in the morning on the upper Labor ditch, on the west side of the town, and in the

afternoon you might have a picturesque ride up the old Alamo ditch, on the east side. Instead of buying a cemetery lot twenty-four feet by twenty-six, families could purchase a hundred and seventy-five yards of graveyard with meanders. In a few years, say, a couple of thousand, after all these ditches had been utilized in this way, and everybody had forgotten about it, some geologist would discover bones, extending in a continuous line from the head of the river, three miles above town, to four miles below, and would publish to the world that he had discovered the remains of a pre-Adamite reptile seven miles long, and knock Darwin higher than a kite — all of which would be a great thing for San Antonio."

In countries where there is any live public spirit, the graveyard is one of the most interesting local institutions. To wander through the quiet city of the dead, and notice how much better we can spell than our forefathers could, fills one with pride, and makes a man popular with himself.

Although one of the oldest cities in the United States, San Antonio has no ancient graveyard. If the antiquarian were to spend months hunting up the last resting-places of the old San-Antonians who died between 1690 and 1800, he would not be rewarded by finding as much as a coffin-plate. Why it is that San Antonio has no ancient graveyard, is a question difficult to answer. The first inhabitants of the valley of the San Antonio River were Indians. They were in a barbarous condition, and, so far as we know, lived and died without any cemetery facilities. They seemed to have succeeded in passing away without any medical or clerical assistance, and knew nothing of the pomp and circumstance of a brass band at their funerals. The only thing about an Indian funeral that had a modern appearance was the remains. How thankful we should be for the benefits and accessories of our present civilization!

According to the best authorities, the first graveyard was established on the western side of the San Pedro. Until as late as 1840, it was a dangerous undertaking to bury the dead in the regular cemetery, on account of the unregenerate Indian. This may be an explanation of the fact, that the floors of the various churches rest upon the closely packed bodies of the

former inhabitants. About the time of the Mexican war, there seems to have been a regular system of burying people. Adjoining the Catholic cemetery, there was a large vacant lot, enclosed; and in this, all those not of the faith were interred. It is estimated that about three thousand Protestants and other genuine sinners were buried in this vicinity. Over their remains, cattle browse, streets have been laid out; and at the present time it is a favorite spot for base-ball players to remember the sabbath on.

A CITY CEMETERY.

Of all those whose remains are buried in this potter's field, the grave of but one is marked. In 1849 the remains of the heroic Ben Milam, who fell at the storming of San Antonio in 1835, and who was buried in the courtyard of the Veramendi House, where he fell, were disinterred, and buried in the centre of an enclosed lot. A few years ago some one marked the spot with a properly inscribed stone. Up to the time the stone was placed over the mortal remains of one of the greatest men that figured in Texas history, the road from San Antonio to Fredericksburg passed over his last resting-place.

The whole city is one vast graveyard. The cheerful voice and affluent brogue of the Irish laborer is heard in the "silent tomb" of many a forgotten Spanish gallant; and the shovel scatters their bones every time a gas-pipe is laid.

The military headquarters of the department of Texas are at San Antonio. Located on an elevation to the north-east of

the city is the government depot, built of cut stone. Here the principal supplies of the department are kept.

The department of Texas includes the whole of the State, and part of the Indian Territory, and is under the command of Gen. Ord.[1] The department comprises about twelve military posts, intended to protect about fourteen hundred miles of frontier. It is intended by the government, that the military should protect the frontier, and prevent the Mexicans and Indians from depredating on the hardy frontiersman's live-stock; but so far they have not got in the way of the marauders enough to seriously lessen the profits, or increase the risk in their business.

Sometimes the Mexican general in command on the other side of the Rio Grande co-operates with Gen. Ord in discouraging crime on the frontier, and sometimes he does not. Gen. Trevino was in command of the Mexican frontier forces when we were in San Antonio; and it was generally believed that he was anxious to suppress the raiders who had been harassing the people of the Texas frontier for years, and was willing, in furtherance of that object, to join forces with Gen. Ord when practicable.

Gen. Trevino had been particularly active at the time I speak of, having pursued and captured a small band of Indian raiders. He was invited to San Antonio, where the citizens gave a banquet in his honor.

I had an interesting conversation with Col. Mocha on the subject of frontier outrages. The colonel is proprietor of a large wholesale grocery establishment. His principal business is with the military posts on the frontier.

"I did not see you at the reception of Gen. Trevino. It was a most enjoyable affair," I remarked.

The colonel groaned as if he had been eating green apples.

I continued, "Gen. Ord is satisfied that raiding is a thing of the past. Hereafter the white-winged messenger of peace will preside over our border relations, while war, grim-visaged war, will smooth out his wrinkled front, and"—

[1] Since this was written, Gen. Augur has succeeded Gen. Ord in command of the department of Texas.

"Please stop, young man. Listen to me a few minutes. Do you think I am a man of sound mind?"

"Why, yes, colonel. I have no doubt on the subject."

"Either I am ripe for a lunatic-asylum, or else these folks that have been wining and dining Gen. Trevino are. Have I got incipient softening of the brain? Are my worst fears fully realized?" and he passed his hands wearily over his dome of thought.

"My friend," continued Col. Mocha, "are you aware that the United-States Government squanders nearly two millions annually in this department, and that most of it is spent right here in San Antonio? Did you never suspect that this two millions is the water that keeps the mill going? Don't you know that Texas depends on the frontier posts to buy up all the corn, hay, wood, fodder, oats, and other supplies? Don't you know, that, if the military headquarters were moved, the city authorities would have to go to buying mowing-machines on credit, if they could get them, to keep down the grass on Commerce Street? Oh, I'm sick! I'm sick! I'm a whole hospital myself."

"I'M A WHOLE HOSPITAL."

"But, colonel, please explain how the visit of Gen. Trevino is going to spoil things so much."

"I don't wonder at your failing to see what the smartest business-men are blind to. What is the reason the United-States Government keeps troops down here on the border? To whom are we indebted for all this fatness, all this two

millions expended, but to these identical Kickapoos and Lipans that have been killed, captured, and discouraged by this identical Gen. Trevino? I'd like to have him out in the woods. I'd teach him that the poor, despised Indian had some friends left; I'd teach him to ruin Western Texas this way. Eighty-five Indians captured and six killed — just think of it! There will not be enough left to get up a raid once a year; and the consequence will be, all the troops in this department will be ordered to Dakota or Nevada, and the merchants and contractors up there will literally steal our money from us. It ain't good for me to talk about it. It makes me sick. And after this Gen. Trevino has as good as ruined us, the citizens here will turn out and welcome him as if he had given them twenty dollars apiece to be present."

"But, colonel, remember the loss of life and stock on the frontier."

"I remember it well enough. Once in a great while those poor Indians come over, kill half a dozen Mexican herders, and drive a few stock back. Now, in the name of all that is holy, can't Western Texas afford to lose a few Mexican shepherds, when she gets nearly two million dollars in government expenditures for them? Why, I'd be willing to help the Indians catch them, rather than that all these troops be moved away. Isn't it better that a few people on the frontier be killed and scalped than that we should all starve to death? And here we have gone and made such an infernal row that the Mexican Government, thinking we were in earnest, have actually gone to work killing off these Indians, the only real friends we had in Mexico. It is too bad. Something ought to be done about it."

I said, "I presume there will be a few Indians left to keep up the appearance of raiding, — enough to keep the troops here, anyhow. But, as you say, it does look as if suppressing raids from Mexico is being overdone. There should be moderation in all things."

"If," said the colonel, "there are a few Indians left who are willing to help us out with an occasional raid, Gen. Trevino will make hash out of them as soon as he gets back, as he has been ovated so much here and in Galveston. Just as likely as

not he will go back and have another batch of our Indian friends shot, and make another trip. After he has done that about once, he will have to go a long way to find Gen. Ord and his troops. There will not be one left in the department. I reckon Gen. Ord wants to be ordered North, and that's why he has encouraged Trevino in his outrages on these Indian allies of ours."

"Well, colonel, what is your remedy?"

"In the first place, I would call a monstrous indignation meeting on the plaza. The first resolution would be to ask the Mexican consul at San Antonio, Senor Ornelas, to request his government to remove from his position Gen. Geronimo Trevino for high crimes and misdemeanors, for killing and otherwise discouraging Kickapoo and Lipan Indians, in a time of profound peace, the raiding Indians being the friends and benefactors of Western Texas, and also requesting Gen. Trevino to restore to those Indians their weapons, ponies, scalps of Texans, and other personal property. The second resolution would be the appointment of a committee to take up a collection for widows and orphans of such Indians as may have been killed by order of our enemy, Gen. Trevino, who should be burned in effigy. But there is no use in talking: there is no public spirit nowadays, anyhow."

The colonel, no doubt, would have said more if he had not felt sick. Talking on the subject had made him feel so ill that he had to leave me, and go in search of a stimulant.

Much of the bustle and stir that are to be observed in San Antonio is due to the presence of the military headquarters. It costs the government several million dollars annually to protect the Texas frontier; and a great part of this money, directly and indirectly, goes to San Antonio. You can hardly look around anywhere in the city without seeing U.S. on something. Sometimes the omnipresent initials are on a mule, on a soldier's cap, on a government-wagon, and not unfrequently on the ragged blanket of one of the miserable beggars that are to be met with at every corner.

A great deal has been said and written in favor of the reduction of the army. It is flippantly alleged that the country has

no need of a standing army, which is a perpetual menace to our republican form of government. This aspect of the question I have no disposition or intention to discuss on this occasion; but when the cavillers go on to say that the officers of the army eat the bread of idleness, then I propose to join the issue. I maintain that a harder-worked set of men exists in no country. And those highest in rank have the most to do. So far from reducing the army, it ought to be re-enforced, as the present force is overtasking its strength. In order to give the outside public an insight into the amount of labor that devolves upon heads of departments, the following is respectfully submitted. And it is no imaginary sketch: what is stated actually occurred.

On the eleventh day of November, 1878, Capt. C., of the Thirty-fourth Infantry, addressed an official communication to the assistant adjutant-general of the department of Texas, stating that Private Hugo Anderson lost or destroyed one mosquito-bar frame, the property of the United States, and requesting that a board of survey be convened to assess the money-value thereof.

I made fervid inquiry, and found that the aforesaid mosquito-bar frame was very old and rickety, having seen much active service, and being so decrepit that the President would have been justified in placing it upon the retired list with other old veterans, so unserviceable was its condition. Capt. C., who was well and personally acquainted with the frame, expressed a desire to swear, that, for several years past, the mosquito-bar frame was not fit to start a fire with. Upon mentioning fifty cents as the cash value of the frame, Capt. C. was astonished at my liberality, stating positively, that, when perfectly new, fifteen cents would have been an extravagantly preposterous offer. In all sober earnest, the bar-frame might have been worth, during mosquito season, about ten cents.

But to return to Capt. C.'s communication asking for a board of survey. It went first to Assistant Adjutant-Gen. Thomas N. Vincent, who indorsed, under date of Nov. 11, 1878, —

"Respectfully referred to the chief quartermaster of the department to know if there is not some other method of ascertaining the value of a mosquito-bar frame than by a board of survey."

On Nov. 12, Brevet Brig.-Gen. and Chief Quartermaster Benjamin C. Card indorses, —

"Respectfully returned to the adjutant-general, department of Texas. The mosquito-bar frames on hand at this depot have been here for a long time, and there is no record of their cost."

The next prominent official at San Antonio, who was to be worried by that ten-cent mosquito-bar frame, was the department commander himself. Indorsement No. 3 reads, under date of Nov. 14, 1878, —

Respectfully forwarded to the adjutant-general of the army, with the request that the price of a mosquito-bar frame may be communicated, in order to furnish information to the board of survey, in case one is to be convened, there being no data here to cover the case.

(Signed) E. O. C. Ord,
Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army, Commanding.

The next thing we hear of the ghost of the mosquito-bar frame is, that it arrived safely at Washington. The fourth indorsement reads, —

Washington, Nov. 22, 1878.

Respectfully referred to the quartermaster-general.

(Signed) E. D. Townsend,
Adjutant-General.

But the ghost obtained little rest from the quartermaster-general, although it learned something of its past history. Indorsement No. 5 reads, —

Respectfully referred to the adjutant-general of the army. A reference to invoice 48, abstract E, return of Lieut.-Col. S. B. Holabird, department quartermaster-general for first quarter 1874, shows that 3,376 mosquito-bars, and 1,790 frames, were turned over to him by Capt. A. N. Cherbonnier, medical storekeeper, under orders of the surgeon-general, dated Feb. 16, 1874, for free distribution to different posts. Those now in possession of Capt. C., Thirty-fourth Infantry, are part of the same lot. It is recommended that these papers be referred to the surgeon-general of the army for remark.

By order of

Stewart Van Vliet,
Dept. Quartermaster, Brevet Major-Gen., U.S.A.

Received back Nov. 30.

I should remark, that each of these indorsements is accompanied by cabalistic hieroglyphics and numbers indicating the volume in which all this nonsense had been copied.

But the poor ghost of the frame! After all this misery and railroad travel, the ghost is officially informed that he is of no value. But in obedience to military discipline it went back to E. D. Townsend, who, with almost contemptuous brevity, refers the matter to the surgeon-general, who knew all about the antecedents of the bar-frame; for he respectfully refers it back, under date of Dec. 4, 1878, to the adjutant-general, with the additional remark, —

> The mosquito-bar frame in question, it appears, is one of a lot left over from the late war, which were unsuitable for the hospital bedstead in use in the army. Their sale was authorized by the Honorable the secretary of war, Oct. 4, 1873; but no advantageous sale could be made of them at San Antonio, Tex., at which point they were stored. Consequently, under subsequent authority of the secretary of war, dated Feb. 13, 1874, they were turned over to the quartermaster's department for gratuitous distribution to posts, as stated in fifth indorsement. Under the circumstances, I am of the opinion the one in question has no ratable value.
>
> J. W. BARNES,
> *Surgeon-General.*

The original voucher of Capt. C., covered with indorsements in all colors of ink, stamped and ruled from one end to the other, goes from the surgeon-general, Barnes, back to the familiar office of Adjutant-Gen. Townsend, who on the seventh day of December, 1878, peremptorily orders the ghost back to Texas, calling attention to the fifth and seventh indorsements. Notwithstanding the cold weather, the ghost of the missing mosquito-bar frame arrived back in his old home in the Alamo City; for on Dec. 18, 1878, he is ordered by the assistant adjutant-general of the department of Texas, Thomas M. Vincent, to appear before the Board of Survey that Capt. C. asked for before all this misery began.

On Dec. 18 an order was issued nominating two United States officers

> To convene at eleven o'clock of the 10th, to assess the money-value, and

fix the responsibility for the alleged loss, of one mosquito-bar frame, the property of the United States, for which Capt. C. is responsible.

By command of Brig.-Gen. Ord.

THOMAS M. VINCENT, *Asst. Adjt.-Gen.*

Countersigned by

HUGH BROWN, *Aide-de-Camp.*

This story of the ghost of a mosquito-bar frame, which is official, draws to a close. The Board of Survey convened at

MEETING OF THE MILITARY BOARD.

the appointed time, the faces of the members showing that they felt the fearful responsibilities resting upon them; but, nevertheless, the vastness of the absurdity seems to have struck them, for their report reads, —

"DEC. 22.

"The Board met pursuant to order, the members being present, and, having maturely deliberated on the matter presented for their consideration, are of the opinion that the interest of the general government will be in no way prejudiced by permitting Capt. C. to drop the mosquito-bar frame from his return without further correspondence on the subject. The frame is without value; and, having been turned over by the medical department for gratuitous distribution to the troops, it is not apparent how the bars can be made stores for issue upon requisition. The frames are of no possible value. The medical department did a wise thing in having the responsibility for them transferred to the quartermaster's department. The Board is certain that the quality of the frame reflected no credit on the purchasers. For the reasons above stated, the Board is of the opinion that the most ready settlement of the question is to authorize Capt. C. to drop the frame from his return, which the Board accordingly recommends."

And yet, in the face of all this, there are newspapers and congressmen who assert that the army ought to be reduced because there is nothing for the officers to do.

While in San Antonio the only person noticed, who was more over-worked than the soldier, was the schoolboy.

When it comes to driving dull care away, the San Antonio boy is not without resources. He is familiar with all the various games that follow each other in succession; he sees, too, that everybody else is kept posted on the subject. In winter and in early spring he is responsible, with the aid of his kite, for runaway teams, vehicles converted into kindling-wood, and an undue expansion of the mortuary report. When, thanks to the police, he no longer amuses himself with the kite, he next jeopardizes life and property with his little baseball. Then he smashes the windows, and wounds the legs of respectable citizens with his top. Just about the time people have got used to tops buzzing about their ears, the "nigger-shooter" mania breaks out. One live boy with a nigger-shooter, who is disposed to be industrious, and not above his business, can be looked up to with awe, and have his opinions commented on all over his ward. After all his fingers have been crippled, and a city ordinance has been passed making it a penitentiary offence for a boy to carry concealed weapons, he takes steps toward future distinction as a blackleg by gambling with marbles. All

these innocent games follow each other very much as the mumps, measles, scarlet-fever, and children's other diseases do. As a steady pastime, he relies on making the connection, with a piece of twine, between an empty oyster-can and the continuation of a dog. Attending to the fruit-crop occupies his leisure moments.

One evening, when out walking, we noticed several ladies and gentlemen quietly promenading up Avenue C., enjoying the pleasant evening air. They were laughing and talking, and apparently in good spirits, when suddenly the air was filled with female shrieks, cries of warning, and the party scattered like a covey of quail. They jumped up and thrashed the atmosphere with their arms and legs. Then one of them rushed off, but returned immediately with an armful of bowlders, which he hurled with fearful energy and dire imprecations at some object on the ground. An enormous snake was wriggling across the street. The gentleman with the bowlders still pursued the reptile, while a stout old gentleman stooped down every once in a while, and fairly warmed it with his cane. "Ha, take that!" puffed the old gentleman, as he leaned over and hit a very effective blow. "I'll fetch him," shrieked the philanthropist, who had just returned with a fresh bosom full of geological specimens, one of which he hurled with such accuracy that it caromed on the elbow of the fat man, who, hobbling up to the offender, began, with tears in his eyes, to chastise him. While the two were fighting, and a third member of the party, who had been standing on the fence, was trying to part them, a fair specimen of the San Antonio boy, who was behind a tree, pulled in on a long string a dangerous-looking leather strap, shook himself, and murmured, —

"Who wouldn't be a boy?"

The excitement passed over. The boy set his snake again, and waited. Two soldiers belonging to the Twenty-second Infantry came along. Just as they reached the reptile, it coiled itself up, and struck at them viciously, and then started to wriggle across the street. One of the soldiers jumped at least ten feet six inches, while the other recklessly sought to mash

the head of the venomous reptile with the heel of his boot. Seeing the boy on the opposite side of the street, the kind-hearted soldier called out to him, "Run, sonny, run! he is making for you." The boy, thinking the soldier was going to chastise him, ran like a turkey, closely pursued by the snake, which in turn was mutilated from time to time by the boot-heel

"I'LL FETCH HIM."

of the soldier. What the final result was, I do not know, as they all three turned the corner and disappeared, — the boy in the lead, the snake wriggling frantically a few feet behind him, the soldier vainly endeavoring to destroy the reptile, while the indignant spectators talked about lynching the soldier for assaulting a boy.

As I remarked at the outset, the San Antonio boy is not utterly devoid of expedients to drive off dull care.

Almost every boy we met had sore eyes. Sore eyes do not make a boy amiable. I asked one whose head was bandaged, "Got sore eyes, sonny?"

"Oh, no! of course not. I tied up my eyes because I've got a chilblain on my ankle."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT happened in San Antonio. One of the parties was a consumptive from Connecticut; the other, a commercial traveller from New York. They were stopping at the same hotel, and occupied adjoining rooms. The drummer was short of money: he had a splendid pistol, and he thought he would try and sell it. He said to himself, "I wonder if that hungry-looking Texan next door doesn't want to buy a pistol!" So, putting the weapon in his breast-pocket, he walked into his neighbor's room.

The invalid from Connecticut had been reading about a noted Texas desperado for whom there was a large reward offered, and he fancied the description fitted his unknown visitor: consequently, when the New-York drummer entered the room, shut the door, and put his hand in his breast-pocket, the Northern invalid began to 'shiver, and think of his past life.

"What do-do-do-do you want?" asked the invalid.

The drummer drew a large ivory-handled revolver (answering the description of the one that the celebrated desperado used on strangers), and said, —

"I want twenty-five dollars for this pistol."

The trembling hand of the invalid could hardly find its way into his pocket.

"It is a good pistol: it never misses fire," said the drummer, bringing it to a half-cock.

"Take you-you-your money," gasped the invalid.

The drummer took the money, thanked him, laid the pistol on the table, and went out.

As soon as the door was shut, the invalid from Connecticut breathed a huge sigh of relief, and said to himself, "I'm glad the Texas desperado took my money, and spared my life. What a country this is, where you are robbed in broad daylight in a hotel! I'll leave to-morrow for the North."

As soon as the drummer got into his room, he remarked, "Im in luck. I'm glad that old Texas desperado bought my revolver. Wonder how many men he'll shoot with it! I'll get out of here, now that I have money to pay my bill."

A short time afterward the Northern papers published a wonderful story, telling how a Texas desperado robbed an invalid in a San Antonio hotel.

It is astonishing on what a small foundation of fact some of the Northern papers can base a tremendous display of well-feigned horror and pharisaical grief at the barbarity of Texans. Newspapers that fail to perceive any thing out of the way in a prize-fight are inconsolable with grief at a San Antonio bull-fight that never took place. It fairly makes their cheeks, supposing a newspaper to have cheeks, tingle with the blush of shame when they think of citizens of the United States being guilty of such atrocities. When the imaginative and gifted editor of a New-York or Boston paper has concocted some unusually stupid cock-and-bull story illustrative of the depravity of the human race, he does not think he has deviated sufficiently from the path of rectitude, unless he locates it at San Antonio.

The fact is, that the harmless farce usually called a bull-fight has not been performed in San Antonio for five or six years. All the so-called bull-fights that have been perpetrated in San Antonio since 1849 have lacked a great deal of being as tragic as the public have been led to suppose. When bull-fights were not forbidden by a city ordinance, the arena was enclosed by a board fence, affording unusual facilities for the

SAN ANTONIO BULL-FIGHT.

protection of the heroic *matador*, who could climb over in case the bull, in his wild endeavors to escape, should run in his direction. I do not wish to cover up or hide the truth. In one or two instances the bull-fighters have not come out wholly unscathed. In 1853 a young Mexican *matador*, remarkable for his fearlessness and wonderful agility, was frightfully gored by a splinter a quarter of an inch long, on the top of the fence over which he was crawling in a great hurry, the pine splinter penetrating even through the seat of a pair of old buckskin breeches that he had borrowed for the occasion. But such horrible scenes were rare; although, on another occasion, A.D. 1739, one of the bull-fighters, being tired, went fast asleep in the gory arena; and the infuriated bull, seeking to make his escape, stumbled over the sleeping *matador*, and the poor brute, breaking its leg, had to be shot. This was claimed to be the greatest bull-fight that had ever taken place in San Antonio. All the others were comparatively harmless. There is a dim, misty legend, that, in 1773, an old cow being substituted for the usual ferocious bull, a Mexican, while peddling peanuts in the arena to the ensanguined gladiators, was chased; and, just as he was climbing over the fence, the cow helped him to the height of about fifteen feet, and he demoralized the governor-general's (Don Bustamente's) new stove-pipe hat when he came down on it. The governor-general took it good-humoredly, and straightened out his battered hat with his boot, remarking gravely, "Good friend, you seem to think this is Ascension Sunday." But even this is not well authenticated.

It is true, that, in 1878, there was an attempt to get up a fight between a toothless, decrepit old lion, far gone in consumption, and a Texas bull; but there was no fight to speak of, and the circus gentlemen from the North, who sought to revive the sports of the Roman amphitheatre, made a financial fizzle of it, and were sold out by the sheriff. But in the newspapers it was all charged to the brutality of the San-Antonians.

Some of the foreign invalids who come to San Antonio meet with many disappointments. I saw one of them a few days ago. He had read in the Northern papers about the Lord's Day being desecrated by bull-fights in San Antonio, and he

believed every word of it, and a great deal more. He was so inexpressibly shocked and disgusted that he felt it his duty to come to San Antonio for his health, where he could see those bull-fights in all their original sinfulness. As soon as he got out of the car, he asked if he was in time for that evening's bull-fight. He stated that bull-fighting was an outrage on American civilization, and said he came here that he might benefit by the climate. When he found out that the city council had prohibited bull-fighting, he seemed hurt. He waited a whole week, expecting to be consoled by a bowie-knife duel on the plaza; but, finding his appetite growing worse all the time, he returned to his home. He warns invalids, through the press, not to come to Texas, as the reported bull-fights are a myth, and the climate is too dusty for any except healthy invalids. In a word, San Antonio is not a good place for a sick man who is suffering to see a bull-fight.

Having occasion, while in San Antonio, to purchase a package of smoking-tobacco and a pipe, the doctor stepped into a grocery-store that had in front of it a statute of one of the first converts to Christianity in the San Antonio valley. The establishment was kept by a man and his wife, who, judging by their appearance and accent, were new arrivals from the North. After the doctor had received his tobacco, and was about to pay for it, the proprietor said, —

"You have not yet had *pelon*."

The doctor had not the most remote idea what *pelon* was. It might have been the Mexican name for the small-pox, for all he knew. In fact, he was rather inclined to think that it was; although it might be some Mexican dish, made hot enough with red pepper to burn a hole in the roof of a stranger's mouth. But the doctor never allows any one to think that there is any thing in earth below, in the firmament above, or in the waters under the earth, that he is not as familiar with as if he had made it himself: so he answered with perfect complacency, "Oh, yes! I had it when I was a child, very bad, on both sides; but thanks to a strong constitution, and there being no doctors in the neighborhood, I managed to pull through."

The storekeeper stared wildly, and then repeated, —

"You have not yet had your *pelon.*"

"Oh!" said the doctor, "I did not understand you at first. No, I haven't had my *pelon* yet."

The doctor perceived that he had made a mistake. *Pelon* was not a disease, as he had at first imagined: very likely it was some new-fangled drink. It would never do for the storekeeper to think that the doctor was not familiar with *pelon:* so he remarked, "No, I haven't had my *pelon* yet; but, if you will join me, we will step around and have it now."

The storekeeper indulged in such immoderate laughter that the doctor had to wait for some time until the man had become calm.

"Another stranger fooled on *pelon!* I got sold worse than that. Do you know that my not knowing what *pelon* was nearly consigned me to the poorhouse? I came very near going into bankruptcy, — genuine, old-fashioned bankruptcy, where you don't have any thing left when you get through."

"How was that?" said the doctor.

"Well, you see, me and my wife came here perfect strangers. We didn't know any thing of the customs and manners of the people. We opened a nice family grocery-store, that had in it every thing the public needed. The very first customer, as soon as we had sold him the several articles he wanted, said, 'Well, now, I want some *pelon.*' I didn't know what it was; but, not wanting to show my ignorance, I told him that I had not got all my goods in yet, but would have a large invoice of *pelon* by next freight-train. He went off apparently displeased about something, and next day I saw him coming out of the rival establishment. He had transferred his custom to where they kept *pelon.* Every customer, white, black, and Mexican, wanted *pelon;* and, because I didn't have it right then, they never came back a second time. Some of them would return what they had ordered, and go off mad, just because I told them I was out of *pelon,* or that I did not keep it on hand. My wife said to me, 'You must go and buy some *pelon:* I could have sold bushels of it this morning.' That evening two negro boys were passing. One said, 'Let's go in heah, and buy dat ar;' to which the other responded, 'You don't cotch

me gwine into no place whar dey don't gib ye no *pelon;*' and the boys crossed over the street, and transferred their custom to the other store. I made up my mind to find out what *pelon* was. The night was dark, and no one could see me: so I walked across the street after the boys, and listened at the door. The negroes bought a box of sardines, a bottle of beer, and some other household remedies; and, as they paid for what they had purchased, one of them said, '*pelon.*' The proprietor of the store took down a glass jar, and handed each one of the boys a stick of barber-pole candy.

"'I don't want none ob dat ar *pelon:* gimme a couple ob cigarettes.'

"'Keno!' I ejaculated. I saw through the whole campaign plan of the enemy, who had well nigh forced me to capitulate. *Pelon* was nothing more nor less than any little trifle thrown in,—a kind of voluntary commission to the customer. I soon became celebrated for my *pelon*, and in a short time regained all my lost custom. Won't you have a cigar?"

The doctor took the cigar and strolled out, enriched with some valuable information regarding local customs.

The word *pelon* is a corruption of the Mexican or Spanish word *peloncillo*, a small cone of sugar. It is used in Mexico instead of crushed sugar. The Mexican customer is in the habit of demanding and receiving a piece of *peloncillo* whenever he buys any thing: hence the term *pelon.* It is a synonyme of the "please-remember-the-waiter" of the English, the *pourboire* and *trinkgeld* of the continent, and the *backsheesh* of Asia. Upon reflection it will be found that *pelon* has always existed, and will ever exist, among all people. It is the axle-grease on the hub of trade. If it were not for *pelon*, the wheels on the car of commerce would creak insufferably.

Sunday is the festal day in San Antonio. The saloons are all open, and the variety theatres have special services. The Germans go to the park and beer-gardens, and drink beer. The Mexicans go to church in the morning, and spend the remainder of the day at monte or in the cockpit; while the Americans who are not sick in bed, or riding around town in buggies, go fishing. Whenever you see two young men and a

dozen fishing-poles in an ambulance standing at the door of a grocery, while the grocer's man is packing the rear end of the vehicle with soda-crackers, demijohns, sardines, and beer-bottles, you know that to-morrow will be Sunday. At least, that is what a newspaper man, whose acquaintance we made at the

TO-MORROW WILL BE SUNDAY.

San Pedro Park, told us. Among other things relating to the observance of the sabbath that he told us, was the following.

He said, "I once wrote a local item in the 'Herald.' It read like this:—

"'From the fact that a number of ambulances loaded down with demijohns and fishing-poles were seen passing out of town this afternoon, in the direction of the fishing-hole on the Leona, we feel almost certain that to-morrow will be the Lord's Day. We wish to state, for the information of the guilty parties who desecrate the sabbath, that hereafter we will publish a list of all Sunday fishermen who fail to send us a fair share of the fish. We wish it, moreover, to be distinctly understood, that small perch and catfish will not satisfy us. We insist on trout. There are too many bones in perch and catfish to justify us in failing to do our whole duty in exposing those who defy alike the laws of God and man. Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy.'

"This went the rounds of the American press, and was, of course, regarded as a joke. But the editor of the 'Garten Laube,' a German monthly magazine, saw the squib, interpreted it literally, took it for a text, and wrote a long article on '*Puritanishe Intoleranz*.' The article affirmed, that while the celebrated Blue Laws were enforced rigidly only in the New-England States, yet the spirit of Puritan intolerance extended over the whole country, even as far south as the borders of Mexico; that while men and women were not actually tortured for violating the Blue Laws in the South, yet the baleful effects of these laws could be seen cropping out in the every-day life of the people. Here was some narrow-minded bigot (meaning me) who openly threatened to expose to public scorn and consequent ostracism those who had shaken off the shackles of superstition, and had the boldness to follow the dictates of their own consciences in going fishing on Sunday. 'From the reference to demijohns, we infer,' continues the 'Garten Laube,' 'that the denounced and execrated fishermen are not miserable temperanzlers or besotted watersimples, but believe in using the foaming goblet. We would like to call attention, not only to the intolerance of Puritanism, but to its utter hollowness, its rank hypocrisy. This puritanical water-fanatic, while denouncing the wickedness of fishing on Sunday, openly attempts to levy blackmail, and demands a portion of the fish. He even goes to the extreme limit of impudence, when he states that none but the most desirable, those with the fewest bones, will prevent him from holding his victims up to be sacrificed by the mob on the altar of puritanic intolerance.'

"Now, you may think I am joking; but, if you will look over the 'Garten Laube' for the year 1875, you will find the article referred to."

At San Antonio there is a saloon-keeper who is very conscientious in the observance of our Christian sabbath. One Sunday morning two exquisitely dressed young gentlemen,

"YOU CAN'T DESECRATE THE SABBATH WITH MY DICE."

with small canes, and with rosebuds in their coat-lapels, dropped into this man's saloon, *en route* to church. They called for liquid refreshments, possibly in anticipation of a dry sermon; and in a few minutes, like "drowning men," they were "grasping at straws." Presently one of them said, "Gimme the dice: I want to shake."

But the barkeeper sighed, and said, "You can't desecrate

the sabbath with my dice as long as I know what religion is."

"Why, ole fel," responded one of the youths, "I only want to shake with Tom to see who will have to furnish the quarter when the plate is being passed around."

"That's a horse of another color," was the mollified reply, as the dice was produced. "I thought you wanted to gamble on Sunday; and I'll be blamed if you can come that on me as long as I have a hereafter to go to." And he took a fresh cigar, and stirred up something nice for himself, as he gently whistled, with one eye on the young men, and the other one on his slate, "A charge to make I have."

SPRING.

San Antonio has more fence and dead-wall advertisements than any city of its size in the world; and they are written and printed and painted in several languages. Any artist who can procure a few pots of red and blue paint is allowed to throw as much soul as he pleases into the patent-medicine advertisements, and other works of art, on the fences, barns, and rocks. One man with long hair, a wild light in his eyes, and looking as if he ought to be run through a washing-machine, labors like a man hoeing corn; and in a few hours even those who cannot read, find themselves lifted up to a higher and purer life by

the legend, "Try Dr. McFraud's liver-encourager." Next day another artist posts a bill for a strolling revivalist under it; so that, both together, they read, "Try Dr. McFraud's liver-encourager." — "Prepare to meet thy God."

During a political campaign, the war proclamations of the rival gladiators may be seen on the same outhouse. While the candidates may thus be said to be billing together, they cannot be said to be cooing together, if the language they use toward each other indicates any thing. Information where to buy cabbage-plants, and the best place to procure genuine Havana cigars, may be found in startling proximity. The sale of sheep, and a call for a political meeting, read as if one and the same document. The city council has already got out an ordinance prohibiting this. Newspapers are the proper medium for advertising; for, after the public has read the advertisement, the newspapers can be used to cut patterns out of, and to wrap things in, which is more than can be done with a ten-foot plank fence with a row of nails on top. Who ever heard of anybody wrapping a piece of old cheese in the side of a barn? And yet many prefer to patronize the fence and the side of the barn as an advertising medium, instead of a newspaper, at the risk of having the owner of the property come out and feed his bulldog on the artist with the vigorous arm, and the wild, poetic eye.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONE morning we saw an intoxicated cowboy riding a pony at full speed down Commerce Street, with a policeman on horseback, and about a dozen dogs, in close pursuit. The cowboy was yelling in what he doubtless considered a sociable and good-humored way, but which was evidently against the city ordinances. In former times it used to be very fashionable for hardy frontiersmen to come to San Antonio to amuse themselves. The recreation sometimes took the playful turn of riding into a saloon on a mustang, and engaging in target-practice at the lamps, the barkeeper, or any other conspicuous object that happened to strike the eye of the gay and festive rover o'er the flower-bespangled prairies. Ordinarily, however, the searcher for relaxation would be satisfied, for the time being, with galloping at high speed through the streets, and shooting a few times at the dogs that happened to be within range. Unless an officer made himself obtrusive, he was rarely interfered with. The hilarious cowboy did not care to hunt the officer up, and the officer entertained the same sentiments towards the reveller. If it came to the worst, a fine of a few dollars would repair the damage to the peace and dignity of the city.

Times have changed since then. Now if a young man, who may never have visited San Antonio before, undertakes to shoot at the lamps, or indulges in any eccentricities of that character, he finds himself very much bewildered. Instead of creating admiration and awe, and being spoken of as a candidate for sheriff, as formerly, he immediately becomes such an object of pity that the spectators feel like taking up a collection for him. He is pulled off his horse and thrown down on the pavement by a couple of policemen. His pistol is ruthlessly taken away from him; and, while one heavy policeman sits on his stomach, the other explores his pockets for more pistols. Then they put nippers on him, and lead him away in triumph to the lock-up, without stopping to scrape the mud off his person. After he has spent a very disagreeable night, he is brought before the recorder to answer to the following high crimes and misdemeanors: disturbing the peace and quiet of the neighborhood, carrying concealed weapons, furious riding, resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty, quarrel-

ling and fighting, obstructing the sidewalks, and such other offences as he may have perpetrated. As the fine in each case may be as high as a hundred dollars, the reveller is, to some extent, at the mercy of the recorder. That such a pastime as "taking the town" is expensive in the long-run, needs no particular elaboration: hence it comes, that, of late years, San Antonio has lost many of her best customers. They take their custom to some other town. Once in a great while an old-fashioned boy from the cow counties reminds the city people of the happy days gone by.

These cowboys do not come to town more than once or twice in a year. Some of them come distances of more than a hundred miles; and when they get to town they are determined to "take it all in." Their ignorance of city ways and manners leads to many ludicrous mistakes.

"What time do you eat dinner here?" inquired a frontiersman of the clerk of the Menger Hotel.

"From twelve to three."

"From twelve to three!" whooped the astonished cowboy. "Take you three hours to fill up, does it? And they talk about it being unhealthy in town. Well, it just gets me, it do!" And then he went into the dining-room, and loaded steadily until the three hours were up, and came out saying that he "felt sort o' satisfied, and fixed up for business."

San Antonio is famous for its dogs and rats. In regard to the dogs, it can be said, without risk, that there are more of these movable flea-ranches in San Antonio than in Constantinople, so noted for its dogs; and all of them assist at open-air concerts, and carry on animated joint discussions, every night in the week. The unsuccessful searcher after slumber can hear them calling each other liars, and impeaching each other's records, all night long. A brief history of the San Antonio dog (there are two kinds of them) cannot fail to be of interest to those who are so fortunate as not to know any thing of them by actual experience. The first dog that settled in San Antonio came here with the Spaniards, and is that bandy-legged absurdity known to scientists as the no-hair dog. Naturalists who have studied the animal closely do not all agree regarding

him; but the majority are of the opinion that the animal received this name from the fact, that with the exception of a blond tuft between the ears, and another on the tip of the tail, he is as destitute of hair as the inside of a churn. The Mexicans call him the pelon dog. I believe he is the genuine Barbary. His hide is of a dark-purple color; and, when he is not in motion, he might readily be taken for a cast-iron dog if it were not for the tuft of hair on his tail. The naturalists tell us that a bunch of hair never thrives at the end of a cast-iron dog's tail.

THE NO-HAIR DOG.

At the present time there are not so many pelon dogs in San Antonio as there used to be. Being of a tropical origin, they suffer greatly during the northers in winter, and many of them die from exposure to the cold. The Mexican women are very fond of these dogs, and take great care of them. As the Mexican population decreases, the pelon dog also becomes scarce. He is always fat, probably because, owing to his hairless condition, he is not scouted over by detachments of fleas, as is the case with the Anglo-Saxon dog, whose mind is thus kept in a perpetually perturbed state.

After the advent of the American, a new kind of dog, that before that time was utterly unknown to the Mexicans, put in an appearance. Like his master, he had come to stay. He soon created a yearning for solitude on the part of the Mexican dog. Whenever the pelon went out to take the air, this newcomer made his acquaintance, the duration of which depended on the hold the intruder got.

The vast number of dogs that infest San Antonio was the result of another nuisance, — the rat. Up to the year 1855 rats were unknown. In that year the citizens undertook to

establish gas-works. When the gas-pipes arrived, several vagrant rats jumped out. From these first settlers have descended the millions of rats that have devastated the storerooms, and still continue to levy *prestamos* on the citizens, in spite of poison, traps, dogs, and all the profanity that can be brought to bear on them. Many of the buildings are of soft rock, and the rats catacomb the walls in every direction. Where there was a single rat in 1855, there were a dozen married ones, with large families, in 1856; and they have multiplied in increased ratio ever since. Every attempt to reduce their numbers failed. Those who placed their hopes in traps found them a snare and a delusion. The rats seemed to grow fat on poison. Finally some wise man, whose name posterity fails to record, suggested terriers. The whole population became infected with the rat-terrier fever. Heads of families sold their only pair of derringers to enable them to buy terriers. While the excitement was raging, the pawnbroker did a lively business. It was the popular delusion that a terrier could follow a rat into a hole no larger than a half-dollar. This was not the terrier's understanding of it. He expected the rat to be caught in a trap, and then placed in an arena built for the purpose. Most families found this too expensive, and in a very short time almost everybody had terriers to sell. The pawnbrokers, for some inexplicable reason, refused to advance on terriers. They would not take them at the most extravagant discount. The terriers have multiplied almost as rapidly as the rats; and when, on the streets of San Antonio, you are not looking at a rat, you are sure to have a crop-eared terrier in sight.

The rats sometimes die, but it cannot be properly said of them that they pass away. The old time-honored custom of depositing the remains of rats that have come to a violent end, in the street, is still kept up with a great deal of superfluous persistence by many of the citizens. By objecting to dead rats being thrown into the street, I do not wish to be understood as advocating that they should be left on the pavement, or filed away for future reference in the irrigating ditches. I do not even urge upon the owners of the defunct rodents, that they be flung over the fence into the neighboring yard, where

they are sometimes left to generate a bad odor and newspaper comments. Nor is it sympathy for the rats that instigates me to refer to this nuisance. It does not hurt a dead rat in the least to be run over by a loaded dray. There are other reasons, but there is no positive necessity for elaborating them.

In 1855, when there were comparatively few Americans in the city, an old Mexican shoemaker, named Pancho Hernandez, had a shop on the Military Plaza. He had a young and rather good-looking wife. Pancho was a man of considerable influence, and was quite a favorite with the Americans, particularly those who ran for office. He spent much of his time with the Americans, and soon became so saturated with American civilization that he preferred whiskey to the vile mezcal on which his ancestors for hundreds of years had relied for inspiration. He even acquired a fondness for American food; and one day he actually brought home a large canvas-covered ham, much to the disgust of his wife, who exclaimed, —

"Ah, Panco! those dogs of *gringoes* will be the death of you yet. You no longer find any pleasure in the juicy *tamale* of your ancestors. You no longer observe the sabbath-day to keep it holy by attending the service at the cockpit like a good Christian; but you are off every Sunday with your American friends, playing billiards. And now you bring home that vile ham. I wish the Devil had it, and all the Americans in the town."

"Excepting that tall one, with light hair, who never comes here except when I am away," observed Pancho, as he hung up the despised ham on a nail in the adobe wall. As Mrs. Hernandez refused to cook the ham, it hung on the wall for several weeks. One day, while Pancho was absent electioneering, the red-headed American to whom Pancho had alluded came in. He said he wanted to see Pancho; but, he not being present, Mrs. Pancho seemed to answer the purpose just as well. In his eagerness to have her understand precisely what he wanted, he had inadvertently placed his arms around her neck, and had his mouth very close to her mouth, when she happened to notice the ham on the wall. Valgeme Dios! It moved, it flopped about. The poor woman believed the Devil was in the ham, and had come to carry her away. She emitted a yell that

made the inhabitants away out in the suburbs suppose that Indians were attacking the town. The auburn-haired American went out through the window like a streak. Mrs. Pancho resolved to lead a new life, and to keep her eye on that ham.

That very same day Pancho, who had been assisting in consolidating the Mexican vote, his wife being at church, was scared into comparative sobriety by seeing the ham wriggle. He rubbed his eyes, and saw it wriggle again. The *diabolo* was in the ham on the wall on account of the sins he, Pancho, had committed during the heat of the campaign: so Pancho strolled out hurriedly, with a howl on his lips, in search of a priest. Father Thomas Aquinas, a newly arrived prelate from the south of Ireland, was a very devout young man; but when Pancho begged him to come — with bell, book, and candle — to drive the Devil out of the ham, he smiled so audibly that he interrupted an auctioneer's flow of eloquence on the opposite side of the plaza. When he got to Pancho's house, and saw that fine ham hanging on the wall, there was moisture in the corners of his mouth. He said he would have to take the ham to his room, where he had all the facilities for expelling the evil spirit. He was reaching out to remove it from the nail on the wall, when he recoiled with an ejaculation of horror, for the ham kicked at him.

"I forgot entirely we were in Lent, and forbidden to ate mate," muttered the conscience-stricken priest, as he crossed himself, and started at a dog-trot for the nearest church.

The shoemaker's shop was empty. A black, woolly head was inserted through the door, and Sam Johnsing, a reliable colored man, stealthily entered. He advanced towards the ham, and was just about to sequestrate it, when he saw it move. He intimated that the Devil was in the ham, and he sauntered out as slowly as if fired out of a gun.

The excitement among the Mexican population was intense. A large mob collected around the building; but nobody could be induced to enter, until, a Texas ranger having put several bullets through the ham, another reckless American pushed it off the nail with a long pole, and then the rat was out of the bag. In the soft adobe wall where the ham had been was a

hole the size of a man's wrist, which was invisible as long as the ham was hanging on the wall. There was no ham at all in the yellow canvas cover. There was nothing inside of the cover of the ham except the bone. The intelligent rats had performed the remarkable engineering feat of making a tunnel inside of the adobe wall, it coming out behind the ham. They had then eaten a hole into the ham, climbed into it, and eaten it all up, except the outside cover, which preserved the plump, outside appearance of the ham, while inside it was as hollow and deceptive as the piety of Pancho, his wife, the red-headed American, the priest, and Sam Johnsing.

Pancho had frequently noticed a large rat that several times ran out into the middle of the floor, looked up at the ham as if he was taking measurements and bearings of the exact position of the ham on the wall, and then ran back into his hole. That the rats should be able to hit the exact spot on the wall where the ham was hung shows, that, as far as intelligence goes, they were probably ahead of Pancho, his wife, and all the rest of the crowd: anyhow, the rats were no doubt quite as moral, which is the moral of this entertaining little fable.

Those who have never seen a Mexican mendicant, and who never expect to see one, are to be envied; and, when it comes to a deformed specimen, it will turn out to be a paying investment to hire a special train, and go away somewhere to avoid seeing one, so repulsive is the sight. I met one of these beggars on the main plaza. He was mounted on a small and doleful donkey. It was the nearest approach to a beggar on horseback that I ever saw. A mendicant, when he desires to excite sympathy, usually relies on his extremities. This one literally relied on all of his extremities, which were twisted in a most startling manner; but you could not give them the attention they deserved, as his face, and particularly his nose, had superior claims. Parts of his hands, feet, and nose, were gone; and the small-pox had very much damaged the rest of him. Reining up his donkey in front of me, he made a short speech on finance, concluding with some reference to internal affairs; and then he held out a small piece of his hand, which was very much twisted, and resembled in shape the new map of

Turkey. He was going to show me a wound on his back, but I thought that would be asking too much of a stranger. I deposited a dime on the Turkish frontier. He was so filled with

THE MEXICAN MENDICANT.

gratitude that he was about to unwind some bandages; but I was afraid of losing my appetite, — the only one I had, — so we parted, the rider giving me an unconditional present of his blessing, as I passed down the narrow street.

An old gentleman sat near me in the courtyard of the Menger Hotel. He was carving the arm of his chair with a pocket-knife. Looking up, he asked me if I had been in the country any length of time. I knew what he was trying to work up to: he was going to ask me if I had been to the missions yet. I said I had only been in the country long enough to see all the missions, and a few other historic spots, including the battle-field of San Jacinto.

"I came to San Antonio with the cholera."

"Did you have it bad, Judge?"

The judge stopped sculpturing the chair, and explained, —

"I did not have the cholera when I came here: but I came with the cholera; that is, I came here the same year the cholera came."

To encourage him, I said, "I have heard that it was so healthy in San Antonio that people who wanted to die had to leave the city, and that the air was so dry and pure that old people dried up, and blew away."

"That statement is a lie, sir, gotten up by some Yankee scribbler to injure our State. I can show you an old man who never dries up, but keeps on talking and gassing all day long. Besides, if a man dries up, how can he keep on blowing away? I would like to talk to the man who got up that lie on the people."

"What year was it, Judge, that you said the cholera came to San Antonio?"

"The same year Ben Milam's remains were taken up, and buried on the other side of the San Pedro."

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. "Judge, what year was it you said Milam died with the cholera?"

The judge got angry, and sculptured the chair with increased ferocity and the large blade of his pocket-knife. After a pause, he said, —

"I'd like to know who said that Milam died of the cholera? He didn't die of the cholera, but fell, fighting the Mexicans."

The judge got up, and looked as if he wanted to fight. Taking me by the arm, he said he wanted to speak to me privately. I was a stranger in a strange land, — very strange, — and there

was no policeman near. He led me away in the direction of a beer-saloon. "Thank Heaven!" said I to myself, "I'll find a policeman there! The judge said he meant business. I did not come to San Antonio for business: I came to enjoy myself." Then I began to wonder if it would be of any use to apologize. What would be the verdict of the coroner? Would the Northern papers call it "another Southern outrage"? and would the judge be acquitted, — temporary insanity, or absence of witnesses?

"Let me call your attention to this," said the judge; and he pulled a pistol out of his pocket. I was about to make a dash for liberty, when he took from the same pocket a bundle of cards, and placed the pistol back again in his pocket. "Read that card, and you will see that I am a candidate for coroner before the people's meeting to-night: my friends are trying to bring me out, and I have yielded."

"But I cannot help you, Judge, as I have not got a vote here."

"I know it, Colonel; but you *can* help me. Just mix in the crowd. Hurrah for Judge Bangs whenever you get a chance; and, if any one says any thing about my war record, call him a liar. When I'm elected coroner, maybe I'll be able to do something for you. What will you take?"

I took the judge by the hand, and told him that I would be glad to do what I could for him, and then I made my escape.

We attended a grand concert that took place on Saturday evening in Turner Hall. The performance was by amateurs. I cannot say I relished the first piece much: it was an overture by a brass band. A brass band is too eloquent in a hall, particularly when aided and abetted by a large drum. Before the overture was over, the audience, with the exception of one man, who was blessed with partial deafness, were willing to make overtures to the Legislature to double the tax on drummers. A solo ("Swabean Maiden") was beautifully rendered by Miss Maria Lacoste, who possesses a wonderfully pure alto voice. A chorus by the Beethoven Mænnerchor came next.

During the pauses between the pieces I amused myself by studying the drop-curtain, on which was a very good painting

of the celebrated castle of Miramar, where the unfortunate Carlotta was confined. The castle was very good; but the firmament above, in consequence of its having been rolled up as a scroll, looked as if there was soon going to be a storm. There were, however, two young men near me, who assisted in

"WHICH OF 'EM IS BEETHOVEN?"

keeping me in good humor. They were friends. One was from the country, while the other had been a resident of the city for some months. When the Beethovens were singing, the happy peasant from the rural districts, who had been studying the printed programme, inquired amiably, —

"Which of 'em is Beethoven?"

"I don't know," responded the other.

"Isn't that man at the end Beethoven?"

"No: that's the editor of the 'Freie Presse.' Maybe the man next to him is."

"Why, you ought to know him! You have lived here long enough."

"I would know him if I was to see him; but I don't think he's up there, anyhow."

The person from the country then turned around to me, and asked me which was Beethoven. I pointed out a man who I afterwards learned was Col. Hæfflin, a public-spirited butcher, who looks very like Beethoven at a distance. I may mention, that, the greater the distance, the more striking the resemblance. Anyhow, the young man was satisfied. I was going to point out Mozart, Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Cæsar, and some of the local members of the press, when the firmament was again rolled up, and Mr. Charles H. Mueller, said to be the best tenor in town, came forward. The tenor of his solo was "Klockengeleute," which means, in English, "Chimes." Mr. Mueller sang with much feeling. The peasant said to his friend, "Let's take a stroll." They only took a short stroll. When they came back you could almost feel the beer in the air. I fell into a revery while studying a painting on the wall to the right of the stage. It represented a young man in flowing robes. From the fact, that, except the flowing robes, the figure did not seem to have many clothes, I thought perhaps it was a representation of the press. The figure was holding on to a lyre with both hands, — cumulative evidence that the genius of the press was meant; and, when I turned to look at the figure, behold! its legs were gone. There was a square opening where the legs used to be.

Just then the performers came through the opening; and, when the door was closed, there were the legs back again where they ought to be. It is a solemn fact, that the legs are painted on the door. When the door is a little ajar, the supposed reporter looks as if he were hurrying home from a Fourth-of-July procession, rather tangled up.

I believe the singing was good: I do not know. I did not

understand it. A good deal of the singing was of the sky-rocket style, and I do not like that kind. The doctor asked me if I understood the chorus that I applauded so much. I told him the old anecdote about Bridget and the sermon. "What an illigant sermon Father O'Doud preached this morning!" — "Did you understand it, Bridget?" asked her employer. "Faith, sur, wud I have the assurance?"

We visited the county poorhouse. It is near the water-works, about two miles from town. The rooms are very neat and clean, and the institution is well managed. It is more, however, in the nature of an insane-asylum than a poorhouse, there being no less than fourteen idiots there when we visited the institution, — being two more than it takes to try a man for murder. The lunatics make themselves useful. Some of them were cutting wood when we saw them. I tried to cut wood once; but I was not very successful, and the axe got caught in the clothes-line. Ever since I want no better evidence of a man's insanity than to see him cutting wood.

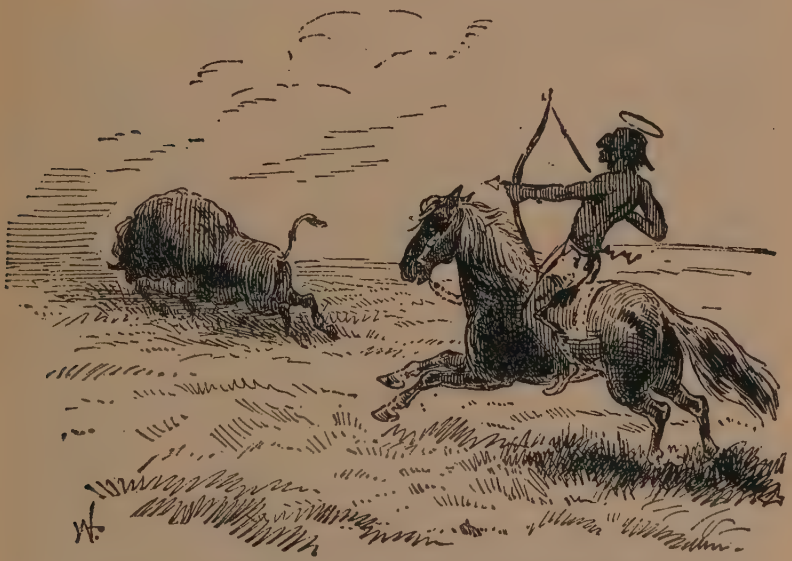
In San Antonio progress is visible on every hand. In the houses, the streets, the people, the amusements, and the religious observances, the old is to be seen gradually merging into the new. In 1849 the city could only boast of two policemen: now they are to be seen in every saloon. Thirty years ago San Antonio was a Mexican city. All the goods that were sold in San Antonio were hauled up from the coast on uncouth vehicles called *carretas*. The two wheels of these carts were made of wood, solid, and without spokes. Some of them had not a nail or a piece of metal in them; and, when the thing was in motion, the creaking of the wheels made the roar of a hand-organ, or the tintinnabulations of a boiler-foundry, seem melodious lullabies. The oxen, instead of being reminded of their obligations with a whip, were persuaded with a spike at the end of a long pole. Gradually the loud, explosive whip, and the hearty expletive of the American, have taken the place of the stiletto-like goad of the descendant of Cortez and Montezuma; and now old-fashioned Mexican carts, with wooden wheels, are comparatively scarce.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXCEPT driving freight-wagons, the only real, steady, active work the Mexicans ever allowed themselves to be caught at, was celebrating the saints' days. The celebration was decidedly unique. After devoutly attending church, the fast young men would mount their ponies, and spend the rest of the day in galloping through the streets, and uttering a succession of shrieks, while the *profanum vulgus*, who did not own horses, stood on the corners and cheered.

Having much curiosity to know how it was that the saints' days came to be celebrated in this demonstrative manner, I made frequent inquiry, but, for a long time, could get no clew to the mystery. The only explanation I ever got was, that such had always been the custom. An old but otherwise reliable inhabitant told me that he was one of the first Americans who visited San Antonio, and that, when he came, there was

an oil painting over the altar of the old church. The painting represented St. Anthony, dressed and painted like a Comanche chief, mounted on a pony, a halo about his head, armed with a bow and arrows, and pursuing a buffalo over the prairie. This was probably a device of the early missionaries, who thus sought to insidiously instil Christian principles into the Indian after the manner of the missionaries in China, who represented the Saviour of mankind in the guise of a Mandarin. The Indians, supposing St. Anthony to be a *bona fide* Coman-



FROM OIL PAINTING OF ST. ANTHONY IN SAN ANTONIO CHURCH.

che, and a major-general among the saints, celebrated the day set apart in his honor, and eventually all the saints' days, by riding through the streets at the same break-neck speed that St. Anthony seemed to enjoy in the oil painting.

Of late years the wild riding has entirely disappeared; owing to the enactment of a city ordinance, that placed it under the head of disorderly conduct, with an appropriate fine. Now the Mexicans have reformed entirely, and spend saints' days and sabbath evenings like Christian gentlemen, in the back-rooms of the saloons.

It was only by slow degrees that the religious custom of celebrating the saints' days by vociferous equestrianism died out. No serious objection was raised at first by the American population of San Antonio to this primitive form of Christianity practised by the natives. The Americans are proverbially tolerant in religious matters, and in this case their numerical inferiority would have made it decidedly unhealthy for them to be otherwise. There was, of course, no wide-spread rejoicing among the Americans at having their slumbers broken into every fifteen minutes, three nights out of four, by the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the demoniacal yells of the drunken Mexicans. The Americans said among themselves, "This is their mode of worshipping God, and it would be unjust in us to interfere until we have a majority in the city council. Let us be tolerant, and respect their sincerity, until we have the drop on them."

What gave vitality and length of days to this peculiar form of worship was the fact, that, during election-times, candidates in pursuit of the Mexican vote would join in the procession; and nothing was more common than to see the prospective county officers — genuine Caucasians, with red heads, and noses to match — splashing through the mud, leading a herd of tatterdemalions, and yelling, "Hurrah for Our Lady of Gaudaloupe!" or whoever the saint of the day might be.

Gradually, however, the primitive simplicity of this mode of worship became corrupted. Abuses crept in. The Mexican was satisfied with riding over dogs during the day, and keeping quiet citizens awake during the night. But soon part of the American ritual was grafted on their original form of worship, such as riding into bar-rooms, shooting out the lights, and perforating the barkeeper. At last people devoid of religious convictions began to shake their heads; and when finally a stranger named McGinnis, while celebrating St. Patrick's Day, shot and seriously wounded a popular saloon-keeper, a justice of the peace, at the risk of losing the Mexican vote, had McGinnis arrested. The saloon-keeper subsequently dying from his injuries, the unfortunate Celt, who thought he was making himself popular by pandering to the customs of the country, was

made to feel the majesty of the law. He was fined for discharging fire-arms within the city limits. Such was society in its primitive form. Civilization has continued its onward march, until, at the present time, the man who, in Texas, imbrues his hands in the blood of his fellow-man is no longer punished by the mockery of a fine, but is made to feel the

"HURRAH FOR OUR LADY OF GUADALOUPE!"

magnitude of his crime by being turned out into the cold, unfeeling world, branded with the stigma of insanity.

It was a long time before the people could be broken of the habit of shooting at signs that hung across the street. The old citizens of San Antonio remember the fusillade that used to rage with intense fury all day long, on such days as Christ-

mas and New-Year's Day. The first attempt to check the practice was in 1849. A notice was hung up over Commerce-street Bridge, forbidding the discharge of fire-arms. The effort to interfere with the innocent pastime of the people was not at first attended with any flattering degree of success. On the Fourth of July many of the inhabitants were not in a condition to make bull's eyes. Some idea of the inaccuracy of their target-practice may be obtained from an old daguerrotype of the sign before referred to, as it appeared on the morning of the 5th of July, 1849.

Some of the old city ordinances of San Antonio, when under Spanish rule, I consider of sufficient interest to justify me in inserting a translation here: —

VARIOUS MUNICIPAL REGULATIONS AND ORDINANCES FOR SAN ANTONIO IN 1823.

Considering the deplorable state of society prevailing in this city, the want of cleanliness of the streets and plazas, the filthiness of the ditches, and ruinous condition of the bridges, etc., occasioned by a complete disregard of former regulations and ordinances: therefore, such abuses being highly injurious to public health, it has become of imperious necessity to issue a new regulation of police and good government,

for the purpose of putting an end to such evils, and promoting the security and comfort of the citizens.

Therefore the illustrious Ayuntamento has resolved and decreed the following provisions, the observance of which is rendered obligatory: —

Every person who keeps hogs shall have them kept in pens. The owners of any such animals, found in the street, shall be fined one dollar.

Any person wishing to give a ball shall give advice thereof to the alcalde of first vote, under penalty of forfeiting fifty cents. The musicians who shall play for such balls shall incur the same fine.

Any person who shall leap over a fence without the authorization of the owner of the premises shall, besides making good the damage, be fined in a sum of six dollars.

In view of a more perfect and strict execution of the present provisions, the illustrious Ayuntamento has been pleased to put the four wards of this city under the special care of the several regidores, as follows: to wit, for the ward of San Antonio de Valero, the Alcalde Vincente Gortare; for the north ward, Don Luceano Navarro; for the south ward, Don Francisco Thurtillos; for the ward of Laredo, Juan Jose Maria Escalera. The illustrious Ayuntamento has further been pleased to appoint Don Jesus del Tory, Don Meguil Munos, Don Melchior Leal, and Don Francisco Bustilla, to act under the regidores in their respective wards, with the denomination of "ward-commissioners."

It shall be the duty of said commissioners to see that no vagrants, or people of bad life, introduce themselves into the wards. If such should happen, they shall inform the regidor of the fact, who will report the same to the constitutional alcaldes.

The ward-commissioners, being considered the fathers of their wards, shall endeavor, without, however, penetrating into the houses, to settle and conciliate such domestic dissensions or quarrels as may come within their notice, except such as have a scandalous appearance. Regarding these, they will give advice to their respective regidores, and these to the alcaldes.

In case of a conflagration, or any other calamity of the kind, the commissioners shall hasten to the spot, and organize such assistance as may be required.

Any citizen who shall harbor a stranger in his house shall immediately inform the commissioner, at his respective ward, of the fact, stating the place where such person came from, the purpose of his travel, the names of his associates, etc. The commissioner shall report to the regidor, and he to the alcaldes. Any delinquent shall be fined ten dollars.

Servants wishing to pass from one master to another shall give fifteen days' notice, previous to leaving him, in order that he may secure the services of other persons. The servants may then look for another master, after having obtained of the former a paper signed by the regidor or commissioner of their respective wards, and stating the amount of their liabilities towards said former masters.

Any person wishing to go out to hunt mustangs or cattle shall previously advise the alcalde, and, on their return, produce to him such animals as they have captured, in order that the marks and brands thereof may be ascertained. Any infraction of this provision shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars. Any persons who shall go out hunting without advice, and shall not exhibit the ears and brands of the animals they may have killed in the fields, shall forfeit double the above specified amount.

Given in the city of San Antonio de Bexar, the first day of February, 1823.

JOSE ANTO. SACUEDO.
GASPER FLORES.

It seems to me that the penalties attached to these ordinances were not properly graded. A person could give a ball at his house, and only be fined fifty cents; while it would seem, from the reading and punctuation of the hog ordinance, that the owner of a hog must not be found on the streets under a penalty of one dollar.

It awakens painful emotions when we think of the ward-commissioners being required to "conciliate domestic dissensions." We find no instructions given to the commissioner as to how he should act if the domestic dissenter refused to be conciliated, and turned on him with a club.

Up to the year 1850, the great majority of the people being Catholic, religious processions were popular. The carrying in procession, from the church, of the last sacrament to a dying man, by surpliced priests chanting the litany, was very solemn and impressive, especially to the invalid himself. This custom has been discontinued of late years, but in former days nothing was more common.

An American living near the church on the Plaza de las Islas had a remarkably intelligent parrot, that, by often hear-

ing the doleful chant, had learned to imitate it exactly. The lamentations of Jeremiah were jovial madrigals compared to the funereal chant of the foreign bird. Mexicans coming to

"ORA PRO NOBIS!"

market would attract the attention of the parrot, and he would forthwith begin to chant in the whining voice of the trained ecclesiastic. The Mexicans, never suspecting that a bird was guilty of such blasphemous conduct, would with reverence doff their

sombreros, drop down on their knees, and wait patiently for the procession to pass. Fresh Mexicans would come along, and assume devout positions on the sidewalks, alongside of the first, until they impeded travel on the streets, and were dispersed by the police. Even after the fraud was discovered, no Mexican ever passed the parrot without raising his hat, and making the sign of the cross. The bird was finally purchased by the proprietor of a Commerce-street saloon, and kept in a cage in a gambling-room in the back part of the premises. Ever and anon the Mexican blackleg would drop his cards, and gaze about with blanched cheek, as the familiar, sonorous chant, interspersed with mild frontier profanity, sounded over his head: "Ora pro nobis! Doggone the luck! Pater noster! Keno!"

Almost every article of food used by the Mexicans has red pepper in it in some shape; and not only Mexicans, but Americans, use pepper freely, either in its ground form, sprinkled over meat and vegetables, or in the pod, boiled in soup. The Mexicans call it *chili*. The well-known author, Mr. N. Webster, calls it *Capsicum frutescens* (Solanacea). When a stranger for the first time tastes a Mexican dish seasoned with *Capsicum frutescens*, he wants the fire-department called out at once.

The reporter who dined with us called the red-pepper-pods on the table Texas strawberries, and tried to impose on the doctor, insisting that he should eat some of them with cream and sugar. Failing in this, he told the following: —

"In this quaint old Alamo City it never rains but it pours. Week after week will drag itself along without there being any item more startling or unusual than a Mexican raid or a murder-trial. The newspaper-man in search of live items will begin to despair of any thing happening worth reporting, when suddenly, inside of fifteen minutes, the entire community will be shaken from centre to circumference by a dog-fight, and the simultaneous arrival of a wagon-load of El Paso onions, or some like event of national moment. Yesterday morning the gloom was chased out of my private office by the appearance of William McManus from the Calaveras. Perceiving that he was in great pain to impart something of importance, probably about our border complications, I inquired what was the matter.

"'There is no news out in the settlement, except that Jake Mullins has run off and left his sick old father. The old man is more'n eighty years of age, and crippled up right smart.'

"'How did it happen?'

"'Well, you see, the Mullinses is new-comers. They have come to our country from Ohio; and they are all green except Jake, who ought to be hung if they ketch him.'

"'Why, what did he do?'

"'What did he do! Well, you know these little Mexican peppers, which are so hot that you have to put on two pairs of buckskin gloves, and wait for a frost, before you can pick them? He told his father they were Texas strawberries; and the old man stored away about a pint of 'em in his mouth before he found it out. But it didn't take him long after that. He learned right rapid for an old man.'

OLD MAN MULLINS.

"'Didn't Jake know how hot they were?'

"'Of course he knew it. He walked in sorter careless to where the old man was sitting in his chair, making out that he was eating them himself. He said, "Ain't these Texas strawberries delicious? They remind me of my old home." Then

the old man's mouth watered, and Jake gave him a handful; and it hasn't stopped watering since; and it is all swelled, besides, until it looks like the toe of an old boot.'

"'Wasn't Jake afraid to arouse his father's ire?' we wanted to know.

"'You see, Jake knew the old man was a good Christian, and that, on account of the rheumatiz, he couldn't run: so he thought he was safe.'

"'How did it turn out?'

"'Well, you couldn't expect him to say much, anyhow, with that mouth, particularly as it was busy getting rid of them peppers; but what he did say was no camp-meeting talk. You couldn't put it into your family paper, no ways. And, as for his legs, he worked them like they were new ones.'

"'Did he use personal violence?'

"'Oh, no! of course not. He ran about with the Texas strawberries and the cuss-words dropping out of his mouth, hunting for the shotgun. You see, Jake peppered him, and he naturally wanted to pepper Jake. He had to put up with an axe. He followed Jake around for an hour; but Jake got away, and hasn't been heard of since. The old man is very much cast down, because he fears Jake won't come back. He feels that he was too hasty, and that he should have kept quiet till he got Jake off his guard. He spends his time squatting down by the fence-corner with his shotgun, sighing for his boy to come back.'"

CHAPTER XXIX.

BRAUNFELS is a town thirty miles from San Antonio, inhabited altogether by Germans. The population is about four thousand. The town has a very romantic and strange history. We went over to New Braunfels in the stage-coach from San Antonio, the reporter accompanying us. He was writing up the history of the place. I borrowed some of his history, and found it reliable — as history goes.

In the spring of Anno Domini 1844, an association for the promotion of German immigration to Texas was formed in the city of Mainz, Germany. The association was composed exclusively of noblemen, who in their social relations were painfully exclusive. It was called the *Adels Verein* ("Noblemen's Association"). Every member was af-

flicted, among other things, with a pedigree. They did nothing for a living; and, as a general thing, it took them all day to do it. Among the members were the following: the Duke of Nassau, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, Prince Frederick of Prussia, the Langraf of Hesse-Homburg, the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, the Prince Moritz of Nassau, the Prince of Leiningen, the Prince of New Weid, the Prince Solms-Braunfels, the Count of New-Leiningen-Westerburg, the Count Frederick of Alt-Leiningen-Westerburg, the Count Ysenburg-Meerholz, Count Hatzfeldt, Count Kniphausen, Count Renesse, Count Lilienburg, Count Colloredo-Mannsfeldt, and the Count Carl of Castell.

THE REPORTER.

The question naturally arises, Why should these pampered sons of luxury suddenly become so absorbed in immigration schemes? Western Texas, at that time, was in the almost undisturbed possession of the *coyote*, the buffalo, and the Indian. It seems hard to understand why the *Adels Verein* were desirous of populating Texas. There was a large-sized bug under the Teutonic chip. The bug was no less a personage than Lord Palmerston, prime-minister of England. He was the man who pulled the wires, and set all the little German counts and dukes to dancing. In one way it was all the same to Lord Palmerston, whether the wilds of Texas were settled by Indians or Germans; but in another light he felt as much interest in the German settlements in Texas as if he owned lands out there that distressed him to pay taxes on. The area of the United States was already much larger than Lord Palmerston cared that it should be; and he determined, if possible, to prevent that country from extending any farther in the direction

of Mexico. Texas was then a republic: she thought it would be a judicious thing to get a colony of Germans between the United States and Mexico. The English policy was to prevent, under all circumstances and at whatever cost, the annexation of Texas to the United States. Lord Palmerston could have sent Englishmen out to Texas; but they were more useful at home, where they paid taxes. The monkey could have pulled the chestnuts out of the fire himself, but that would have looked like a personal slight to the cat. Possibly I do the Fritznoodle Vereins injustice, when I suggest that they were cat's-paws of Lord Palmerston. They may have expected to acquire large principalities in Texas, and ultimately to have annexed Germany to the new country. Apparently this was perfectly feasible; for at that time Texas had hardly one hundred thousand inhabitants who observed the proprieties, and did not daub chromos of the sun, moon, and stars over their nakedness. A sufficient number of German immigrants could be sent over to make German influence predominate, and thus prevent the United States from joining fences with Mexico. Letters written by Prince Solms-Braunfels, the representative in Texas of the *Adels Verein*, and a relative of the English royal family, show that this was one of the motives of the enterprise.

Every male emigrant from Germany was promised one hundred and sixty acres of land, and to every family was promised twice as much.

As before stated, the members of the Fritznoodle Verein were all of the blue-blood aristocracy of Germany. They actually revelled in a wealth of cerulean gore. There was one thing they were quite positive of: and that was that man, properly speaking, began with the rank of baron; all born below that rank belonged to an inferior order of creation.

No further proof was needed of the unfitness of the Fritznoodle family for the successful transaction of business; but, nevertheless, they soon began to furnish additional and overwhelming evidence of it. The association purchased four hundred and fifty square miles of land in Western Texas, from a Frenchman named Bourgeois d'Orvanne, to whom it did not belong. Instead of buying land, they themselves were sold,

which is usually the case when any high-born aristocrat undertakes to trade with persons destitute of blood. This Frenchman was a man of low degree, without rank, and having no title —to the land he sold the association. The Fritznoodles did not find out that they had been swindled until the advance guard of the immigrants — one hundred and fifty families — had arrived in Galveston.

The next sacred duty devolving on Prince Solms-Braunfels, who was the agent and representative of the *Adels Verein* in Texas, was to discover some other man who had land to sell. He had to be in a hurry about finding a fresh rascal, as the immigrants at Galveston were beginning to develop some disloyal disgust. They could not well stay where they were, and they did not know any more than did Prince Solms-Braunfels where to go. The prince soon found another unavailable piece of land to buy. There were two Germans in Texas, Fisher and Miller, who had a contract with the Republic of Texas by which they were to obtain a large tract of land on the Llano River, on condition that they would settle six thousand immigrants on the lands. Prince Solms bought the land. After he had paid twelve thousand guldens to Fisher and Miller, he conceived a bright idea: probably it was suggested to him by some impatient immigrant. The idea was to find out where the newly acquired Eldorado was situated. He learned that the land was beautifully located on the Llano River, some four hundred miles from Galveston. This distance was a very fortunate circumstance; as it prevented the Indians, in whose undisputed possession the land was, from killing and scalping the legal owners. The preliminary business of removing the Indians should have been attended to by Fisher and Miller; but these two worthies found it easier and more remunerative to plunder the German immigrants than to interfere with a lot of healthy Comanches. From what I can learn, the heads of Fisher and Miller were entirely flat on top. In all, they captured eighteen thousand dollars from the Fritznoodle Verein. When Solms bought the land, he evidently did not intend the purchase to include the Indians, for he made no attempt to dispose of them. Owing to the activity and enterprise of the

Comanches, and other tribes, in resenting intrusion, it was a very difficult matter to find a live man who had seen the land in question. After the Indians got through with an explorer, he was not disposed to be communicative, and was completely unfitted to describe scenery.

According to the statements of Fisher and Miller, the land they sold was a perfect paradise, abounding in rich mines of gold and silver, having an Italian climate, and all kinds of tropical fruits. Game was also very abundant. All the German immigrant would have to do, after building his humble cabin on the bank of a babbling brook, would be to cast his line into the stream, and pull up a forty-pound salmon. Dropping his rod, he would seize his trusty *yaeger*, and, firing at random, bring down a stately buck or ponderous buffalo. And thus it would be all day long, — jerk! up comes a fish: bang! down goes a deer, — his wife and little ones swinging in their hammocks, lulled to sleep by the gentle Gulf-breeze sighing through the tree-tops; and all around, as far as the eye could reach, nothing but oranges and bananas, with a sprinkling of lofty palm-trees to inspire poetic thought.

The fact is, the German immigrant of that day had a very similar idea of the Llano country to what the English immigrant of to-day has of South-western Texas. The charges of exaggeration made against Fisher and Miller in the German papers in 1844–45 are bewilderingly similar to those made in the English papers to-day against some Texas immigrant agents.

The new purchase was one hundred miles from the habitation of any white man, — an unpleasant prospect to men who were not in the habit of missing their meals, and who were accustomed to spend their evenings in social intercourse in cosey beer-saloons.

Finally Prince Solms bought a tract of land between the Guadaloupe and Comal Rivers, which was to serve as a half-way station between the coast and the lands of the association on the Llano. This settlement was called New Braunfels. The land on which the present town of New Braunfels is situated has been in litigation for a number of years. Prince Solms, realizing that he did not thoroughly understand the Texas

land business, and that managing the affairs of a colony was not his *forte*, resigned his position, and returned to Germany.

The facts in the following sketch of Prince Solms were translated from the "Anzeger des Westens" by the reporter: —

Prince Solms-Braunfels was a chivalrous young man, of prepossessing appearance and engaging manners, friendly and affable in his intercourse with the colonists, and consequently much liked by them. The idea of conquering Texas, even if he had to accomplish it with the sword, in order to advance the interests of his cousin, as he called Queen Victoria, was constantly before him, and gave rise to many ludicrous scenes.

It is very natural that there should be a great many comic interviews between a prince of the royal blood, brought up to regard himself as of a superior race, endowed with all the privileges of an hereditary aristocracy, and the American settlers, with their pride of being self-made men, and their utter disregard for the titles and pretensions of royalty; and hence there are hundreds of amusing anecdotes of conversations that the prince had with native Americans.

PRINCE SOLMS SEALING A DEED.

The total absence of any thing like deference, which was observed wherever he went, notwithstanding it was well known that the blood of a long line of princes flowed in his veins, did not please him: and when on one occasion, at a dinner, a very much elongated specimen of an American farmer, who was the proprietor of sixty acres of land and two negroes, in reply to some of the prince's high-strung rhapsodies, answered bluntly that in this free country every citizen was a king, he lost all taste for republics. When he had occasion to sign deeds, and other documents of importance, he did so with the seal of his

coat-of-arms on the hilt of his sword (he never went out without his sword); and to him it was incomprehensible why the Americans present laughed. He thought it was a very imposing act to draw his glittering blade from the scabbard, turn it with a bold flourish, and bring the golden seal on the pommel down on the wafer.

After he had established his headquarters at the Sophienburg, in the settlement of New Braunfels, he organized a body-guard, composed of the sturdy young men of the neighborhood, not only for personal protection, but also to be used against the Indians. His principal object was to form the nucleus of the army he proposed to raise. There, however, could not have been much discipline among the troops, which were commanded by Baron von Wrede. In illustration of this assumption, we have the following anecdote: —

It was the custom of the prince to hold reviews of this company at Sophienburg. On one such occasion it began to rain, whereupon the company broke ranks, and retired in disorder to their homes. They went and returned not. All attempt to induce them to do so failed, notwithstanding the eloquent profanity of the officers in command. Rigid with astonishment, the prince gazed at his retreating body-guard, and then upon his adjutant, their commander; and at last, with disgust and contempt in every tone of his voice, he thundered forth, "Herr von Wrede, is that my army?"

Shortly afterwards this army broke out in open rebellion; and when, instead of the black and yellow flag, the ensign of the prince's house, they ran up the Lone Star banner of the Texas republic, he began to suspect that there was not much to be done in the way of conquests with troops of that character.

Baron Otto von Meusebach succeeded Prince Solms-Braunfels in the management of the affairs of the association. He was a thorough business man, of heavy calibre, and much better suited to the position than Prince Solms. Baron Meusebach arrived in the summer of 1845. He saw that it was impossible to settle his people on the western lands of the association. He founded another settlement, about seventy miles west of New Braunfels, and named it Fredericksburg in honor of Prince

Frederick of Prussia. (Fredericksburg is now a town of several hundred inhabitants; and all but two families are German, or of German descent.) While Baron von Meusebach was busy getting his colonies in order, the *Adels Verein* sent out nearly four thousand persons, in sailing-ships, to Texas. The

"HERR VON WREDE, IS THAT MY ARMY?"

association made no provision for these people after reaching Texas. Von Meusebach was not furnished with means; and, being unable to do any thing for the immigrants, he had to leave them to their fate. In the spring of 1846 more than three thousand of these immigrants had congregated on the coast of Indianola. They were almost entirely without means of subsistence, and there was no way to transport them to the

German settlements at New Braunfels and Fredericksburg. They lived in tents, and in holes dug in the ground. For weeks the rain came down in torrents, and drove them from their subterranean abodes, and destroyed much of their worldly possessions. The American settlers helped them, but the Americans had not much themselves. Some food was received from Galveston, but not enough to feed such a vast number of hungry, starving people. Fish, wild duck, and other game were abundant, and prevented an absolute famine. A malignant fever broke out, and hundreds died of it. The survivors were just able to scratch shallow holes, and bury the dead. The wolves at night completed the obsequies. An occasional teamster came along, and was induced to carry a few of the immigrants to the New Braunfels settlement. Some started there on foot; leaving not only their property, but their sick and dying relatives, behind them. Most of these died on the way. It has been estimated, that, of about five thousand immigrants who arrived in Texas during two years, only fifteen hundred reached the German settlements. The others died miserable deaths, caused by fever, starvation, exposure, and Fritznoodle mismanagement.

Those who reached the settlement brought the fever with them, and for some time it seemed as if the whole colony was doomed to annihilation. But the Germans are tenacious of life. The immigrants went to work, relied on themselves alone, made the best of their surroundings, and eventually flourished and prospered beyond their most sanguine anticipations. Thus began and ended the most extraordinary colonization scheme known in history. The result has been far different from what the German nobles expected. They thought to build up an empire that would stand a barrier between the United States and Mexico. They failed, but Texas gained some of the most industrious and valuable pioneers and citizens in the world. One of those *Adels Verein* immigrants was, a year or two ago, carried from the national capital to his grave in Texas; and seldom has there been seen in the United States a more magnificent pageant than that which followed and did honor to the remains of the Hon. Gustav Schleicher, congressman from Texas.

CHAPTER XXX.

TO New Braunfels on the stage, I had a seat on the box with the driver: the doctor and the reporter were on the roof behind. The stage-driver was a desperado-like man, with a dyed mustache and a sarcastic wink. He evidently was full of information and instructive conversation, but seemed as if he hated to part with any of it: it had to be seduced out of him gradually. He spoke in short sentences, and never enlarged upon the subject. When he addressed his horses, it was in an explosive and reproachful way: "Pete! Jim! g'lang!"

"Good team you drive."

"Tolerable."

"Been on the road long?"

"Right smart."

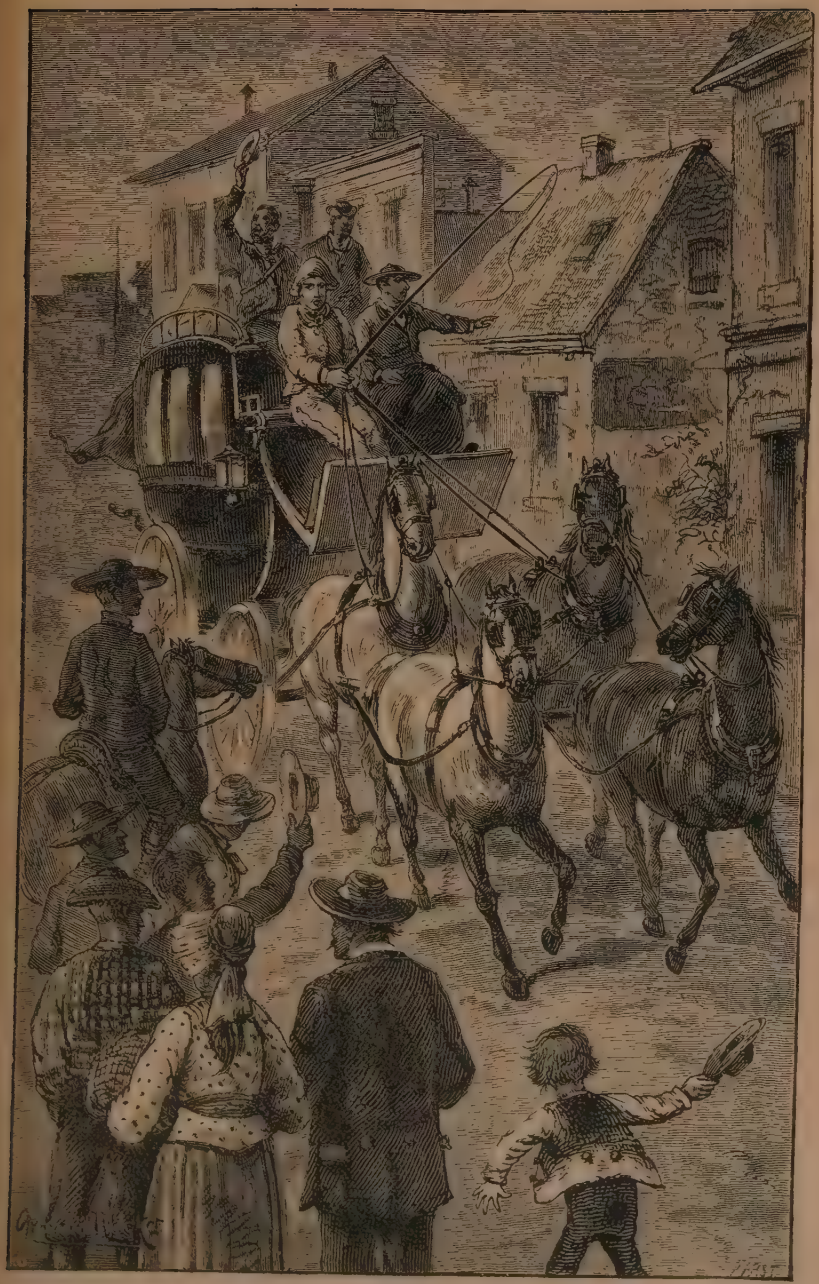
"Ever been stopped by the road-agents on this line?"

"Now you're talkin'."

"Were you on the stage that was robbed last year, when two robbers made nine passengers hold up their hands?"

"Oh, no! I wasn't neither! and I didn't hold up my hands with the rest. You wouldn't if you had been there. Oh, no!"

This he said; and, when he said it, he flipped a fly off Pete's shoulder, and winked one of his indescribable winks. He never winked at any person in particular, but included his horses, the road, the trees, and the surrounding scenery generally.



THE START.

The doctor, who has the credit of being very brave at long range, said he would like to see any stage-robber make him hold up his hands if he were armed.

"So would I," said the driver.

"The idea," continued the doctor, "of nine men, two of them being United-States soldiers, standing in a row by the wayside, with their hands above their heads, and their arms spread out like railroad-signals! It's absurd."

"It's all very well to talk that way when the robbers are not around," said the reporter; "but what are you going to do when a couple of men step out from behind a tree, and get the drop on you before you have time to reach for your fire-arms? Why, you hold up your hands at once if you have got any sense. It is true, that if eight or nine men resisted two, and fired on them, the robbers would, no doubt, be routed: but blood would be shed among the passengers; and few men care to take the risk for the sake of saving a gold watch, or the few dollars they may have in their pockets."

"So you would hold up your hands, would you?" said the doctor.

"I have done it. I have held them up until my suspenders gave way," said the reporter; "and I didn't feel like a coward either."

"Let us have all the heart-rending details," said the doctor.

At this request, the reporter cleared his throat, and began as follows: —

"There were four of us in the stage, and we had just got to the San-Saba bottom. It was quite cold, and the sides of the stage were all buttoned down. It was as dark as the inside of a box of blacking, when somebody called out, 'Halt!' and the stage came to a stand, when one of us called out, 'Is this the stage-stand?' The driver spoke up and said, 'No: this is Six-shooter post-office.' Then we heard a voice saying, 'You fellers inside there, get out, one at a time; and the first one that comes out with a pistol is gwine ter have the top of his head blowed off. Alight, strangers, one at a time, keerfully.'

"When we heard this, we knew the stage was going to be robbed of its contents; so we began hiding our valuables.

Some stuffed money into their boots, others into the cushions of the stage. The first man who got out was a Mr. Marsh. He hadn't been in the State long, and had no experience with stage-robbers; but he got out all the same. On alighting from the stage, he found a reception committee waiting to take his baggage from him. There were two men dressed in blue overcoats, with slouched ranger hats on, and with their pants stuffed in their boots. One was a tall man, six feet high, rather heavy built. The other was a small man, about five feet five inches, would weigh about a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and had a dark complexion. The tall man held a six-shooter in each hand (a full hand is a safe thing to call on); while the little fellow only had one pistol drawn, he using the other hand as a contribution-box. Marsh had hidden most of his money in his shoes, but he let the little fellow have ten dollars. He saved the money in his shoes. After Marsh had made his contribution, he was told to go back into the stage. The next man who was ordered

A STAGE-ROBBERY.

out was myself. The large robber had the two pistols pointing at me, while the little one only aimed one in my direction. I liked the little one best. He asked my name, and I told him. I asked him what his name was, and he turned it off by saying that it was none of my —— business. I told him I was travelling for a San Antonio leather-house, to which he replied that that was not going to save my hide. I had put my watch inside of my vest for fear I might lose it, and I stuffed a few dollars in my boots. I handed him four or five dollars. He took that; but he failed to find seven hundred dollars that I had — I had them several years ago before I went into the newspaper business.

"'Turn them cussed pockets inside out,' said the leader.

"Whenever a gentleman speaks politely to me, and wants a favor done, I'm always willing to go out of my way to accommodate him: so I turned the pockets inside out, and produced about ten dollars more that I had overlooked in the excitement of the moment. When he saw the money, the robber shook his head, and said that it grieved him to see a young man take to lying. If all young men did that way, what would become of the country? He then asked me to lend him my rings to remember me by. I told him one of the rings didn't belong to me, and the other was an old family relic. He didn't take the rings. I climbed back into the stage, and told Gus Mueller, who travels for B. Oppenheimer & Co., that there was a gentleman outside waiting to converse with him on business.

"Gus Mueller had hidden ten dollars in the lining of the stage; but they took his pocket-book, with five dollars and a check. This was about the only check they received during the whole performance. They didn't search the persons of any of us. They examined one pistol, but said it was a Remington, and didn't suit them. After they had cross-examined Mueller, they told him to go back into the stage. They then requested the driver to throw down the bag with the registered letters, which he did. When it came to distributing the mail, those fellows beat the post-office clerks. They took the registered packages. We thought we were over our troubles, but in this we were mistaken. After they had held a caucus, the

little one called out, 'Gentlemen, please be kind enough to alight, and go to the heads of the horses, and stand there with your backs turned for a few minutes; and the first of you —— —— that turns his —— head around will get' —

"He then went on to say that he believed there was some more money in the crowd, and some of us —— rascals had been stealing our money from him. He didn't seem to have too much confidence in us. One of the robbers borrowed a piece of candle from one of the stage-lanterns. While the big one shook his pistol at us, the little one assorted out our clothes in the vehicle, but without finding any of the hidden money. All our valises were opened and examined. There was quite a number of bottles of whiskey in the stage, which we had taken along in case of sickness; but the robbers didn't take any."

The reporter concluded by saying that that was the only stage-robbing experience he had ever had.

The driver looked earnestly at the doctor, cracked his whip, and winked at all that part of the State west of the Colorado River.

The doctor said that it was the duty of the State to stop stage-robberies; but he failed to suggest any plan by which it could effect this object, and, desiring, evidently, to change the subject, he gave the conversation an agricultural turn.

When we came within eight or ten miles of New Braunfels, we began to go through lanes. The whole country within a radius of ten miles, taking New Braunfels as the centre, is under cultivation. Here are the neatest farms, and the most thorough cultivation of the soil, to be found in Texas. Signs of German thrift are to be found on every hand. Fences are either of good, strong rails, or rock. Substantial houses, barns, and sheds are on every farm. Nothing is wasted: straw and fodder are saved; the manure is scraped up, and used in orchards; and the stones are picked off the fields, and used in the improvement of the roads. When we passed a farm anywhere in our Texas travels, we were never at a loss to know whether the owner was or was not a German. When we saw a farm with good fences, gates that swung clear of the ground, unused agricultural implements under a shed, a well in the yard, fruit-trees and a vegetable-patch behind the house, stacks

of winter feed in the lot, and the doors and window-shutters painted, evidently by local artists, in different colors of widely-contrasting gorgeousness, — verdict unanimous, "German."

When we saw gates make tracks in the road when opened, or when the places where the gates should have been were filled with brush; when the owner was lying asleep on the gallery, with his head on a saddle, with five dogs around him, or going out and in through the chinks between the logs of which the walls of the house were built; when we saw his saddle-horse, hobbled and sore-backed, picking up a living on the roadside; a good site for a barn, without any barn on it; a wagon in the front-yard, splitting under the heat of a semi-tropical sun, and a water-barrel in the wagon, showing that the family got their drinking-water from the creek, — verdict, without retiring, "Old Texan."

Between these extremes will be found farmers from other States and of other nationalities.

As we entered the suburbs of New Braunfels, the stage-driver tightened his reins, pushed his hat back on his head, and gave a yell, that, in intensity and hideousness, I did not think was within the compass of the human voice.

"What does this vocal demonstration mean?" said the doctor.

"Just want to let the —— Dutch know I am coming," said the driver.

A quiet, sleepy town is New Braunfels, — the business-houses all on one street. The residences, mostly one-story cottages surrounded by flowers, shade-trees, and cabbages, are scattered around in no very regular order. Robust and phlegmatic Teutons sit in the shade, and smoke enormous china pipes. Yellow-haired girls and matrons are to be seen through every open window; and a most astonishing number of blue-eyed, tow-headed children are playing everywhere in sight. All the signs on the stores bear German names; and the grocer does not call himself a grocer, but hides his occupation under the guise of a terrible German word that seems, when pronounced, as if it came up from the hollow of the speaker's legs. All around we hear the gutteral sounds of the German language, until I get a sore throat listening to it.

Down below the town, as we sat on the banks of the beautiful Comal River, and listened to the monotonous grind of the old mill-wheel, the somnolent sound of the water rippling over the weir, and, from among the vines on the other side, the words of one of the songs of Fatherland sung by an unseen German maiden, and sounding like a joyous echo, we were carried back in imagination to the long-ago, when we floated down the Rhine, and, in youthful ignorance, believed that life was a delightful romance.

Returning to the hotel, we met a large, coarse, blustering fellow, evidently a native American, who had apparently been drinking. He was shouting in a loud voice. He said that a very small consideration or aggravation would induce him to "lick daylight out of every son of a gun of a Dutchman in town." He became especially warlike when he spoke of one Schneider. He said he wanted some one to tie one of his hands behind his back, and then bring on Schneider. He stated that he would like to "warm" the Dutchman for about two minutes, and then he spoke in harsh terms of Schneider's ancestry. As he proceeded with his harangue, a small, fat German, wearing a pair of spectacles, stepped up in front of him, and said, —

HE HAD BEEN SAYING "SOMEDINGS APOUT SCHNEIDER."

"Vas you saying somedings apout Schneider?"

"Yes, I was, by ——! and by ——! I would like to handle the —— scoundrel for a few minutes, by ——! But he knows better than to fool with me, by ——!"

The little German took off his spectacles, and laid them on a window-sill; and then, so quick that you could hardly see the motion of his arm, he hit the profane man on the mouth, and felled him to the ground. When the man arose, wiped the

blood from his mouth, and propped up his front teeth, he rushed at the little man; but, before he had time to strike a blow, he found himself again in the gutter. When he got up, his nose looked as if a wagon-wheel had passed over it. He wiped the battered ruin with his sleeve, and said to the German, —

"Now, I don't want no fuss with you: so you had better not fool with me. I have nothing agin you; but, if you don't drop it, you will get hurt."

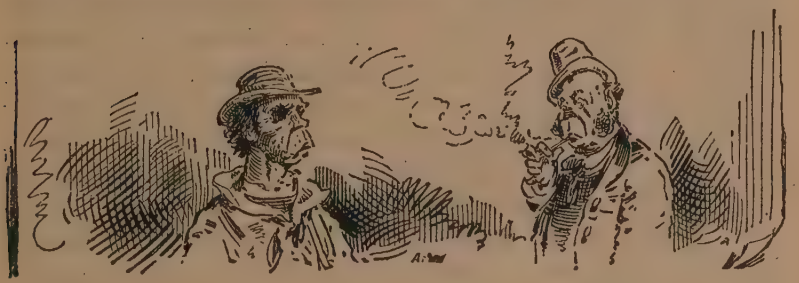
"I vas not much scared yet. Off you vas not tired already, I giffs you some more." And he struck at the big man, but missed him, as he dodged into a drug-store.

While the little man was adjusting his spectacles on his nose, a friend of his came along, and asked him what the row was about. "Nodings; but dot fellow, he talks apout Schneider too much already."

To the landlord I expressed my surprise at the temerity of the small German attacking a man so much larger than himself.

"I reckon he knew the mule," was the landlord's laconic answer.

It is an acknowledged fact that the Germans are the most law-abiding citizens in Texas. Although they never let beer grow old or infirm in their possession, yet, even on the most festive occasions, they seldom get drunk, and still more rarely



quarrel. I attended the German annual volksfest when I was in Houston. It was quite a jubilee, and a vast quantity of beer was consumed; but the only Germans whose names I noticed as being before the recorder next morning were Patrick Maloney and Michael McSweeney.

The New Braunfels people own a woollen-factory, — the only one in Texas, and probably the only one in the South.

The Comal River is prepared to supply almost unlimited water-power. The country around can supply the wool and cotton; and it is certain, that, sooner or later, New Braunfels will be a manufacturing city.

A very large proportion of the inhabitants of Western Texas are Germans, or of German descent. They are a most industrious and desirable class of citizens. They have brought over all their old German pastimes and amusements, and working about fourteen hours a day is one of them. While the Texas-American has gradually succeeded in overcoming his aversion to lager-beer, his prejudice against working very hard in the field between meals still exists. The German from the old country could not stop working, even if he were to make every effort to do so. His ancestors for a thousand years have worked harder than people in this country have any idea of, and he has inherited the industrious disposition of his forefathers in his bones. His children born in the United States have not got it in such a malignant form: they only suffer from industry in a mild type. They can leave off work whenever they feel like it. The next generation will probably imbibe the prejudices of the natives, and refuse to do any thing like hard work, except on extraordinary occasions — at a billiard-table, or in a base-ball field. But the original German works as if his eternal salvation depended on it. In Germany, with the exception of the wealthy classes, it is either work or starve, with the odds slightly in favor of starving. It is almost impossible for a poor man in Germany to rise above the station he was born in. Any attempt to do so is regarded by the upper classes as an impertinence, and resented accordingly. In fact, it is contrary to law for a man to attempt to improve his condition. What is his condition for, if not that he should remain in it, at least until he dies? If, for instance, a man is born a peasant, his only chance to rise in life is to be blown up by a bombshell in fighting the king's enemies. If he is born poor, he remains poor. The poor man, by working hard day and night, and going without some of his meals, may be able

to hold his own in that station of life in which it has pleased Providence to call him, and the government to keep him. Now, when a man raised under these circumstances is transplanted to a fertile Texas prairie, where he is not required to support an emperor with his expensive family, and a standing army of a million beside himself, he falls right into the lap of wealth. No matter what business he may go into, he is bound to succeed. By degrees he becomes Americanized; he becomes a man of influence, and is courted and flattered by politicians — they cannot act without his views. In Germany the government managed to get along very well without his views. In America, prominent officials and great men sometimes shake hands, and converse familiarly with him. In the old country, the highest official that was ever familiar with him was the drill-sergeant, who punctuated his remarks with a ramrod, or the butt-end of a musket. He may have received other attentions (they were not of a character to make him forget them), but he did not care to brag much of them afterward. Such, at least, were the experiences of Fritz Schimmelpfenig, whose acquaintance we made in San Antonio. Fritz had become naturalized. When there was some celebration connected with the Odd-Fellows' Lodge, of which he was a bright and shining light, Fritz would dazzle people with his regalia. There was nothing in his life in Germany similar to

FRITZ SCHIMMELPFENIG.

this, that he could remember. The only time that he had any thing to do with a lodge there, was when he was lodged in jail for killing an imperial rabbit that was depredating in his father's field. His connection with the San Antonio Lodge gave him importance and influence in society. Notwithstanding all this, Fritz yearned to return to the old country, in the hope of enjoying life there, and at last of laying his bones in the old graveyard. His principal object, to tell the whole truth, was not so much to enjoy the peace and quiet of the village graveyard, as it was to humiliate the aristocracy, who had not recognized his merits as they should have done. So Fritz returned to his native village in grand style. He was dressed in broadcloth, and wore a heavy gold watch and chain. This was intended to awe, and, perhaps, partially paralyze, the aristocracy, if he got a fair chance at them, and at the same time to make his former townsmen of the peasant class envious.

He arrived at Kirschwappel in due time. As he had not telegraphed that he was coming, he was not surprised when he failed to perceive any vast concourse of joyous burghers coming out with a brass band and garlands to greet him. He did expect, however, after his friends should recognize him, to be entirely surprised by a serenade, and was somewhat astonished that he was permitted to go to sleep at a hotel on the night of his arrival. He discovered that he was a perfect stranger. The only man who recognized him, and who seemed really glad to see him again, was the innkeeper, who produced an unpaid bill for two dollars' worth of beer, he owed in the days of his boyhood. Every thing looked small to him, and he looked small to everybody. The peasants did not rally around him as if he were a flag. They imagined his sole object in travelling all the way back across the water was to convince them how much better he was than they were. He showed a brutal indifference to their sensitive feelings by wearing a big diamond breastpin, which they imagined was real. The fact that he used a pocket-handkerchief added fearfully to the smothering fire of indignation. He fared better, however, at the hands of the postmaster, the burgomaster, and some of the other village aristocracy, who forgave him for being a peasant originally.

The reason they cultivated him was the delight they experienced in listening to his tales of American life and manners, all of which they believed to be stupendous lies. He told them, that, on the previous Fourth of July, he rode at the head of the procession as grand marshal, which was a fact. They punched one another in the ribs, and said, "Let us see how big a lie he can tell if he is let alone." Fritz told of congressmen he had known and drank with; and then they laughed, and

FRITZ AND THE VILLAGE ARISTOCRACY IN GERMANY.

said America was a wonderful country. "Doubtless, you are personally acquainted with the President," said the burgomaster.

"Certainly. I had quite a long talk with President Grant."

"You offered him a cigar, didn't you?" said one, who was anxious to see if there was any limit to Fritz's flights of mendacity.

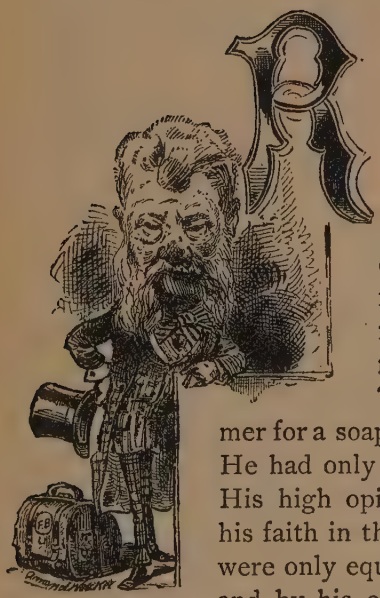
"I gave Gen. Grant a whole box of cigars when he was in San Antonio. He told me they were equal to those presented to him by the emperor when he was in Berlin."

Then they applauded and laughed as if they were crazy. The idea that Fritz should be hobnobbing with Gen. Grant, who was once the guest of Bismarck and William, was too preposterous. At last Fritz lost patience with them. They shocked him with their rude manners. He yearned to get back to his lodge, or to sit in a jury-box and find somebody guilty of something. It was not very long before he discovered that the dear old *vaterland* was too small and circumscribed to hold him. He said as much one day in a saloon, supplementing the same with the remark that the country would never amount to any thing until Germany became a republic. He had no cause to complain, after that, of not receiving any attention; for he was arrested the same night, and confined in jail. After a long examination, he was sent to Berlin, where he was condemned to two years' imprisonment with hard labor. It required a great deal of red tape and persuasion, on the part of the American consul, to obtain his release. It was only by persuading the authorities that Fritz was subject to periodic attacks of idiocy, that his release was obtained; which was only granted on condition that he leave Germany within twenty-four hours. It is hardly necessary to say that Fritz did not linger around the old graveyard where he had expected to lay his bones. In fact, the one object of his life was now to get out of the accursed country. So, taking his bones with him, he returned to San Antonio.

Many of the original German settlers were men of the highest education and culture. Some of these immigrants were in comfortable circumstances at home, but they could not stand the suffocating atmosphere of the Old-World despotism.

It is difficult to praise the Germans of Western Texas too much. They have made the country what it is. They furnish a very small contingent to the criminal classes, while they pay a very heavy percentage of the taxes, altogether out of proportion to their numbers. They educate their children at their own expense when the State refuses to do it. They respect the rights of others, and rowdyism is almost unknown in the German settlements.

CHAPTER XXXI.



RETURNING from New Braunfels, we had five inside passengers in the stage, besides the reporter, the doctor, and myself. All, with one exception, were Texas stockmen, dressed in the rough costume of their class. The exception was a red-faced man attached to an immense scarf-pin, and accompanied by a very tall stovepipe hat. The red-faced man was a drummer for a soap-manufacturing firm in St. Louis. He had only arrived in Texas the day before. His high opinion of his own smartness, and his faith in the superior qualities of his soap, were only equalled in extent by his credulity, and by his consuming thirst for information regarding Texas. He was brimful, and running over, with questions. They came out of him in a torrent, only broken by an occasional severe jolt of the stage. The other passengers seemed to understand the character of the red-faced man at once, and answered his multitudinous questions regarding Mexicans, Indians, etc., with frugal economy in the matter of truth. They stared at his hat with such persistence, gazed at it with so much interest, and evidently spoke to each other of it in whispers, that the red-faced man was confused, but said nothing regarding what he supposed to be illustrative of Texas manners. After a while, a tall, lank stockman, in a blue shirt, and

clothed as to his legs in goatskin overalls, leaned forward, and, putting his hand on the drummer's knee, said, —

"You ain't going to San Antonio, are you, stranger?"

"Yes, sir, I'm going to San Antonio."

The stockman looked around at his friends, and from one to the other, with a pained, pitying look. After a pause, another passenger addressed the red-faced man, and said, —

"Did I understand you to say that you were going to San Antonio?"

"Yes, sir; and, unless some accident happens, I expect to get there to-night."

The stockmen whispered together, casting anxious glances all over the drummer's person, but did not pursue the subject.

At the first station where we stopped to change horses, one of the hostlers, evidently posted by the gaunt man in the goatskin pants, approached the soap-vender, and said, —

"Excuse me, colonel, for making so free; but you ain't going to San Antonio, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I am. And, by George! why shouldn't I go to San Antonio?"

"O Lord!" was all the man said by way of answer, as he braced himself up against a water-tank, and gazed compassionately on the red-faced man from St. Louis until the stage started.

At the next stage-stand a negro surveyed him curiously, and, after walking around him twice, said, "Boss, ye ain't gwine to San Antonio, is yer, fur a fac'?" And, when he was answered in the affirmative, an Irish hostler was heard to exclaim, "Poor divil! An' I don't suppose he has a frind to spake a word for him. They won't aven give him time to say a *pater* an' *ave*."

The drummer climbed into the stage, feeling mystified, and was evidently beginning to get nervous. At this point a small boy climbed up to the window, as the stage started, singled the drummer out, and stared at him with that concentration of gaze that small boys apply to the elephant in a circus-procession, and began, "Mister, you ain't go" — A small boy rolled in the mud, and the soapman turned excitedly to his fellow-travellers: —

"Gentlemen, this is the most — What in thunder is the matter, anyhow? The people seem surprised because I'm going to San Antonio. Do gentlemen never travel in these old second-hand hearses?"

"No," replied the tall stockman: "it ain't that."

"Well, what is it? *You* ain't afraid to go?"

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, EXPLAIN YOURSELF!"

"No, sir, *I'm* not afraid. But, if I were you, I'd be — well, I'd be apprehensive of annoying contingencies."

"For Heaven's sake, explain yourself!" said the now thoroughly frightened stranger.

"Look here, partner, to cut the matter short, I wouldn't be in your boots, or rather your hat, and walk into the Main Plaza in San Antonio — not, sir, for the biggest ranch west of the Guadaloupe. Ten minutes after you reach the Alamo, your wife may be a widow. No, sir! I would not give a sick calf

for all the soap you will ever sell afterwards. Perhaps you do not understand me. You are a stranger here, and don't know the inhabitants. Now, let me tell you, as a friend, the San-Antonians are a simple, pastoral people. They were raised far away from railroads and the enervating influences of public schools. They are ignorant of guile and fashionable follies — not bigoted in any way; but they are down on style. They will stand almost any thing but that. San Antonio is a land of liberty in all but one thing, — the people cannot bear the sight of a plug hat. They won't have 'em. A plug hat has the same effect on a San-Antonian that a red shawl has on a wild bull. You may go through the street barefooted, and nobody will notice you; you may cavort around, dressed like a Chinee, and they won't much more than throw a rock or two at you; you might even paint yourself, and go without clothes, and it wouldn't excite comment: but just walk into town with that hat on, and — The Lord help you! A bull-fight wouldn't be a circumstance to it. I tell you, sir, the consequences of blind prejudice are terrible."

The red-faced man was now almost in an hysterical condition. He offered to "swop even" with the driver, who wore a twenty-five-cent *sombrero*. The driver declined the trade. He then turned for advice to his fellow-travellers. He got no end of advice; and to-day there are men alive to prove that they saw him alight from the stage in the Alamo Plaza, in San Antonio, and sneak into the Menger Hotel, with his hat concealed in a linen duster under his arm, and with a handkerchief tied around his head.

San Antonio is the largest wool-and-hide market in Texas. More than a million pounds of wool are sold annually in San Antonio, and shipped to the Eastern States. There are no woollen-mills in San Antonio. One was started, but did not pay. The following account of it I found in a local paper: —

HEAVY TRANSACTION IN WOOL.

Two negroes in the employment of Berg & Brother recently went into business on their own account. They had very little capital, but plenty of pluck; and some of their white friends encouraged them. They started on

Acquia Street a mill, combined with a wool-combing establishment. The first lot of wool they had to handle was dark wool, short staple; and, what is quite singular, they raised it themselves on their own heads, in the place where the wool ought to grow. In handling this wool they not only used their own hands, but also cotton-hooks, clubs, etc. It is not thought the partnership will be a success, as the recorder's charges are too high to make it profitable. Our local authorities offer no encouragement whatever to home industry. But this shows what the negro can do in the South if he tries.

WOOL-RAISING IN SAN ANTONIO.

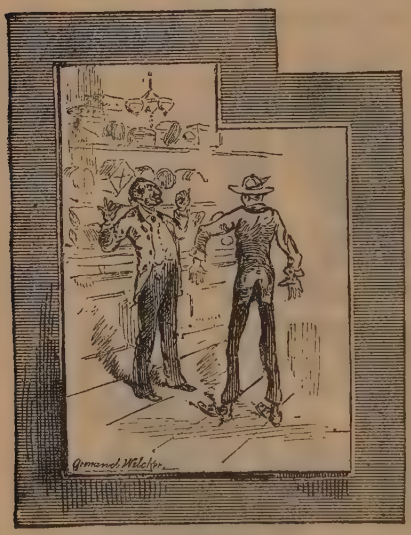
I met a tourist at the hotel. He said the people of San Antonio had no sentiment, and they did not appreciate their romantic surroundings. His first day's experience in the city was so like mine that it refreshed me very much to hear him relate it. It seems that he arrived in the evening, and was up early next morning to muse at the shrine of Texas independence. He was of a poetic turn of mind, and longed to drop a tear or so at the local Thermopylæ.

In the middle of the Alamo Plaza there is a small stone building, wonderfully plain and unattractive. The tourist saw this building; and, observing people going in and out, he concluded that that was the veritable Thermopylæ itself, and that the people were going to their morning weep. He accosted a native, and asked if the people went there to muse.

"Muse — the devil!" was the heathen reply. "They go there for grub."

"Is not that the sacred spot where the inhuman butchery of the heroic Texans took place?"

"That's the Alamo Market; but the butchery, stranger, where the killing is done, is a mile out of town. I want you to understand this is a city."



A CLOSE FIT.

Across the street he saw a sign, "Alamo Store." He stepped in, and asked the proprietor if Travis and Crockett had fallen near there.

"I cannot say dot. I schoost comed back from de bost-office. Mebbe some one falled down vile I vash gone," was the discouraging reply.

"I mean, is this the old Alamo, where Travis and his heroes fell?"

A gleam of intelligence lighted up the features of the merchant. There was speculation in his eye, as he replied, "Dish ish de store vere dey buyed all dere ready-mate clodings, sheep for cash." And, before the bewildered pilgrim could reply, he had on an overcoat that fitted him "schoost like you vas porn mit it on."

He came out with the overcoat on. The merchant wanted twenty-seven dollars, but came down two dollars and six bits, out of regard to the sacred memories brooding over the Alamo.

Our pilgrim was not discouraged. Wherever he saw the immortal word ALAMO, there he entered in. Having visited five Alamo saloons, two policemen conducted him to the lock-up, which, by the irony of circumstances, was actually one of the rooms in the Alamo building itself. Otherwise he never would have found it, unless he had been aware of the fact that it was

the only building in that part of town that did not have the word "Alamo" plastered on it as big as a circus-poster.

The quartermaster's depot is about a mile from town — when the roads are not knee-deep in mud. There are quite a large number of employees who live in town, and who go to and from the depot in a large wagon, the propelling-power of which is two mules full of oats and energy. The wagon is usually crowded with as many employees as can get in. While in San Antonio, I often noticed that wagon dash past, and wondered how long it would be before something unusual would have to be recorded. It was too full not to spill, sooner or later. One evening I saw the wagon, filled with employees, closely pursuing the two mules near the depot. Each employee wore a thoughtful expression of countenance, not being precisely unanimous as to which was the proper thing to do, — to jump out, or stay in. The mules were not a bit tired, and there was really no occasion to get out and walk. All at once, one of the wheels struck what the San Antonio "Express" calls an "abruption," — a hole in the ground I suppose, or a stump; and just about that time, with singular unanimity, all hands concluded to relieve the poor, over-worked mules by getting out. For a minute and a

RAINING EMPLOYEES AND TIN DINNER-PAILS.

half it rained employees and tin dinner-pails. Some went up so high that they afterwards stated they could see the mortages on the business-houses in Houston. Fortunately, nobody was killed. They could not do it again without a mortuary report as long as a man's arm. While the thus suddenly discharged employees were fondling sprained ankles, and wishing for more hands with which to rub places they could not reach conveniently, the mules rushed on, until they succeeded in finding something to smash up the wagon on. People living near where the wagon exploded against a tree said they would not need to buy any kindling-wood for the next six months. The mules did not sustain any injury whatever.

While we were in San Antonio, the grand jury was in session. I do not like to say that they were a noble-looking body of men, but they might have looked worse. When we left, they had found some twenty indictments for horse-stealing, and had not begun on murders and other minor felonies.

The San Antonio people say there is something wrong about the grand-jury system. They cannot understand why the horse-thief and incendiary find it profitable to move out West when the grand jury is in session, while the sewing-machine agent and the old veteran are still at large, and pursue their avocations without fear.

The people are opposed to the grand-jury system, not because

> "No thief e'er felt the halter draw,
> With good opinion of the law,"

but because it savors too much of the old Spanish *régime*. The good old days when a man could be taken to pieces by machinery, to see whether he was guilty or not, have passed away; but his reputation can still be crucified and mutilated in the most approved legal form. In San Antonio there is probably some limit to this power of evil, but out in the frontier settlements there is no telling what a grand jury will not do.

Once upon a time, a frontier's-man came to town to live, and in due time got on the grand jury. The very first day the jury convened, he got up and proposed to have Judge K., one of the oldest and most respected citizens, indicted.

"What is he to be indicted for?" asked the foreman.

"Horse-thievin', I reckon; but, if you think that won't stick, murder or forgery will do — something that'll sorter take the starch out of him."

"When was he guilty of these crimes?" asked the foreman.

"Damfino!" was the response. "But he ought to be indicted. He puts on too much style, anyhow. If he ain't guilty, let him prove it. That's the way we did where I used to live. We allers used to take up private grievances first; and, by the time we got through, we had to go outside of the county to find material to work on."

The rural member was suppressed, and ever after expressed his opinion that the system was a humbug; that the grand juryman had no influence in such a community, nobody looked up to him and reverenced him as they did where the jury attended to business as it should.

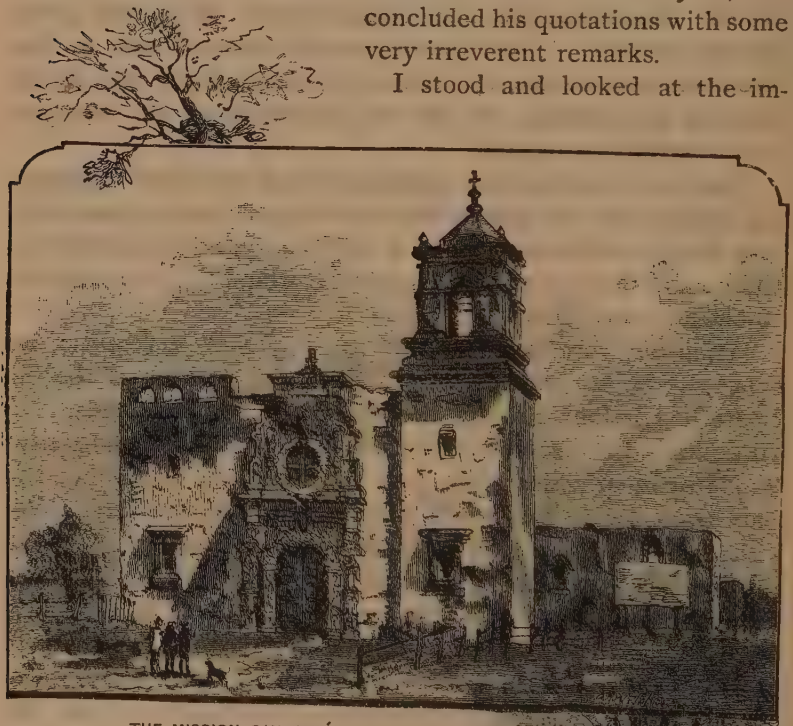
When we were ready to bid good-by to San Antonio, we drove out to see the missions. The ruins of four of the old Spanish missions are on the San Antonio River, near San Antonio, — La Purissima Concepcion, two miles below the city; San José, four miles; San Juan de Capistran, six miles; and San Francisco de la Espada, nine miles down the river. We visited only the first two, — Concepcion and San José. Part of the latter is in a fair state of preservation. It was the most beautiful of all the Texas missions. The king of Spain sent a celebrated Spanish architect and sculptor, named Huizar, to build it. The greater part of the front of the building is of native white marble: beautifully carved statues, more than life size, of the Virgin Mother and Child, St. Joseph, St. Gregory, and St. Peter, adorn the front. Huge cedar doors, as strong as when they were placed on their hinges two hundred years ago, close the main entrance. These doors are four inches thick, and elaborately carved. Huizar, the sculptor, did much of the carving. The pocket-knife of the modern tourist has since attended to any details that Huizar left unfinished.

"Yes," said the doctor, as he climbed up on a heap of loose rocks, and peered through the mullions of a lanceolated window, "I do love these ancient ruins —

"'We never tread upon them
But we set our foot upon
Some reverend history.'"

Even as he spoke, some of the "reverend history" rolled from under the doctor's feet, and he lay among the other ruins at the foot of the tower of San José, and concluded his quotations with some very irreverent remarks.

I stood and looked at the immense ruin, as it lay bathed in the sunshine of a summer day, and I thought of the scenes enacted there one hundred and fifty years ago,—the soldier and the priest; the sword and the crosier; the *Indios Reducidos*, and the Indians who would not be reduced; Brother Antonio in the church, expounding to the squaws and old worthless Indians the true faith, while Brother Francisco, down in one of the irrigating ditches, per-



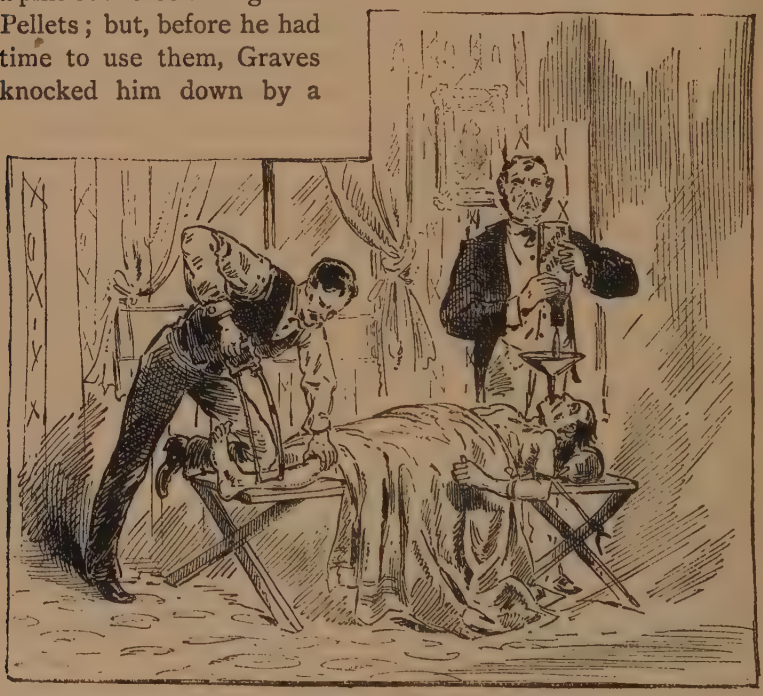
THE MISSION SAN JOSÉ.

suades the able-bodied converts that it is not by faith alone, but by works (internal improvements of the ditch kind), that they may expect to be saved. I think of a white hunter wandering through Texas in those days, knowing nothing of the Spanish missions, and coming suddenly on one of these great buildings on the wide expanse of the lonely Texas prairie. Would he believe the evidence of his eyes when he saw the saintly statues, the sculptured arches, the tame Indians, the solemn-faced padres, and the gayly uniformed soldiers? Would he not think his ears were bewitched when he heard the vesper-hymn of the worshippers in church mingle with the merry song of the happy Indians at work in the ditches, while all the time he knew that the whole country was a wilderness for hundreds of miles around? Surely he would think that some enchantment had been wrought upon him.

While we were in San Antonio there was a very sick man lying ill in the hotel. His illness seemed so dangerous, that his friends did not think one doctor could encompass it: so they telephoned for two medical men. Dr. Amos Graves and Dr. Chew responded. What passed at the early stages of the proceeding is not known, and will probably forever remain a profound mystery. From what we can gather, however, it would seem that the doctors disagreed about the mode of treatment of the patient; one claiming that an obstruction in the subclavian artery would necessitate the sawing-off of the patient's leg, while the other asserted that the torpidity of the sick man's liver would require lubricating with castor-oil, or some other sedative. Then each claimed to be the invalid's family doctor, and insisted that he was competent to cure the man without assistance. From words they came to blows. Chew was hit on the lachrymal gland with a box of healing-ointment, and had a tooth knocked out by a green-colored tonic. According to the directions on the bottle, the tonic was to be taken, "one teaspoonful every hour in a wineglassful of water;" but the old sanatorium who used it as a weapon, not having time to administer it in broken doses, gave his rival enough to tone the stomach of an ordinary man for a week, and gave it all at one whack. Then Chew vaccinated Graves on the ear with a box of Carbolic

Salve, and raised a bump over his orbicular muscle with a bottle of Female Bitters. In the next round there was a lively interchange of Peruvian Bark, Mustang Liniment and McLean's Blood-Purifier, — not administered because there was bad blood between them, but merely as a guaranty of good faith.

When time was called on the third round, Chew advanced on the enemy, armed with a second-hand Porous Plaster and about a pint of Pierce's Purgative Pellets; but, before he had time to use them, Graves knocked him down by a



DOCTORS DIFFER.

well-directed blow on the base of his ductus arteriosus with a compound cathartic poultice tied up in a towel.

By this time the atmosphere, for blocks around the scene of the conflict, smelled like a drug-store with a barrel of assafœtida leaking in the cellar, and a piece of Limburger cheese on the stove.

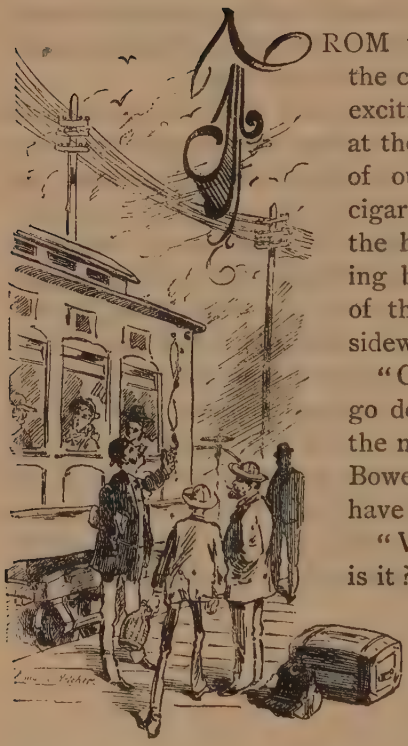
The police were out following up "a clew" (a favorite pastime of the guardians of our homes and firesides). As they

passed the soap-factory, they smelled the battle from afar, and, following up the scent as it floated on the balmy southern breeze, they arrived in time to separate the belligerents, as Chew, on top of Graves, was in the act of pumping some disinfectants into him.

Both doctors filled the local papers with cards explanatory of the affair: but this is the only true account yet written; and I merely mention it here, that I may benefit suffering humanity by putting the people of this country on their guard, and warning them of the risk they run when they are sick and have two doctors in attendance on them at the same time.

One doctor is dangerous enough; but, when two get to work on a sick man, the surroundings become very insalubrious. It is but a forlorn hope for him. The danger becomes greater; and the chances are brilliant that he will have a crevasse opened in his varicose vein by a stray missile from the hand of one of his medical attendants, while his diarthrodial joint may be knocked out of gear, or his vascular canal stopped up by a flying splinter from a strong-smelling nostrum intended for the head of the doctor. Or, if the doctors do not fight among themselves, one is likely to treat the patient with a lung-pad, to reduce the swelling in his cartilaginous epidermis, while the other will argue that what the patient needs is to have a tumor sawed out of the protoplasmic cells of his occipital bone. The treatment will be about as fatal in one case as the other; for, as too many cooks spoil the broth, even so, in like manner, do too many doctors kill the patient.

CHAPTER XXXII.



FROM the missions we returned to the city in time for supper. After exciting the wonder of the waiter at the opulence and general scope of our appetite, we lighted our cigars, and took chairs in front of the hotel to enjoy the fresh evening breeze. Our talkative friend of the press was already on the sidewalk.

"Gentlemen, don't you want to go down to Gonzales with me in the morning, to witness the Brown Bowen performance? You won't have another such chance."

"What kind of a performance is it?"

"It is a tight-rope performance," explained the reporter.

The doctor said he did not like such exhibitions, because he was always afraid the performer would fall, and break his neck.

"That is just where the interest in this thing is. The tight-rope performer day after to-morrow will break his neck according to law. That is going to be the principal feature of the exhibition."

The reporter then explained that a noted murderer, named

Brown Bowen, was to be hung at Gonzales; that he, the reporter, was to be present in an official capacity, and that he would be pleased to have us accompany him.

"Who is Brown Bowen, anyhow?" asked the doctor.

The reporter drew up his chair, failed signally to reject a cigar that was offered him, and gave us the following true story of Brown Bowen and his crime:—

"Brown Bowen is a rising young man, who was born and raised in Gonzales County. He has been in a number of fights that resulted disastrously to his opponents. If he had not been interfered with by the sheriff, he would probably have become one of the most prominent desperadoes in Texas. He is a cousin of John Wesley Hardin, who is accused of having killed upwards of twenty men, although he is not a physician," said the reporter, glancing sideways at the doctor.

"Bowen belonged to a band of reckless horse-thieves and murderers. Wesley Hardin was a sort of *ex-officio* member.

"On the 19th of December, 1872, they held a re-union at Billings's Store, in DeWitt County. There was a banquet, consisting of whiskey and oysters, which they purchased on time from the storekeeper, who was very much depressed at the extraordinary run of custom. The object of the meeting was to get drunk, and transact such other business as might come up. Among them was Thomas Halderman, who was suspected by the others of not being a genuine horse-thief, which circumstance made him very unpopular. He had failed to give satisfactory proof of ever having killed any one. In fact, he was a kind of black sheep. But when it came to drinking whiskey, Halderman looked out for his own interests. Every one has some specialty in which he excels. Quite early in the day he was carried out, and left reposing under the shade of a tree. The others kept up the festivities, consisting of pony-races and holding the stakes, which were of a liquid character. It is usual at these entertainments to offer up at least one victim; but, some how or other, this important matter (to the victim) was entirely overlooked until late in the evening. Perhaps they were waiting for a stranger, or a good horse, to come along the road."

"Somebody from the North, travelling for his health and amusement, as we are," observed the doctor cynically.

"The sun," continued the journalist, "was gently sinking to rest behind the western prairies, and still no stranger travelling for his health had been directed by a kind Providence to the store of Billings.

"Bowen left the store, approached the drunken man, who still lay under the tree, and deliberately shot him through the head. A boy named Mac. Billings, who was coming up to the store leading Bowen's horse, that had got away, was a witness to the foul deed.

"'Here is your hoss, Col. Bowen,' said the boy.

"'That's right, sonny,' responded the startled Brown Bowen. 'Just hitch him to a tree, and remember, boys of your size should be seen, not heard. Don't talk too much, and everybody will respect you.'

"Bowen returned to the store, where for several hours he was the gayest of the gay. But the little boy pondered over these things, and laid them up in his mind; and, when he subsequently got a chance on the witness-stand, he told his story with such directness, that the jury found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree.

BOWEN IN JAIL.

"Now you know as much about it as I do; but, if you are anxious to witness the final vindication of the law, I'll call for you in the morning, and we will go to Gonzales together."

"How was it that he was not tried sooner?" asked the doctor.

"I forgot about that. Brown Bowen was arrested, and put in jail, at which he was very much chagrined. His friends thought that this was probably a mere formality: so they waited for a week or so, expecting the sheriff to apologize, and make Bowen his deputy, as a partial reparation; but in this they were very much deluded. The public had come to the conclusion that it was time for them to offer Brown Bowen and his crowd some

incentive to behave themselves. Even the most peaceable man becomes tired of being shot at every time it occurs to some ruffian to practise with his pistol. Hardin and his men did not seem to have been well acquainted with public sentiment. Growing impatient at the delay of the sheriff in releasing Brown Bowen, and making the *amende honorable*, Wes Hardin and his subordinates broke into the jail, and released the unfortunate victim of popular clamor.

"They were next heard of in Florida, where they were giving occasional exhibitions of their skill with their professional implement. Finally the Texas excursionists became displeased at the conduct of a superintendent of a Florida railroad. At all events, they made an assault on him that came very near being fatal. They promised faithfully, although they were under no legal obligation to do so, to kill him next time; and he had every reason to believe that they would not disappoint him. The superintendent, from that time on, took quite an interest in them. He wrote to the Texas authorities about the missing men. A large reward was offered by the governor of Texas for their capture. Texas detectives, inspired by a laudable desire to see the fair name of the State vindicated, and by the large reward, went to Florida, and captured the whole gang, — if that is not too harsh an expression, — including several who had to be killed before they would yield to the action of the civil authorities. Wes Hardin and Brown Bowen accompanied the officers on their return to Texas. Hardin now spends all his time in the penitentiary, and Brown Bowen will be hung day after to-morrow. He was extradited Sept. 1, 1877, tried and convicted in October of the same year. He had the misfortune to self-defend himself against his victim, Halderman, on the seventeenth day of December, 1872."

"I think we ought to go," said the doctor.

"It is your duty to do so," said the reporter.

"I'll see that you get front seats, even if I have to go back on journalism to the extent of palming you off on the sheriff as members of the press."

"We will go, nevertheless," we responded in chorus.

"I will call for you, then. Be sure and make all requisite

preparations. You will need for the trip some cigars, — good ones, — also a flask about the size of a small demijohn; for Gonzales is a local-option town. (That's why I was so anxious for you to go along.) Mind, you are not hampered as to the quality of your refreshments. You can't get them too good," concluded the candid reporter.

The train next morning contained among its excursionists the doctor, the reporter, a large flask, a box of cigars, and myself. The reporter inspected the flask, and pronounced it rather small for a town where local option was enforced as strictly as it was in Gonzales.

"Have you ever been to Gonzales?" asked the doctor.

"I've been there frequently," said the reporter, "and can give you a correct description of it."

"Tell us what kind of a metropolis it is," said the doctor; and, as the landscape shot past, the reporter gave us a graphic description of the town.

"Gonzales is, next to San Antonio, the oldest town in the State. It is, however, so small for its age, that you would think it had only been started six months ago. The town proper only contains five or six hundred people. The houses, except some few private residences and stores, look as if they were built when the town was first settled, and had not been whitewashed since. The city was laid out in the form of a cross by the old Spaniards; but, owing to the houses being scattered here, there, and everywhere, you can't perceive this without taking the word of an old inhabitant for it, or climbing up in a balloon, and looking down on the place. But you must not look down on Gonzales; for, if you do, the old citizens may re-enact some of the bloody scenes of the past. Gonzales is full of historical reminiscences, fleas the size of pecan-nuts, and several spots on which revolutionary events took place. Under these circumstances, it ought to flourish more than it does. There are three or four stores, presided over by gentlemen with Hebraic casts of countenance. Besides historical reminiscences, and the nuisances in the shape of fleas and mosquitoes, Gonzales boasts of producing more able lawyers than any other town in Texas. Most of them are clever fellows. Last

time I was down there, they called me 'Colonel,' and took me around to the place where local option was least observed — which," added the reporter, "reminds me that we are neglecting our most sacred duties. Please hand over that diminutive flask."

A glass was procured; and, after all the members of the San Antonio delegation had refreshed themselves, fresh cigars were lighted, and the reporter resumed.

"The streets of Gonzales are quite" —

"Oh! give us some historical reminiscences," said the doctor.

"Why, you just stumble over them anywhere. Gonzales is called the Lexington of Texas, because the first gun of the Texas revolution was fired there. The Texans had been previously filled with indignation at the conduct of the Mexicans. The people of Gonzales kept a cannon in town for the purpose of resenting any undue familiarity on the part of the Indians, who were in the habit of coming into town, and taking improper liberties with life and property. When the coolness between the Mexicans and the Americans began to get red-hot, the Mexicans sent down a detachment to ask the Texans to allow them to take charge of the gun — probably to prevent its going off accidentally, and hurting somebody. The Gonzales people loaded up the gun, and sent word to the Mexican Satrap to 'come and take it.' He did not come; but there was skirmishing, during which the first gun must have been fired.

"There is an improbable legend, that the retreat of the Mexicans was brought about by a red ant."

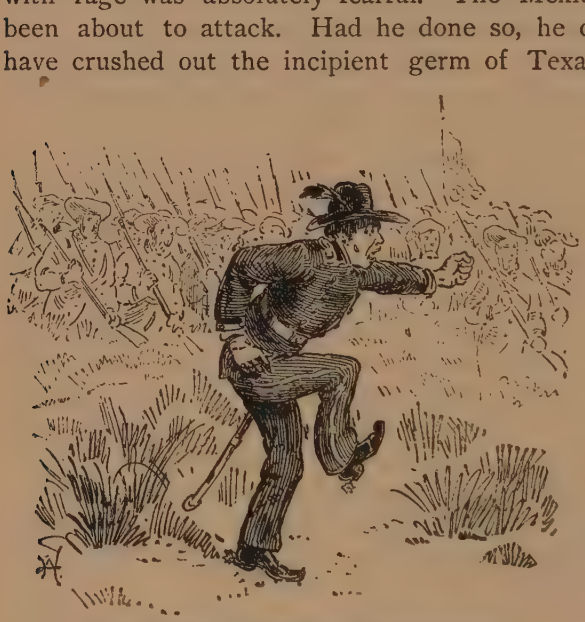
"By a what?"

"By one of those red ants that are twice as hot as they look."

"How was that?"

"I'll give you the story just as I got it. Sam Houston was in command at Gonzales while the negotiations for the gun were going on; and he was camped on the bluff of the river, near Gonzales, within view of the enemy. The Mexican officer had a telescope, by which he could bring the Gringoes and the gun right up close, and examine them, without running any

risk of being fatally injured. Old Sam Houston was in plain sight one day; and the Mexican officer, noticing something very peculiar about his motions, drew a bead on him with his telescope. When he beheld old Sam, apparently within twenty feet, stamping and rearing, and shaking his fists, and foaming at the mouth, the Mexican thought it was intended for him. Gen. Houston was never handsome, but his face distorted with rage was absolutely fearful. The Mexican officer had been about to attack. Had he done so, he could with ease have crushed out the incipient germ of Texas liberty; but, terrified at what he saw, he fell back in confusion to San Antonio. Thus was Texas saved."



SAM HOUSTON INTIMIDATING THE MEXICANS.

"How does the red ant come into that legend?"

"I don't know how the red ant came in, but there was *one* of them, at least, inside of Houston's buckskin trousers. He was inadvertently standing on a nest of them, and they just climbed up on him as if he was a stalk of sugar-cane. The ant ought to be emblazoned on the Texas coat-of-arms as the national bird of the Lone Star Republic.

"Everybody who visits Gonzales is cordially invited to step around and see the spot where Gen. Houston camped. While he is taking in the landscape, some of those identical red ants are permitted to crawl up and fasten themselves on his person, and then he is sure to appreciate the romance of history."

"Any thing else?"

"Yes: you will be taken to see a patriotic hole in the ground, in the middle of the square, where the flag-staff of the first Confederate flag in Texas was sunk. And then there is the Santa Anna mound. But here we are at Harwood."

Harwood is a small station on the Sunset Route, about forty-five or fifty miles from San Antonio. Here passengers for Gonzales take the stage for that place, which is about twelve miles distant. Harwood consists principally of a railroad-depot, and a frame-house that seems to be sinking out of sight into the ground, under the pressure of a large sign on which is the word "Hotel."

An ambulance drawn by a couple of tolerably good horses was ready to carry us to Gonzales at the rate of two dollars a head, in advance.

The drive to Gonzales was very unpleasant, the weather being hot, and the roads dusty. The country was neither hilly nor mountainous; and very few farms were visible, until we approached the immediate vicinity of Gonzales. The affliction incident to our ride on the rough vehicle was partially mitigated by drinks of water at the muddy pools. It was astonishing what a vivifying effect water had, when mixed judiciously with the contents of the flask.

About one o'clock, blistered by the sun, with our eyes and ears full of the soil of Gonzales County, very tired, and still more hungry, we arrived at the town of Gonzales, and put up at the Howerton House, an excellent hotel.

The first thing the reporter wanted to know was, if Bowen had escaped, committed suicide, or been pardoned; and, being informed that Bowen was still alive and in jail, the reporter expressed his satisfaction, and suggested that we immediately proceed to dinner. After removing, as far as it could be done with soap and water, the evidence of our pilgrimage through the dust, we proceeded to the dinner-table. About twenty men were already at work. We took our places, and were soon feeling better than we had for some time past.

Opposite to me was seated an old bald-headed man, with a most decidedly sinister expression of countenance. He was

very talkative, using his mouth for the purpose of masticating his food only when he ran short of ideas.

"Come to see the hanging?"

"Yes. Hand me those string-beans," said the reporter.

The bald-headed man gave us much information about Brown Bowen and his crime. He was well informed on the subject of hanging. Even while we were eating the soup, he branched off into a life-like description of an execution he had evidently assisted at up in Kansas. The reporter was not much affected, for he passed his plate a second time. The bald-headed man was from Kansas, and enlivened the banquet with murder-stories that would have done credit to the author of a series of yellow-backed novels.

"Hanging is nuthin' when you once get used to it."

"How many times have you been hung?" asked the doctor.

"I mean hanging, ef you do the hanging yourself."

"I've helped hang five or six myself," said the reporter.

"You hev, hev you?" said the bald-headed man, brightening up. "I could tell some of my experiences that would make your har stand on end. I've come fifty miles to attend this Brown Bowen ceremony."

During the rest of the meal the bald-headed man cheered us up with the description of three bodies he found hung on a tree.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN ILLUSTRATES.

"I wonder," said the reporter, "if the landlord has hired him to take the wire edge off our appetites. If he did, he is fooling himself, as far as I am concerned. I happened to be in the Confederate army. — Pass the turnips."

"I've done seen the sheriff, and he told me confidentially that he was going to give Brown seven-feet fall. If he does, it will break his damn neck, jest like that," said the bald-headed man, breaking a stalk of celery between his fingers. "In Kansas we used to haul 'em up off the ground."

"Any way will suit me," said the reporter. "All I have to do is to report it."

Leaving the bald-headed man at the table, entertaining a late arrival with a description of a dead body he helped to pull out of a river in Eastern Texas, we strolled out to take a look at the town. Our landlord was kind enough to accompany us. "Would you like to see the spot where Gen. Sam Houston

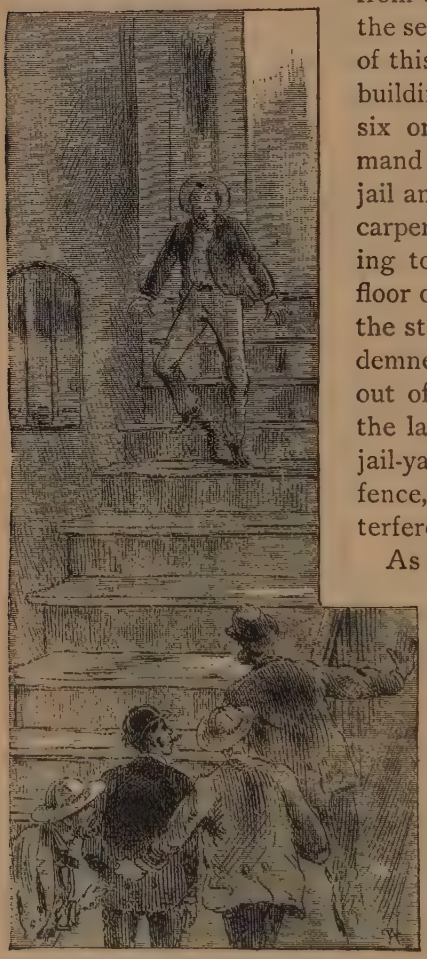
NOBODY HAD REMOVED THE RELIC.

camped, in 1835, when the Mexicans wanted to attack the place?"

We all said we did not, remembering Sam's experience with the red ants; but we expressed a willingness to see the hole where stood the flagstaff from which waved the first Confederate flag in Texas. Fortunately, nobody had removed the relic. After this ceremony was over, we were introduced to the sheriff of Gonzales County, — a large, plain, blunt sort of a man, with a good-natured expression of countenance, who treated us very politely, and asked us if we would like to be introduced to Brown Bowen. We said we would.

In a few minutes we were at the jail. The sheriff had that

morning received a telegram from the governor, refusing to interfere. The jail was a stone building two stories high, but only the upper story was used as a jail. A stairway led up from the outside to the landing of the second story. Directly in front of this stairway was a small frame-building, in which were quartered six or eight rangers, under command of Capt. Hall. Between the jail and the frame-building, several carpenters were putting the finishing touches on the scaffold, the floor of which was on a level with the stairway; so that all the condemned man had to do was to step out of the door of the jail, across the landing, to the gallows. The jail-yard was incased by a picket-fence, that did not, in the least, interfere with the view of the scaffold.



"HE WANTS A BRANDY PEACH."

As we were going up the steps, a man came running down, considerably excited.

"What's up now — suicide?" asked the sheriff.

"No."

"Tried to escape?"

"No."

"What is it, then?"

"*He wants a brandy peach.*"

"All right: hunt up one for him, poor devil."

We proceeded up the stairs to the landing, where the sheriff took a look at the gallows, at which the carpenters were hammering and sawing. In the middle of the platform, which was surrounded by a low railing, a trap-door had been cut. It was arranged so that,

upon touching a lever, the trap would fall out, and drop to the ground, a distance of twenty feet. After the sheriff had made a few suggestions about the public improvements in process of erection, we entered the jail. Peering through the bars were a pair of anxious brown eyes. The door was unlocked, and we were in the presence of Brown Bowen. He was a young man, not more than thirty years of age, well built, and rather above medium height. He had brown hair and eyes, regular features, and had quite a pleasant expression of countenance. There was nothing about him to indicate the desperado.

"The governor has refused to save you, Bowen," said the sheriff.

"He is a mob," replied Bowen.

"Here are some gentlemen, and a newspaper reporter, who have come to see you," remarked the sheriff.

The doomed man shook hands with us. He had a grip like iron.

"When am I to be murdered by the mob?" he asked.

"Will half-past two suit you, Bowen?"

"Oh! if I am to be murdered, I don't care when it comes off."

The sheriff was about to reply, when the jailer announced the arrival of Bowen's attorney, who was admitted. He was a large man, with a red beard and a loud voice. He seemed to be laboring under considerable enthusiasm. Under his arm he carried a copy of "Paschal's Digest of the Laws of Texas."

"Brown Bowen," said Col. Jones, for that was his name, "they have no right to swing you off publicly in the presence of a mob."

"No, they haven't," said Brown Bowen.

"And if you want it, you can be hung, and you have the right to be hung, quietly in your cell, without any public ostentation. — Mr. Sheriff, I serve this paper on you, requiring you to hang my client right here in this cell."

"Right in here!" exclaimed the sheriff.

"Yes, sir: the law requires that the execution shall be private, when it can be done. — Yes, Brown Bowen, you can be hung right where you are standing now. A trap-door can

be cut in the floor, and a ring fastened in the ceiling overhead, and you can be dropped right straight down into — I mean with your friends present."

"I don't see what good that would do me," growled Bowen.

"Cut a trap-door in the floor!" said the sheriff: "that would be an accommodation, sure. Every prisoner would want a trap-door in his cell. This is a devil of a time to be making improvements in the jail. Do you take me for a building committee?"

Failing to carry his point, Col. Jones looked around, and, seeing our friend taking notes from Brown Bowen, he said in a most solemn manner, "Brown Bowen, do you prepare to meet your God, and tell that —— reporter to go to the devil," — a remark which produced a universal smile, in which the condemned man joined heartily. But Col. Jones was not disposed to take part in the levity he had created. He proceeded to deliver a Mark Antony address over Bowen, who lay on a blanket on the floor. "It's nothing, Brown Bowen: it will be over before you know it. You will just slide through the trap-door, and the next moment you will be walking around in the mansions of light. I am the only friend you have got. They all hate me because I am your friend. Good-by, Brown Bowen."

"Good-by, Col. Jones," said Bowen.

"Fare thee well, Brown Bowen."

"Colonel, couldn't you bring your children around to-morrow to see me hung?"

"No, Bowen, I can't let my children come; but I'll try and be on hand myself." And the colonel passed out, Bowen giving the sheriff a most impressive wink. We shortly afterwards took our leave of the unfortunate man, and returned to the hotel.

The hanging was to take place the next day at half-past two. We did not visit Brown Bowen again, but the reporter paid him a professional visit in the morning. He went to see him, and found him very much unnerved, — in fact, completely prostrated. He told the reporter that it was Hardin who shot Halderman, and that it was a case of mistaken identity. He said he was going to be hung for Wes Hardin. When he was asked about the fatal misunderstanding in Florida, he said he had something

in Texas that bothered him; but, although he had killed several men in Florida, he did not feel the slightest compunction. His conscience only troubled him about his Texas misdeeds. What happened beyond the State line was wholly immaterial to him. This was the first time that I had heard of a man's conscience being affected by geographical boundary-lines. In regard to his religious views the three Methodist clergymen had much

"COLONEL, BRING YOUR CHILDREN AROUND TO SEE ME HUNG."

difficulty. The Rev. Mr. Seale, his principal spiritual adviser, told the reporter that he did not regard Brown Bowen's spiritual condition as at all satisfactory. While he had no scruples about indulging in religious exercises, he had made no profession of religion.

The crowd which gathered around the gallows was immense. It consisted of men, women, and children. There were not

less than forty-five hundred people present. At half-past two Sheriff Bass, Rev. Mr. Seale, and several deputies, accompanied by Brown Bowen, came out and took their places on the scaffold. The sheriff had his foot on the trap-door, when the clergyman accidentally placed his hand on the trigger. Down went the trap with a thundering sound, nearly precipitating the sheriff through the small trap-door. He caught the railing, and saved himself. But for the railing, the sheriff would probably have broken his neck. The idea of the clergyman dropping the sheriff through the trap-door in the presence of the man who was to be hung, was a novel one. Brown Bowen's hard features relaxed into a smile of vast proportions, and a roar of laughter went up from the crowd. Even Mr. Seale's melancholy features were lighted up with a momentary smile.

But there was serious work ahead. The face of the condemned man assumed its former hard, fierce expression. The death-warrant was read by the sheriff. The Rev. Mr. Seale read a long dying statement made by Bowen, affirming his innocence, and accusing Wesley Hardin and the witnesses of lying and perjury. As soon as the clergyman had finished reading the statement, the noose was placed around the neck of the culprit, who assisted in adjusting it. Bowen stood erect, and, with a fixed, stern gaze, looked down on the crowd, with most of whom he was acquainted. He showed no sign of fear or weakness in this supreme moment. He was Brown Bowen, the defiant. You could tell by the wavering in the voice of the clergyman that the prayer was drawing to its end; and still Brown Bowen kept his glittering eye on the crowd below.

"Through the mercy of our Lord and Saviour"— In a moment all was over. There was a downward plunge and a few convulsive movements of the shoulders, and Brown Bowen's case was before a higher court.

In company with the reporter, we spent the day after the hanging, fishing on the Guadaloupe. A queer-looking stranger came into our camp one afternoon, and, among other things, told us of a cave close by, that the aborigines once used as a place of abode or as a hiding-place. As we expressed a desire to shed a tear in this monument to the departed glory of our

red brethren, he kindly consented to lead us to the spot. We passed from the prairie into the woods that line the bank of a large creek. We travelled a mile before we arrived at the creek, a clear stream running through a rugged and rocky gorge, —

> "A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here at will
> Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will
> Her virgin fancies, poured forth more sweets,
> Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss."

There was a great deal of that sort of poetry in the canyon to carry away with us. We left it there with the red bugs, ticks, and other poetic gems that we found in the "wilderness of sweets."

The entrance of the cave was a hole in the face of the bluff, about the size of a dinner-plate, and some twenty feet from the ground, beside the feat that it was to climb up to it. This cave had only been discovered a few days before we visited it. It was about forty feet high from floor to dome, and about a hundred feet in diameter. From the entrance, rude steps led down to the floor. From the roof hung stalactites, the drippings from which were piled up on the floor in grotesque shapes. The reporter said, "You observe these stalactites: they are formed by water, containing calcareous particles, filtering through fissures of the rocks overhead. By this monument of history, which has escaped the dilapidations of time, we are enabled to fix the epoch of the creation of the world. Moses was a well-meaning man, but he made mistakes. The chronological books of the Chinese are but fables; and the Phœnician historian, Sanchoniatho, knew as little regarding the age of the world as he did about the market-price of mackerel. You can no more judge the age of the world by reading orthodox books than you can judge of the age of a cow by the amount of milk she gives. But when we go back to the paleontological records of the anthropolithric or anthropozoic era, or when we examine the Neptunic strata of the quaternary epoch, and the diluvian or pleistocene system, we find that right here the scientist can" —

"Right here the scientist can get his head broken if he indulges in any more such geological remarks," said the stranger.

"We have heard all that before. What we came here for was to weep over the traces of a dead race. My friend, I would thank you to inaugurate the weep; for right before us you see in a state of petrification the domestic implements and conveniences of the prehistoric savage. Two thousand years ago, more or less, there was an advanced civilization on this spot that we to-day can only faintly picture or realize. The Aztec aborigine revelled in the knowledge of arts and sciences that have since been lost and forgotten, or only lately rediscovered. That petrification there to the left was originally a lactealoscope, — an instrument unknown at the present day, but once used by the Aztec milkmaid to induce the cow of the period to part with her milk. This part was the electric battery; that, the rubber attachment to the cow's udder: connecting the two with a wire, it is evident that the most obstinate cow would be compelled to let down at least a gallon of milk in a minute. That to the left, which looks like a block of limestone, is the knee-joint of an animal now extinct. But, taking the bone as a base of calculation, we can easily demonstrate that the animal to which it belonged was thirty-five feet long, graminivorous, suckled its young, had a short bushy tail, and was used as a beast of burden. Here we have, apparently, the fragments of a Franklin cooking-stove, possibly blown up in the usual way, although I have been unable to find any piece of the cook, or the vessel that contained the non-explosive oil. That chunk there I make out to have been" —

"But," interrupted the reporter, "I cannot see"—

"No, I do not suppose that you can," said the stranger; "for you have not studied the matter as I have. I have given you my theory. Some people may not like it; but I have discovered this cave, and I am going to run that theory for all it is worth. You may possibly think that the aborigine was not as much civilized as I make him out to be; but you have got to believe it, for there, before you, is the evidence."

As we noticed, among other evidence, a six-shooter in the stranger's belt, and a queer gleam in his eye, we swallowed the whole story, cooking-stove and all. When we emerged from the cave, we parted from the stranger, and returned to town.

On inquiry, we learned that he was a harmless lunatic from one of the New-England States, who had been sent to Texas by his friends, in the hope that he would either be killed, or cured of his lunacy. It seems that he became insane trying to figure out that the Chinese and the North-American Indians were originally the same race of people. He based his arguments on the manners and the customs of the two races, and on a lot of pottery, arrow-heads, frozen potatoes, and other prehistoric junk found in some alleged Indian mounds. His papers on the subject, printed in pamphlet form, were eulogized and commended by all the *savants* of the times; and his reasonings and ingenious theories were admired and accepted by the scientists and antiquarians of the two hemispheres.

I told the doctor that the stranger seemed to me to be perfectly sane while talking in the cave.

"Yes," said he, "just about as sane as ever he was in his life, I reckon."

The doctor affects subtle sarcasm of that calibre once in a while.

Close to the cave we did find a real Simon pure Indian mound, where we unearthed pieces of bone, sharp-pointed flints, and earth-worms; but we refrained from building a theory, the material not warranting its construction. We stood on the mound, and thought the matter over. We did not even draw an inference, or any thing else except a cork, just then; because we felt that we were steeped in degrading ignorance regarding what the Indians did, and how they did it, two hundred or two thousand years ago.

All know about the ancient Indian history found in a book the other day. Peter Martyn was the author. The book is called "The Decades of the New Worlde," written in 1550. The author says, —

"In many places of the firme land, when any of the kyngs dye, all hys householde servauntes, which have continually served hym, doo kyll themselves, believyng, as they are taught by the devyle Tuyra, that they which kyll themselves, when the Kynge dyeth, doo go with hym to heaven, and serve hym in the same place and office as they dyd before on the earthe whyle he lyved; and that all that refuse so to doo, when after they dye of

theyr natural death, or otherwyse, theyr souls doo dye with theyr bodyes, and doo be dissolved into ayer, and become nothying, as doo soules of hogges, or fyshes, or other brute beasts."

I will stake my reputation on Peter having the hang of the prehistoric Indian business three hundred years ago; but I regret that the Indian backslid from the old religion. There are not enough of them in these degenerate days that "doo kyll themselves." The present offshoot from the old Indian church of 1550 seems to have been "taught by the devyle" to kill their pale-faced brethren rather than themselves. Nations and religions change, also the moon, the "devyle's" teachings, greenbacks, and every thing except a leopard's spots and a boarding-house tablecloth; but in the matter of pure cussedness an Indian never varies.

While fishing on the Guadaloupe, we met a surveyor and his assistant, who said they were going out on the prairie some twenty miles, to survey a thousand acres that a stockman wanted to enclose for a pasture. The land had been surveyed before; but the corners had been misplaced, or carried off by some one, and, to find out the boundaries, a new survey had to be made. We often wondered how a man could identify his land on a flat prairie, where there were no apparent landmarks to guide him. In wooded lands the corners are known by marks cut in trees with an axe; but, where there are no permanent natural objects, the surveyor marks a corner by driving a small, wooden stake into the ground. This is a very unsatisfactory arrangement; because the first teamster who comes along will probably carry off the south-east corner of the survey, and cook his breakfast with it, or appropriate the north-west corner, and use the ancient landmark to whittle on as he rides along.

In the absence of wood, a few stones or bones are piled up, and form a corner; and we have seen a cow's horn stuck in a buffalo-chip make one of the marks of the corner of an eleven-league grant.

When corners are lost or mislaid, the surveyor, to find the place again, has to go back to some plainly-defined starting-

point, called an "established corner," on some other grant, and survey from that. He often has to run a line ten miles in length, from a known, to find an unknown, point. There is one kind of corner that a teamster has never been known to carry off. It is made with a spade. Teamsters may have attempted, but have never succeeded in, carrying off a hole in the ground.

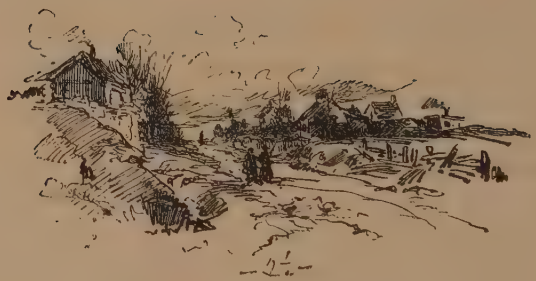
There are certain old Texans in every locality who know, or pretend to know, the location of most all of the old Spanish grants in the State. These old frauds are continually appearing in the courts as witnesses in cases where boundaries are disputed. They can point out and identify corners, follow meanders, and give the biography and pedigree of the original grantee, of every piece of land within a radius of a hundred miles from where they bear witness. They have wonderful memories. I knew one of them who testified to having carried the chain in a survey made in 1806. As he only claimed to be eighty years of age at the time he gave his testimony, the fact that he was able to carry a chain in 1806 goes to show what a precocious and robust race the early Texans were, — figures proving that this man was but four years of age when he was engaged in the surveying-feat alluded to.

The extraordinary memory exhibited in the matter of the identification of corners by the old Texans, is explained by a quaint custom common in the early days of the Republic. When a settler received a grant of land from the Spanish Government, he would get it surveyed, and have the corners established. Then, that the identity of the boundaries might be preserved in the family, he would take his children out periodically, and whip them on the corners of the land. It was no uncommon thing for a traveller, as he journeyed across the prairie, to see a rugged old pioneer standing on the north-east corner of his league and labor of land, thrashing his eldest with a rawhide strap, while, under the ministrations of his mother, a younger son was howling on the south-west corner.

In such manner was nurtured the boy who has since developed into the old veteran of to-day, so eloquent and unreliable,

"As scenes long past of joy and pain,
Come wandering o'er his aged brain."

They had no Sunday-school nor daily newspaper in those days; but they worried along somehow without them, and learned economy in truth almost as well as if they had had those advantages.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

ACCOMPANIED by the reporter, we left San Antonio in the gray dawn of a summer morning. The reporter was going to Eagle Pass on professional business, and we agreed to travel together.

First, however, it was necessary that the reporter should attend a barbecue, held some ten miles from the city. The doctor and I rode with him to the barbecue.

There is a natural and uncontrollable tendency on the part of civilized men to get up picnics and barbecues. Every spring, for instance, men, women, and children flock out into the fields and forests, and afford a great deal of comfort to the hungry ticks and other insects that they meet there.

The excursionists acquire freckles enough to last them during the remainder of the season, and they subsequently find themselves in the possession of a cutaneous disease, the effects of a poisonous vine; but that is not what they are after. The fact is, that people could not help going to picnics and barbecues, even if they wanted to stay at home. The desire is in the blood. The most civilized of men every once in a while rush out into the woods, and live like Indians for a few hours at

least. The habits and customs of past generations will sometimes break out through the varnish of civilization. For instance: the domesticated dog of the present day, before lying down on a Brussels carpet, will turn himself around several times, and arrange imaginary dead forest-leaves, that he may have a comfortable bed. In his wild state, centuries ago, the ancestor of the modern dog went through these otherwise inexplicable manœuvres; and his descendant instinctively clings to the habit. Feed him on the richest food from your table, yet, when occasion offers, he will go out into the fields, kill a sheep, and eat of the raw mutton, while at home he would turn up his nose at any thing not properly cooked.

Another illustration: when Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, the natives cast off their garments, and, spear in hand, rushed into the water, without even a bathing-suit on, to repel the invaders of their soil. There was really no necessity for doing this; for the Romans were determined to land, regardless of whether the Britons were clothed or naked. The Britons were defeated by a large majority; and then and there originated one of our polite expressions, sometimes used when we are desirous of calming down an irate adversary.

The ancient Briton has disappeared; but among his descendants the custom of divesting themselves of their superfluous garments, preparatory to a fight, is perpetuated. To this day the first thing an Englishman does, when assaulted, is to take off his coat. Men of no other nationality do this. Again: in naval engagements the English and American sailors strip to the waist, unconsciously imitating what their ancestors did hundreds of years before.

So it is in the matter of barbecues. Doubtless, for thousands of years, man lived under trees, and ate the half-cooked flesh of wild animals; and, so long as man lives on earth, he will have an occasional yearning to return to his originally savage condition. This yearning finds expression in our barbecues and picnics.

A barbecue is a festival the most prominent features of which are political speeches and roasted hog. A barbecue is usually given by the inhabitants of some rural district desirous

of giving candidates an opportunity to state, that, if elected, all their energies will be devoted to the interests of their constituents and the public weal, and that they pledge themselves, that, when their tenure of office shall expire, they will restore the high trust committed to their hands unsullied, etc.

We arrived on the barbecue-grounds at about ten o'clock. More than two thousand people had already arrived, some from a distance of forty to fifty miles, — old gray-bearded pioneers, with their wives, in ox-wagons; young men, profuse in the matter of yellow-topped boots and jingling spurs, on horseback; fair maidens in calico, curls, and pearl-powder, some on horseback, others in wagons and buggies. These, with a liberal sprinkling of howling, bald-headed babies in arms, made up the crowd that met in a shady grove on a hillside to participate in the barbaric rites of the barbecue.

A stand had been erected for the speakers. Around it the ladies were provided with seats borrowed from a neighboring schoolhouse. To the left was a rough pine table, forming the four sides of a square, each side of which was two hundred and fifty feet long. It was calculated that one thousand people could at one time dine around this "ample board." At some distance from the stand a deep trench, three hundred feet long, had been dug. This trench was filled from end to end with glowing coals; and suspended over them on horizontal poles were the carcasses of forty animals, — sheep, hogs, oxen, and deer, — roasting over the slow fire. The animal being skinned and cleaned, the whole carcass is placed about two feet above the coals, and cooked in its entirety.

The process is slow, taking twelve hours to cook an ox. Butter, with a mixture of pepper, salt, and vinegar, is poured on the meat as it is being cooked. It is claimed that this primitive mode of preparation is the perfection of cookery, and that no meat tastes so sweet as that which is barbecued.

When sufficiently roasted, the carcasses are carried on poles, manned by stalwart negroes, and placed on small tables inside the square formed by the dining-tables. Here a force of carvers soon cut the meat into slices; others distribute it on plates, and arrange these plates on the long table, a huge slice

of corn-bread being apportioned to each plate. That is all. The dinner is served. No long bill of fare to hesitate over; no knives, no forks, no napkins; nothing but bread and meat. Water in barrels was brought from a spring at the foot of the hill. These barrels placed around the tables at intervals, a single drinking-cup being attached to each, provided the guests with the only beverage allowed on the grounds.

The ladies were admitted to the table first, and dined standing up. The doctor was horrified to see an excited female leave the table, approach a male friend, and, after whispering in his ear, return to the table with a villanous-looking bowie-knife, ten inches long, in her hand. The doctor thought he detected fire in her eye, and intimated, that, if she were not quickly suppressed, blood would be spilled. But there was no murder in her heart. She merely borrowed the knife that she might cut her "chunk" of meat into reasonable mouthfuls.

After the ladies had dined, the men were turned loose on the eatables. To see them, in their rude playfulness, scramble for a choice rib, — the victor going off gnawing it; the unsuccessful one pouncing on a waiter carrying a large trayful of beef, and relieving him of his load in a second, — forced one to think of one o'clock in a menagerie.

There was enough and to spare for all the vast crowd; and I would be lacking in my duty as a veracious reporter of the event if I failed to say, that "the hospitable board fairly groaned beneath the load of good things," etc. The dinner was free to all; and more than twenty thousand greasy fingers testified their owners' appreciation of the eatables, and gave at least one-third of the guests a reasonable excuse to get off that venerable truism about fingers being made before forks, — to get it off, too, as if it were a happy and original thought that had just then occurred to them.

After dinner the speeches. The speakers were a general, a colonel, and a judge. The general was a candidate for the State Legislature; the colonel, for the United-States Senate; and the judge, for Congress.

There were several brilliant pyrotechnical speeches of the usual stump type. They did not fail to speak of the palladium

of American liberty, nor to refer to Runnymede and Magna Charta. They dwelt strongly on "this, the most vital crisis in the history of the country." They neglected not to prove, — at least to their own satisfaction, — that, if they should be elected, there would be no question as to the country being saved. They stated, that, if not elected, they would decline being responsible for the consequences.

The young men made frequent excursions "to see the spring" at the foot of the hill. I never knew a spring so attractive, or one that received more attention. Some young men, and old ones too, not satisfied with one sight, returned several times to see the spring, and seemed to become more exhilarated, and more enthusiastic on the subject of its beauties, in proportion to the number of their pilgrimages. Perhaps the waters were of a medicinal character, or — but why conjecture? Doubtless those who have attended a barbecue could account for the phenomenon.

While we were in San Antonio, there was a great deal of talk about the Sierra Mojada silver-mines. The location of these mines is in Mexico, some two hundred miles from the Texas frontier. They had only been discovered a few months before we visited San Antonio. Every one had something to say about them. It was a topic all could express themselves intelligibly on, as no one knew any thing positive about the mines. The newspapers, by publishing fabulous reports of their richness, did much to encourage the Mojada enthusiasm. After deducting ninety-nine per cent, however, for exaggeration, enough remained over to justify the most matter-of-fact man in the world in believing that it required very little exertion, after getting to the mines, to enable a man to acquire sufficient wealth to satisfy his wants, and even to run a daily newspaper if necessary.

According to one account, a one-armed Mexican, suffering from partial paralysis of the lower limbs, with the aid of an old barrel and thirty pounds of quicksilver, in two months acquired enough money to have elected him to the United-States Senate from Louisiana. It must be remembered that a Mexican does most of his hard work lying on a blanket in the shade, with a

cigarette between his teeth. (When a Mexican is without a cigarette in his mouth, he is either asleep or dead.) It was logically argued, that, if an able-bodied American were to go to the mines, he would have to put a good deal of constraint on himself to prevent the acquisition of excessive wealth, and, further, that a very industrious American, unless he had assistance in spending the silver, would be tolerably well off before he got within a hundred miles of where the silver-mines were.

So glowing were the accounts of the richness of the mines, that impecunious men who contemplated visiting them, when tendered lucrative positions in San Antonio, could not believe that the parties offering them were serious.

CUTTING OUT SILVER WITH AN AXE.

Gen. John R. Baylor, a gentleman of considerable mining experience and much humor, after listening to a crowd of Mojada enthusiasts, made them a really splendid offer, on condition that they would give up their Sierra Mojada trip. But they laughed him to scorn.

Said he, "Boys, I have a good thing out on my ranch, and I want some of you to come and get a share of it. I've discovered a mountain of solid silver. It is not a very large mountain, but there is a great deal more there than I want. I have got a machine like a big plane: it is about the size of a large sled. I start it from the top of the hill, and its own weight carries it to the bottom. It cuts a shaving of pure silver three feet wide and nearly a quarter of a mile long. As I said, there is more of it than I need, and I'll be obliged if you will come and haul some of it away. All you have to do is to saw those shavings up, or cut

them with an axe, into suitable lengths for a wagon, and haul them to town. I'll lend you my team."

They did not accept the general's offer, as they felt that they could do better at the Mojada. To some persons the statement of Gen. Baylor might appear to be a little strained, but it did not so appear to those who had read in the newspapers about the richness of the Mojada mines. They thought that the general was underrating the real worth of his mines, that he might deter prospectors from visiting his property until he would have time to get a land-certificate laid over the adjacent landscape.

If any one had offered one of these early Mojada pilgrims Aladdin's lamp, provided he would not go on to the mines, he would have rejected the offer, and suggested that it be given to the poor. According to the statement of one young man, the ore of the Mojada mines averaged two hundred and fifty per cent pure silver; which seemed a good deal to a man who had not studied figures.

I saw one victim of the Mojada fever, poor Brooks; and he looked miserable enough to draw tears from a tax-collector. His clothes, of which he had too few, wore an unhealthy look. His boots were in a wrecked condition; while he himself looked like those patent-medicine advertisement pictures of a man, with "Before Taking" under them. He was indeed a loathsome spectacle.

"What's the matter with the distinguished citizen?" I asked.

Said he, "I am — that is, what is left of me is — a Sierra Mojada sufferer."

"Tell me about it confidentially. I only want to publish it in the Northern papers."

Said he, "I haven't had my supper since day before yesterday yet, and I'm beginning to feel weak. I'm afraid I have not strength enough to hold out."

It took two dollars' worth of provisions to put that wreck in a condition to talk.

"You know I had a good position with Jones & Co. I weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. I wore good clothes, and smoked fine cigars. Now look at me! But I'll tell you how it was. When the excitement first broke out, I made in-

quiry, and found there was any quantity of silver ore there, just waiting for me: so I told Jones & Co. that I could dispense with their services, — that their resignations would be accepted. I mean that I threw up my position, and with it ninety dollars a month. I sent my furniture to auction, and bought an ambulance and team, a Winchester rifle, a demijohn, and other camping utensils, bid good-by to all my friends, — except those I was owing money to, — and was all fixed ready to go next morning, when I met a reliable man right from there."

A SIERRA MOJADA SUFFERER.

"Did he encourage you to go?"

"Well, no — not exactly. He told me there were no mines there at all; and you couldn't get to them, because they were in the midst of an inaccessible desert never yet trodden by the foot of man; and, when you did get there, you had to go twenty-five miles to get water to make coffee; and, when you got to where the water was, you never got back again, because the water was so unhealthy, that Americans died in terrible agony in two hours; and there was no use going there with less capital than fifty thousand dollars, anyhow. I asked the man if there were no kind people at the mines to help a poor stranger along; and he said the only friend the American had out there was the Lipan Indian, who usually knocked him on the head to save him from perishing of thirst and hunger. The man went on to say, that if he were to go into that country, and the Indians failed to kill him, he would never forgive them for their inhumanity as long

as he lived, so dreadful were the sufferings of those who survived."

"Then, I suppose you thought, with the poet, that 'twere better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others we are not acquainted with except by reputation'?"

"Yes," continued Brooks with a sigh; "I thought over the matter, and came to the conclusion that I had better stay in San Antonio. It is true, beer has gone up to ten cents a glass, and the mud is awful; but life is sweet. At the Mojada I would not only miss all those little comforts, but I might find myself in the hands of some Mexican or Indian; and I am very much attached to myself, I am. So I sold out the demijohn and the rest of the outfit, and bought some fresh furniture. I thought I would give my old employers a chance to re-establish commercial relations; but they refused to accept the appointment, so I was out about five hundred dollars."

"Yes. But that was better than going to the Mojada, and leaving your bones to bleach among the rocks."

Brooks heaved another sigh, and continued, —

"About the time I had made up my mind to stay here forever, and be an old landmark, I got a letter from Tom Jones, telling me there was no exaggeration at all; that he owned seventeen mines, and half-interest in forty-five more; that his poorest mine yielded him twenty-five *marcos* of pure silver to the *carga*, which is equivalent to seventeen ounces to the pound of ore. No capital was needed at all. The climate was healthy, plenty of babbling springs of pure water, etc. So I sent my furniture once more to auction, and bought a new demijohn, wagon, team, etc."

"Well, Brooks, I hope you got off this time. This is rather monotonous, waiting to see you out of town."

"I can't keep the run of how many times I sold my furniture, and bought fresh teams, losing money all the time. On Monday I would hear that the Mexican Government didn't want any but Americans at the mines; that Americans were appointed to all the fat offices; that no Mexicans were allowed to locate a mine until the Americans had first choice; that President Diaz had sent Mexican soldiers to the mines for no

other purpose than to protect the Americans. Then I would sell out at a sacrifice, and get ready to start. On Tuesday I would read in a paper that the Mexicans were surrounding the Gringos, preparatory to cutting their throats; that two distinguished Mexican generals were trying to see which could get to the Mojada first, so as to claim the honor of having slaughtered the Gringos; and then I would make up my mind to stay here until the grave claimed me. And so it was kept up until I had spent all my money."

"And you have not left town yet?"

"I got off at last. When I got to Peidras Negras, the Mexican custom-house officers arrested me because I did not have enough money to pay the duty on my outfit. There is a duty of two hundred dollars on every foot a horse has. The duty on the harness is only twenty-five dollars to the running inch. Then I was to give bond not to take any silver out of the country, and not to hurt any of the Indians who might want to scalp me. As usual, I failed for lack of capital. My property was seized as a pledge of good faith, but I was so fortunate as to make my escape. I walked all the way back, feeding on mesquite beans and prickly pears. When I got to town nobody knew me: at least, they did not show any signs of it — except the police."

Statements regarding the first discovery of the Sierra Mojada mines are very contradictory, and are all more or less romantic. According to one account, a Mexican lieutenant, chasing Indians, was the discoverer. The improbability that this story bears on its face is somewhat mitigated by the subsequent declaration that the discovery was made by the lieutenant coming suddenly on an old Indian who was melting silver bullets in a cave.

Another version of the discovery says, that an old Californian named Bosse, having had a great deal of experience in finding gold-mines, started out from Chihuahua in search of mines. He continued his search, without finding any thing except prickly pears to live on. He at last arrived at a mountain stream with a great deal of gold in it. The only mining implement he had was a tin cup, with which he washed out the

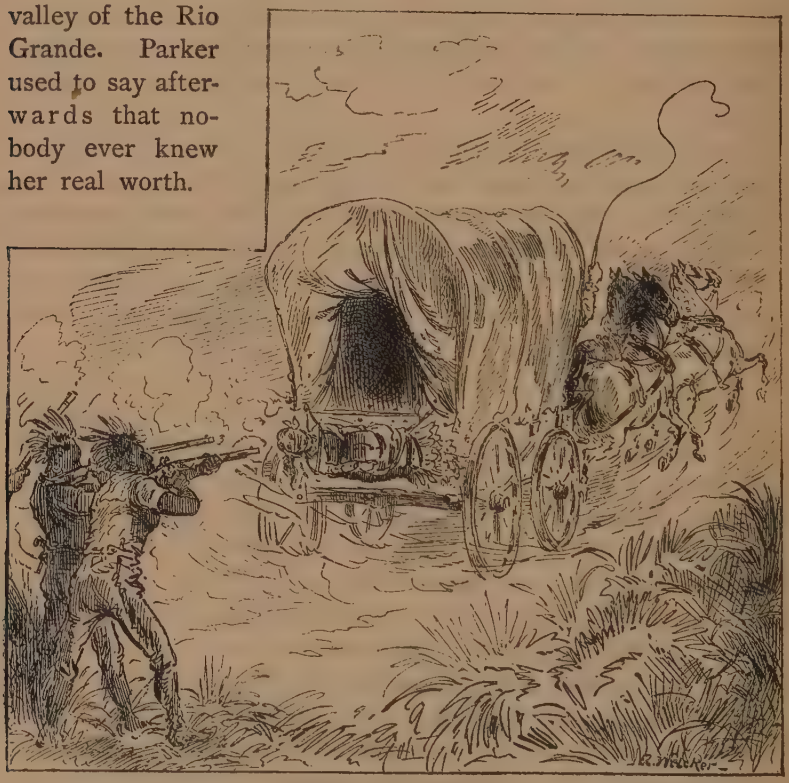
dust. The Indians, who always have some *rôle* to play in mining matters, were so unsociable that Bosse had to leave. The only weak part about this story is, that the inventor supposed the Mojada mines to have been gold-mines, whereas there is no gold there at all. Under the circumstances, we have come to the conclusion not to rely on any one for the true story of the discovery of these mines, but to invent one of our own. "The gods help those who help themselves." The following is the true story of the discovery of the Mojada mines.

On a sultry day in August of the year 18—, an American named Parker was travelling with his family, in an ambulance, through the State of Coahuila, Mexico. They were travelling from California to Texas, *viâ* Mexico. The family consisted of Parker, whose Christian name was William, Mrs. Parker, five young Parkers, and Mrs. Grimes, the aged mother of Mrs. Parker.

When near the boundary of the State of Nueva Leon, the party was attacked by Indians. Parker kept the Indians at bay for a time with his rifle; but finally, his ammunition becoming scarce, he was forced to retreat towards the Rio Grande. He was followed by the Indians, whose bullets struck the wagon every few minutes. Parker had tied his mother-in-law, the aforesaid Mrs. Grimes, to the back part of the wagon, so that she would not distract his attention from the horses, which it was necessary to whip. He thought her appearance would terrify the Indians, and prevent them from approaching closely. She would also, at the same time, be useful in stopping the bullets that were coming in alarmingly quick succession. The consequence was, that Mrs. Grimes and the wagon were both riddled with bullets, although the Indians did not appoach closer to the wagon than a hundred yards.

Parker was very much discouraged, as the wagon was a perfectly new one, and wagons were expensive in that country. The Indians retired; and Parker halted as soon as it was safe to do so, and examined his losses. He found they were slight. His mother-in-law was dead, and the wagon was not materially injured. Upon examining the wagon, he found several

silver bullets embedded in the spokes of the wheels. He estimated, that, if the wheels had been properly assayed, they would have yielded two hundred ounces to the ton. He had no means of ascertaining what his mother-in-law would have yielded, but she was very rich. She was buried in a beautiful canyon in the valley of the Rio Grande. Parker used to say afterwards that nobody ever knew her real worth.



PARKER'S WIFE'S MOTHER.

Parker was anxious to know where the Indians obtained the material they made their bullets of, but he kept the secret of the silver bullet for many years. Finally he confided in a man named Brown, and the two started in a buggy for the place where Parker met the Indians. It is believed, that, if they had succeeded in reaching it, they would have discovered the Sierra Mojada mines; but as they never returned, and have

not been heard of since, the whole matter is involved in dense obscurity and impenetrable mystery. It is almost certain, however, that they met the Indians. We repeat that this is the true story of the discovery of the Sierra Mojada mines, and we caution the public to beware of spurious imitations.

Various traditions exist regarding lost gold and silver mines in Western Texas, — mines of extravagant richness, formerly worked by the Spaniards, but the exact location of which has been forgotten. No country in the world, so far as heard from, is as rich in lost mines as Western Texas. An old, abandoned mine is always a fabulously rich one. Another singular feature of a lost mine is, that it can never be found. Considering the number of old mines that used to be worked by the Spaniards, according to tradition, one would suppose that it would be dangerous to leave the beaten road in travelling, for fear of falling into one.

The reading public would cease to be worried about these old mines, were it not for the press and the inevitable old frontiersman. Every once in a while some seedy reporter is short of items. But the printer must have copy: the paper must be filled up. Under these circumstances the reporter drags an old inhabitant into a saloon. He fills the old man with beer and free lunch; and *he*, in his turn, fills the reporter with a story about a lost mine. As a general thing, the information imparted to the reporter is very exhaustive — particularly to the readers of the paper. What the old inhabitant does not know about the alleged mines is very important and voluminous. The narrative does not suffer on this account; for, what the old inhabitant does not know, the reporter is ignorant of, and adds it to his statement in the newspaper. When the old man has got warmed up, and his imagination has begun to soar, he will be delivered of tales of pure fiction that would make a real-estate agent envious enough to saw his own tongue off.

Thus it is that in Western Texas there is such a wealth of lost mines in the ordinary run of conversation. Every old citizen has a lost Spanish-mine story. All these legends have a common basis. The pioneer's father knew an old Mexican who lived near San Antonio; his profession being the propaga-

tion of goats on the Chapuderas, and whose father, or grand-uncle on his mother's left side, knew an Indian, who, wishing to pay him for a service rendered, promised to show him the mines. Before the time for the fulfilment of the promise arrived, said Indian died. Thus the secret of the exact location of the mines rests in the Indian's grave. A hint was, however, dropped on the deathbed of the father or grand-uncle, and picked up after the funeral by the old citizen; and it caused him to feel certain that "the mines are not located in Presidio County."

The clew is of about as satisfactory a character as the kind policemen suffer so much from, or as that given by Sandy McPherson to a brother Scot.

"Sandy, mon, but that's a bonny gun yer carryin'."

"Ay, 'deed it is."

"Whaur are ye takin' it tae?"

"Ower by there."

"An' wha's it for?"

"D'ye ken the eeditor of the Glasgae "Herald"?

"Ay, mon, that I do."

"Weel, it's no for him."

There is, however, no doubt but at some time in the early days of the Mexican occupation of the then province of Texas, gold and silver mines were discovered; but whether they were developed to any extent or not, we cannot learn. In proof of the fact that there were at least discoveries, I quote the following correspondence, copied from the original documents formerly on file among the Mexican archives at Monterey:—

To his Majesty the Emperor.

Salvador Carrasco, the humblest subject of your Majesty, with profound respect, says that about forty leagues, more or less, from the city of San Antonio de Bexar, there are rich gold and silver mines, which, owing to the occupation of that region by hostile Indians, have not been explored.

Petitioner has thought proper to communicate this information to your Majesty, that proceedings may be had, and the proper steps taken, to explore and work said mines; which can only be accomplished under

the protection of a military escort, on account of the Comanches who infest the provinces of Coahuila and Texas.

Said mines are called *Los Almagres*, and are situated in the territory of San Saba, in the province of Texas. Some persons residing in Bexar have bought specimens of gold and silver ore, but have not devoted themselves to the working of the mines through fear of the Indians.

With the greatest respect, I entreat your Majesty to dictate the necessary measures, in order that the said mines may be explored as soon as your Majesty thinks proper.

(Signed) SALVADOR CARRASCO.

MEXICO, May 25, 1822.

OFFICE OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF THE EASTERN AND WESTERN INTERNAL PROVINCES.

The annexed memorial of Don Salvador Carrasco, a resident of Rio Grande, to his imperial Majesty, shows, that about forty leagues off San Antonio de Bexar, at the place named Los Almagres, there are gold and silver mines which have not been worked, owing to Indian hostilities.

His Majesty expects that you will report to me on this subject. May God preserve your life for many years!

(Signed) ANASTASIO BUSTAMENTE.

To Col. GASPAR LOPEZ, *Commanding Provinces of Coahuila and Texas, Saltillo.*

MEXICO, July 24, 1822.

His Excellency, the captain-general of these provinces, by a superior communication of the 24th of July last, informs me that Don Salvador Carrasco, a resident of Rio Grande, has addressed a memorial to his imperial Majesty the Emperor, stating, that about forty leaguess off San Antonio de Bexar, at the place called Almagres, there are to be found gold and silver mines, upon which subject his Majesty desires to obtain the proper information. To that end I address you the present communication. May God preserve your life for many years!

(Signed)

GASPAR LOPEZ,
Colonel commanding Coahuila and Texas.

To the Governor of Texas.

SALTILLO, Aug. 8, 1822.

In compliance with your instructions, I have made inquiries concerning the mines at Los Almagres, upon which Don Salvador Carrasco has

presented a memorial to his Majesty; and I have ordered that one of the persons who is acquainted with that locality shall proceed to explore the same, and bring specimens of the ores to be found. As soon as this is accomplished, I will be able to make the proper report. May God preserve your life many years!

(Signed) JOSE FELIX TRESPALACIOS,
Governor of Texas.

To Col. GASPAR LOPEZ, *Commanding Provinces.*
BEXAR, Nov. 13, 1822.

To his imperial Majesty.

Sebastian Rodriguez Biedma, a captain in the regular army of the eastern internal provinces, and director of the military academy established at Monclova for the instruction of Spanish cadets, with great respect states, —

That upon the San Saba hills, course north-west from San Antonio de Bexar, and about forty-five leagues from said town, there are mines of unsurpassing richness, known by the name of Los Almagres, which, judging from their outward appearance, promise more wealth than that produced by any of the most famous of St. Luis Potosi, Zacatecas, and Guanajuato. I do not hesitate to make this statement, being convinced of that fact by my own eyes; and therefore I do not doubt that the information given on the subject, both by the *Dipudado* of the province and the *Ayuntamiento*, will correspond with the assertions made in this report.

Some other persons have seen the above-mentioned mines, and brought specimens of the ore, taken from veins on the surface, which have been tried, and found to yield much silver. I believe that it will not be necessary to make any other expenses for the working of said mines than those for the purchase of implements and utensils, and the erection of some cabins for the miners. I am satisfied that the immediate yield of these mines will be more than sufficient to defray the expenses of the work.

I heard of the richness of these mines since I was stationed at Corpus Christi. I afterward saw some specimens at San Antonio de Bexar, and I assayed them with the best results. I was then in active service, with no influence to promote the undertaking, and of course did not take any steps in the matter; but having recently, under the accompanying commission (which I desire to be returned to me), proceeded to the San Saba hills to make the proper exploration, I have to report,

not only that said mines exist, but that I believe them to be of great richness.

Therefore I pray that your imperial Majesty may order that a detachment of three hundred and fifty cavalry be stationed at the place called Los Almagres, with the object of protecting the new settlement to be made. As soon as this is ordered, many of the inhabitants of the provinces will congregate, and build up a town. However great the cares of the government may be under the present circumstances, the small number of three hundred and fifty men will not much diminish the forces of the empire, nor increase its expenses. The latter are comparatively small, if we consider the great advantages to be derived from the settlement of Los Almagres, which will undoubtedly be followed by the subjection of the Indians, the increase of our population, and the circulation of silver.

The undersigned does not aspire to any other glory than the one he will gain by seeing his plan carried out.

SEBASTIAN RODRIGUEZ.

MONCLOVA, Jan. 22, 1823.

What an unsophisticated people, and what *pro bono publico* subjects did his Majesty, Iturbide of Mexico, reign over in the year A.D. 1822! It is really painful to think of the "humblest subject" giving himself away in that simple-minded and disinterested manner, — taking the very bread out of his children's mouths as it were. Why did he not keep quiet about the "rich gold and silver mines" until he could get into the United States, and wait until the Mexican Government offered a reward for the discovery of the mines? And look at Bustamente and Lopez and old Trespalacios, — all just as distressingly honest, and anxious only for the increase of the circulation of silver and gold, and for the providential preservation of each other's lives. Under like circumstances, the humblest American citizen would have been much more frugal in the matter of disseminating information regarding his knowledge of the rich gold and silver mines. He would have enticed some Indian into a fight, allowed himself to be scalped, or otherwise ill-used; then he would have written to the papers sanguinary accounts of "More Indian Deviltries." He would have forwarded to the government petitions from "the bleeding frontier." These, with a little political influence, would have caused a peace-

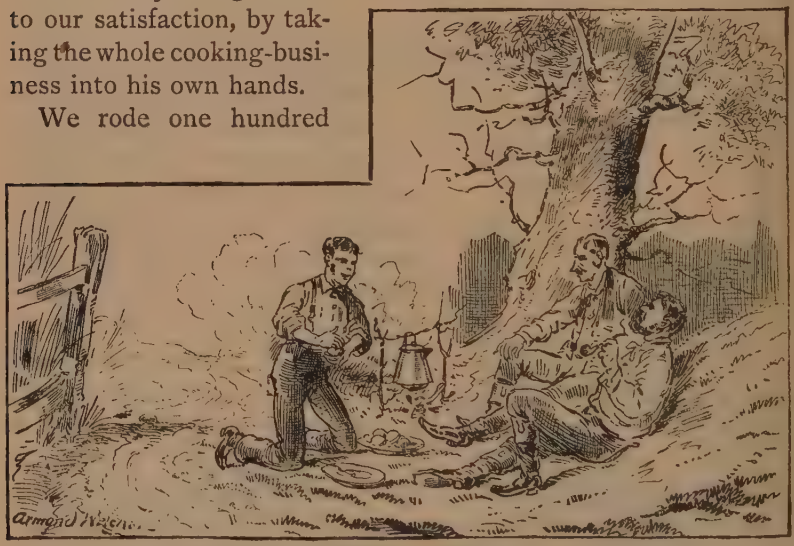
loving and long-suffering government to send out an assortment of Indian agents and a limited supply of troops. The result would have been, that the whiskey supplied to the Indians would have killed one half of the hostiles; and, the other half being engaged pursuing the United-States troops, the field would have been clear. Then the humblest citizen would have pre-empted the richest of the gold-mines; and, inside of six weeks, two hundred miners would have been depleting the auriferous pockets of mother-earth of her golden treasure, and seventy-five stage-robbers would have been acting the same part by the passengers and the United-States mail on the new stage-route. All this would have gone to prove the fact that the northern races are always ahead of those of warmer latitudes in missionary spirit and in all other matters of enterprise and progress.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM San Antonio west, the country is rough and broken, — hills and valleys, sterile ridges, and rocky gorges. Almost all the country is devoted to stock-raising. Settlements are few and far between. Here is a Mexican jacal, a little patch of corn, and a score of goats; ten miles farther there is the farm of a German or Bohemian; and, twenty miles beyond, we arrive at a sheep-ranch: so it is all the way to the Rio Grande. A large portion of the land is suitable for agricultural purposes, but its great distance from market prevents farmers from settling on it. The principal growth is the mesquite-grass, the prickly pear, and the mesquite-tree.

We found the reporter a valuable addition to our party. He had lived a long time in Texas, and abounded in information and statistics regarding the country, the people, products, etc. His journalistic experience was rich and varied. He enlivened our journey with shrewd remarks and quaint anecdotes; but, better than all, he knew how to cook a biscuit. As we camped out, and were compelled to do our own cooking, his culinary knowledge was very valuable.

Neither the doctor nor I could build a biscuit with any degree of success. Either of us could prepare or mix the dough, put it in the skillet, put on the cover and set the skillet on the fire; then we would sit down and wait, or occupy ourselves in frying bacon. But there was never any certainty as to what the skillet would produce. Sometimes it would be a pudding, and at other times it would be a flour-and-water brick, hard enough to ruin the digestive organs of a camel. The reporter made splendid biscuits, and then he taught us how to settle coffee. In fact, he settled every thing, much to our satisfaction, by taking the whole cooking-business into his own hands.



COOKING A BISCUIT.

We rode one hundred miles in the first three days from San Antonio, travelling only in the early mornings and in the evenings, and resting during the remainder of the day.

We were riding along through the woods and by the bank of a creek. The path was so narrow that we had to ride Indian file. This suggested talk about Indians: indeed, it was a favorite topic with us. Whenever we talked about them, and the atrocities they were credited with perpetrating, the doctor assumed a belligerent cast of countenance, and spoke in a warlike and bloodthirsty manner of the summary style in which he would

treat an Indian, should he be fortunate enough to meet one. We had lately heard so much of the murderous doings of the red-handed thieves, that the blood in our veins boiled as we thought of the tales that had been told us; and we determined that a terrible vengeance should overtake the first Indian we might meet. We even made arrangements as to the distribution of the spoils. His bow and arrows were to go to a friend of mine and his wampum — if wampum was what we thought it was — was to be forwarded to the doctor's uncle, who was a monomaniac in the matter of battlefield relics. The moccasons and pipe were to be presented to the museum in San Antonio. Time and again we had talked the matter over, and as often enjoyed, in anticipation, the retribution that would be visited on the foe when we should meet him.

We were discussing the subject for the hundredth time as we rode along, — the doctor in front, on his old claybank; I behind, encouraging my horse to keep up with the doctor's, — when suddenly, from behind a rock that stood at a turn in the narrow path, appeared an Indian. The doctor made wild and frantic efforts to get his Winchester out of its fastenings on the saddle. The Indian seemed to be terribly frightened, but I do not think he was nearly so much alarmed as the doctor was. I was not frightened; but I wished for a cave, or a mouse-hole, large enough to crawl into, and reconnoitre the enemy before killing him. My friends have always given me credit for being calm and discreet in times of danger. I felt full of discretion at the time, and I had always heard that a good general reconnoitred before attacking the enemy. I was perfectly cool: I almost felt chilly. As there was no cave, I was about to conceal myself behind a tree, when the Indian said, "Buenos dias, senor."

I did not understand what the Indian said at the time; but I was surprised to see the doctor drop his rifle, assume a peaceful attitude, and reply to the Indian in, apparently, the Indian's own language, and still more surprised to see the doctor ride up to the red fiend, shake hands with him, press him to drink out of his flask, and in a very voluble manner begin to talk Ollendorf's Spanish exercises to him.

The Indian was only a Mexican. His politeness in saying

"good-morning" at the moment he did, was what saved him. Another moment, and he would have been a dead Indian, weltering in his life-blood; for, though I hated to take life, I was cool and determined. I did not know much Spanish then; but the doctor, who had been studying the language since we left Houston, by the aid of a grammar, held, apparently, a very interesting conversation with the Mexican, using twenty-eight pages of "Ollendorf's Method for Beginners" on the poor greaser. The doctor said he enjoyed the conversation very

AT A TURN IN THE PATH APPEARED AN INDIAN.

much, was benefited by the interchange of ideas, and learned a good deal of the habits and customs of a very interesting people. I have no doubt of it; for I found out afterwards, by reference to the doctor's grammar, that his end of the conversation scintillated with wit, and was something after the following brilliant style:—

"Have you my book, or the book of my neighbor?"

"Has the merchant received the gold candlestick?"

"Have you the dog of the tailor?"

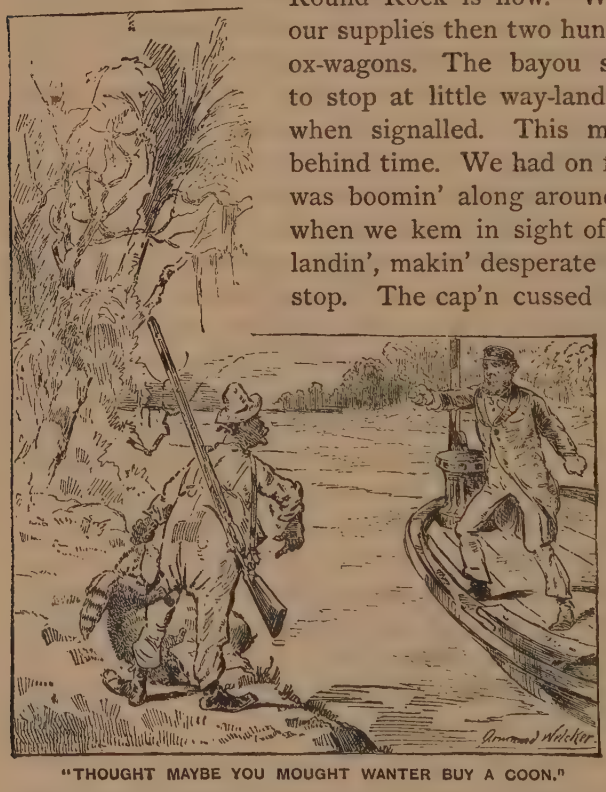
"Has the boy the cow of the carpenter, or the horse of the cook?"

I was very much disappointed in the way the adventure resulted. I had hoped to be able to write home that I had at least winged the sachem of a tribe; and here, when the opportunity was before me, and the Indian within range, he suddenly changed himself into an unromantic greaser, abounding in evidences of having had the small-pox. It seems to me, that, whenever a man braces himself up to do a good and meritorious deed, something interposes to prevent its accomplishment. "This world is but a fleeting show for man's illusion given," and the Indian is the most unsatisfactory part of the show.

We rode up to a store on the stage-road. It was a very small store. A whiskey-barrel, some canned oysters, a box of plug-tobacco, and a coil of rope, seemed to comprise almost every thing offered for sale. There were three men in the store, besides the proprietor, when we entered. They were discussing improvements, and seemed to be very much against immigration and railroads. The doctor joined in the conversation. "I can't understand how it is," said he, "that men who have acquired wealth in flocks and herds will persist in living as some of them do. Why do they not sell out, and go where they enjoy the benefits, comforts, and pleasures of civilization? Why, I saw a place yesterday where I could not tell which was the stable, and which the family residence; where the pigs lived in the house, and played with the children, so that I couldn't tell where the hog left off, and the family began. Why don't they aspire to a more comfortable existence?"

"Because, colonel," said an old man who sat on the end of an empty whiskey-barrel, and whose open hickory shirt showed a chest bronzed by the ray of many a summer's sun, and whose sockless feet, incased in broken-down brogans, proclaimed him the old frontiersman that he was, — "because, colonel, mebbe they wa'n't raised civilized; because, p'rhaps, they was brought up on the prairie or in the wood, and ain't used to the ways of the old countries, and could not be easily broke in to appreciate the benefits, or to enjoy what you call the pleasures, of civilization. That's whar some folks make the mistake. They, maybe,

think milk and sugar improves the flavor of coffee, and they wonder why on earth some folks prefers their'n straight. I remember, 'fore the war, I had been down to Galveston, and was comin' up to Houston on one of the bayou steamers. In them days we had no railroads. I lived in about whar the town of Round Rock is now. We had to haul our supplies then two hundred miles on ox-wagons. The bayou steamers used to stop at little way-landin's, and only when signalled. This mornin' we was behind time. We had on full steam, and was boomin' along around Hog Island, when we kem in sight of a nigger on a landin', makin' desperate signs for us to stop. The cap'n cussed most powerful to think that we would have to lose half an hour backin' up to the landin'. But he had to do it, for it was his orders to stop for freight whenever signalled; and the nigger had done give us the signal, and stood waitin' for us on the bank with an innercent look of happiness on his face, and a dead coon on his shoulder. The boat backed in; an', when near the landin', the cap'n shouted to the nigger, —



"THOUGHT MAYBE YOU MOUGHT WANTER BUY A COON."

"'Hello! what in the —— have you got?'

"'Hello, yourself, boss! I jest thought maybe you mought wanter buy a coon.'

"The cap'n's face turned blue with rage; and, with a howl of

steamboat profanity, he says, 'You infernal black scoundrel, did you stop me to sell a coon? — All aboard! Go ahead! Why, I'd rather eat dog, any day.'

"'Well, cap'n,' replied the nigger, 'some folks likes one ting; some, anoder: it's all owin' to how you was raised.'

"So, I say, it's all owin' to how a man is raised, whether he likes to live in the wilderness, or in the civilized parts of the yearth."

Turning, and addressing his friends, the old man continued, "Wouldn't I be a sweet-looking specimen of civilization, if I was planted in Galveston, and rigged out in store-clothes and an umbrella — now, wouldn't I?"

The absurdity of the frontiersman being transformed into a specimen of civilization by the simple means referred to, affected the crowd so much, that the storekeeper was compelled to furnish restoratives.

"No, sir!" continued the early settler. "I come here 'fore the woods was burned. I like the freedom of the frontier, an' I know I would not feel more at home in the streets of a city than a temperance-man would at an Irish wake. I was born within sight of Stone Mountain in Georgia, when the Indians were thar same as they are on the frontier now. See that scar?"

The early settler took off his hat, and showed us a heavy scar running from the top of his head almost to his left eyebrow. "That thar is what I got from an Indian tomahawk when I was 'bout three years old. My oldest brother was killed, and my father was runnin' to hide in a cornfield, with me in his arms, when I got that. The old man had an axe in his hand, and he split the redskin's head clear to the teeth. Not much civilization 'bout them diggins; no, sir!"

"Not much style about those early Georgian pioneers, I reckon," said the reporter.

"Style! Why, I was twelve years old when I got my first pair of boots. Don't I remember them yaller-tops! Folks in them parts mostly tanned their own leather, but them was genuine store-boots. They got me into two fights. I had to fit with two other boys the first day I put 'em on, and I was

the under dog in both fights. The boys didn't approve of style in them days. I was man growed 'fore ever I saw an earthenware plate. We had nothin' but pewter plates to eat off, and wooden noggins to drink out of; but, Lor' bless your soul! we never wanted for somethin' to put in them. We had lots of b'ar-meat, and cords of all sorts of game. No, we didn't know nothin' of flour-bread: corn-bread was the staple. Whiskey! I should say so! Most everybody made their own; but, if you wa'n't fixed to make it yourself, you had only to carry a bushel of corn to a neighbor's still, and come back with a demijohn of pure juice. When we had a corn-shuckin', a log-rollin', a house-raisin', or any such frolic, the whiskey just sloshed round like water. We only got coffee on Sundays; but we had whiskey all the time, and it was whiskey as was whiskey, not the adulterated pizen they call by that name now. You could hev got fullernagoose on it, and it wouldn't hev hurt you."

As the early settler said this, he sighed, wiped his mouth on his shirt-sleeve, and shook his head in a regretful sort of way, indicating his belief that those good old days when whiskey actually "sloshed around" were gone forever. I invited the old man to lubricate his throat with some of the juice of these degenerate days. He accepted the invitation, and apologized for the size of the drink he took by saying that the soil was dry, and he did not know when another such chance would offer.

THE EARLY SETTLER.

"Yes, major," said he, "nowadays boys git store-clothes as soon as they can walk. They're rigged out in boots, and even socks, 'fore they're old enough to rope a mustang. It wa'n't so in my day, and we had bigger men an' stronger women. We didn't need no anti-bilious pills nor liver-reg'lator, either: we reg'lated our inwards with pure air, healthy vittles, an' hard work. Seems to me, the more folks gits civilized, the more they need the doctors: ain't it so? As for me, I ain't agoin' to run the risk of lettin' no doctor get the drop on me: so I'll stay out here an' die, as I have lived, on the prairie or in

the woods, and let them as likes feather-beds and mixed drinks enjoy the benefits of civilization, an' pleasure of payin' taxes. That's the branch I live on. You hear me!"

"Nevertheless," said the red-nosed man, who sat on a keg at the door, — "nevertheless" — and then he stopped short, and, lifting himself off the keg on to the floor, strolled lazily over to the counter, and took a dose of whiskey of a double snake-bite calibre. We all waited to hear what he had to say. We were interested, because he looked as if he was full of information, whiskey, and moral reflections. He was about to continue, when a cheese on the end of the counter met his eye. He took out his knife, and cut off about a pound of the indigestible fruit; and then, in the same lazy manner in which he got down, he jack-screwed himself up on the keg again.

The old settler could wait no longer. He gave the keg on which the red-nosed man sat a kick, to catch his attention, and said, "Nevertheless what?"

"Nevertheless, although you'ns seem to be down on civilization, thar hev been times with all o' you when you would hev swopped all you had in the world fur a chance to rest yourselves on a city doorstep."

"I never knowed any sich time," said the old settler.

"You didn't?"

"No, sir: I say I didn't."

"You didn't never git chased by the Lipans in '61, did you? Maybe it wasn't you, an' maybe you didn't wish for a seat in the Galveston Cotton Exchange, as you skooted across the prairie for Fort Clark, with forty redskins at your heels. Oh, no! I reckin I'm mistaken in the man."

"Well, I don't count that time. You see, thar were too many coons for the pup; an' I reckon I did push along pritty lively, for the matter of eight or ten miles, on that occasion."

"You were excusable," said the red-nosed man; "fur the odds were agin ye. But when it comes to half a dozen Injuns, gentlemen, they ain't no match fur one white man if he is well armed. Did I ever tell you of how I run five Injuns several miles, when I had no other weepin than an old single-bar'l shotgun loaded with bird-shot?"

"I don't b'lieve you ever told it," said the old settler.

"It was in '72, when I was haulin' government-stores from San Antonio to Fort Concho. We had a long train of waggins. Thar was some twenty of us in the party. We were in camp one evenin', on the south fork of the Llano River. I rid off by myself up the river, thinkin' I might get a shot at a duck or a turkey. I took no weepin with me, 'cept the shotgun, 'cause I never thought of no Injuns till I saw 'em. I was up'ards of two miles from camp when I first sot my eyes on 'em, an' they wern't a hundred yards off. They saw me as soon as I saw them, maybe sooner. Thar were five of 'em. Fur about a second I thought it was all up with me. I thought of the wife an' the kids at home; an' then I determined to give them the best I had, an', if I had to die, to sell my life as dearly as possible. So I just tightened the reins, bent down on my horse's neck, cocked my gun, and started. The Injuns had been watchin' me very closely. They probably guessed my determination, fur they hardly waited fur this movement of mine before every one of 'em begun to run. Geeroos'lm! You should hev seen 'em scatter dirt; an' I hadn't a thing but the old muzzle-loader. I had a pritty good horse, an' it was a tight race fur a bit. I ran 'em fur two miles; but my horse was a little the fastest, an' I was about three hundred yards ahead when I got into camp safe among my friends."

While the old man was speaking, his cigar went out. When he finished his remarks, he reached down to strike a match on the keg he was sitting on. At the moment he scratched the match, his eye caught the stencilled marks on the head of the keg: XXX POWDER. The speed of his exit was very creditable for an old man.

This reminded me of a surprise that befell me when I was a boy; a boy at that period of life when the brightness of his existence consists in surprises, — surprising dogs with oyster-can epilogues, and the belated public with kite-string fences across the sidewalk. My father objected to his son exhibiting any Fourth-of-July exuberance through the medium of fire-crackers. This I considered pure despotism and an absence of intelligent patriotism on his part. I never could account for the interdic-

tion, unless that it was in some way connected with the fact that my father was president of the local fire-insurance company, or that, as he said, the money wasted in fire-crackers annually in the United States, if expended in the purchase of loaves of bread, would (as had been calculated) furnish food for 1,795,375 of the destitute poor, or send the glad tidings of the gospel to 231,421 benighted heathens. Probably he used the money that should have been invested in the fire-crackers that I didn't get, in the purchase of loaves for the destitute poor, or in providing missionaries for the heathen; but, in the absence of documentary evidence, I cannot positively affirm. Anyhow, I know that he prohibited fire-crackers, and that certain violations of the prohibition on my part were visited with stern rebukes at the hands of the old gentleman.

CREDITABLE SPEED FOR AN OLD MAN.

On one eventful night, by the sale of a damaged barlow, three alleys, and a tailless kite, I became the possessor of twenty-five cents. The business-man who reads this — especially, if he has ever been a boy — will at once see that I made an immense sacrifice for cash; but the circumstances demanded that I should sell at even less than cost, to make room for a cracker of tremendous proportions that I had determined to become possessor of.

I was desirous of surprising the residents of a certain house on North Hill. The dark mantle of night had wrapped its sombre folds, and so forth, when I sneaked into the store, and purchased the big cracker, — cannon-crackers they were called. I had never seen one so large. It was some twelve inches long, and as thick around as my arm was then. Hurriedly concealing it under my jacket, for fear of the paternal eye, I hied me to the spot: I would remark, by way of parenthesis, that I have never heard a single human, or inhuman, being use the expression "hied me to the spot;" but I notice in books, that the dark conspirator invariably proceeds to an appointed rendezvous by hieing. Therefore that was the way in which I proceeded to the corner of Elm and Spruce Streets. The family that lived at the confluence (as the doctor would express it) of these two streets consisted of the following: an old gentleman who had the gout and a large gold-headed cane, and who treated boys with that lordly contempt that old gentlemen with gout and gold-headed canes usually assume toward boys. I hated him. His wife, who carried a corpulent umbrella, and wore a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles — But why multiply details? I loathed the whole family.

They had been to prayer-meeting. I knew it. I awaited their return. I stood at the gate, and saw them slowly approach. I calculated that the fuze on the end of the cannon-cracker would last as long as it would take them to walk from a certain point to the gate. As they approachd this point, I hurriedly placed the cracker against the gate, applied a match to the fuze, and concealed myself behind a tree-box to await the *dénoûment*. Seconds seemed minutes. I peeped around the box. They were within a dozen steps of the gate. I glanced at the infernal machine. The fuze had burned down to within a fourth of an inch of the end. By its light I read, in large letters on the end of the miserable bomb, this warning: "Stand off twenty yards." I moved away. The precipitancy with which I retired from the vicinity of that cracker would have been creditable to a cannon-ball. I flashed around the corner, and collided with a policeman, making a centre with my head in the pit of his stomach. I was surprised: so was

the policeman. I was in a hurry to get away from there, and did not stop to apologize. As I swept around the next corner, I heard the policeman, who had recovered his breath, consign me to regions infernal and spirits diabolical, and then I heard an awful explosion. The windows seemed to rattle, the houses to shake, and the solid earth to tremble. As I ran, I had visions of fragments of human beings, of gold-headed canes, of umbrellas, and of steel-rimmed spectacles, being scattered over the north end of town. I saw a coroner's jury, a prison-cell, a judge, a black cap, a scaffold and a rope, and I saw myself at the end of the rope. By the time I got home, I had determined to run away that night, and expiate my crime by being a missionary in some foreign land. After supper I concluded to wait until morning. In the gray dawn I dressed. Concealing a bottle of my favorite wart-medicine, and a butcher's knife, in the lining of my jacket (my pocket would have held them easily), I proceeded to run away.

Wishing to view the ruin I had made, I sneaked around to the scene of my crime. The gate was shattered, and twisted off its hinges. While I looked on this evidence of my villany, the milkman drove up, and delivered to the servant the usual quart of the bovine fluid. A load was lifted off my heart. I felt my blood-stained hands become clean. If the family had been blown up the night before, they would have had no use for milk in the morning. They took the usual quantity: *ergo* they were all alive. I went home; and the benighted heathen will never know that the delivery of a quart of skim-milk at a critical moment lost to them a zealous missionary. By what trifling incidents is our whole course in life sometimes changed!

Sheep-raising is the principal industry in Western Texas; and there is probably no country in the world that offers so many inducements to the sheep-raiser. He has an unlimited supply of grass and water, and a mild climate. He has never to buy any feed for his sheep. It is not necessary that he should build sheds to protect the sheep in the winter, as has to be done in northern climates; for there is no cold weather in Western Texas, to speak of. He can buy land suitable for sheep to graze on, for less than a dollar an acre; and, if he does

not wish to buy, he can have the use of the land, and the grass on it, for nothing. In many instances sheep-owners get permission to use the land, on condition that they pay the State tax on it.

It is estimated, that, in 1879, there were fifteen million sheep in Texas. In Nueces County alone, according to the assessor's returns, there are seven hundred thousand sheep. There is no business more lucrative than sheep-raising; but, to be successful at it, the sheep-man is compelled to go out into the solitude of the Western prairies, and for years cut himself off from all society. It is profitable, but it is monotonous: it pays, but it is a lonely life.

The outfit of a Texas shepherd consists of two ponies, a tent, cooking-vessels, and several sheep-dogs. Two men and three or four dogs can take care of from two thousand to four thousand sheep. I could tell how the Mexican sheep costs about one dollar and a half each, and produces but little wool; how the cross between the Mexican and the Merino sheep produces the most profitable sheep, and the one best adapted to the Texas soil and climate; how the sheep are sheared, and what the ratio of increase is from year to year: but these things would not interest the general reader. The general reader does not care for statistics.

I, however, give below some calculations that I found in a Texas newspaper, showing the profit that accrues to those who engage in sheep-raising.

"As three thousand ewes are considered a herd, and herded together, we take that number, with twenty improved rams, as a starting-point to illustrate the increase.

Year.	Ewes Principal.	Increase.		Value Sales Wool Sheep.	Expenses.	Net Profit Herd.
		Ewes.	Weathers.			
1	3,000	2,000	1,000	$3,125	$625	$2,500
2	5,000	3,333	1,667	5,607	1,440	4,165
3	8,833	5,839	2,944	9,100	1,740	7,360
4	14,722	9,815	4,907	14,675	2,970	11,765
5	24,537	16,358	8,179	25,310	4,865	20,445
..	56,092	37,305	18,607	$57,815	$11,580	$46,235

"It will be seen that in five years' time, besides making a net profit of $46,235, your sheep have increased from 3,000 to 56,000. In two years more from this period, the capital (or stationary stock) will have increased to over 100,000 ewes, which, without further increase of capital, ought to produce a yearly net profit of at least $200,000."

The figures look at first sight as if they were all right; but the mathematician who constructed these delusive calculations neglected to deduct the yearly loss by death, say, ten to twenty per cent. Therefore his figures show an increase by birth, in the third, fourth, and fifth years, from the sheep that died in the first and second years. Sheep are very prolific, but this is expecting really too much of them. I have made calculations in which every reasonable and unreasonable allowance was made for loss and death; and still the increase in ten years was enough to bankrupt the numerical system, and stagger my belief in the truthfulness of figures. Sheep-men to whom I have shown my calculations pronounce them to be without flaw or error. I have found, however, that although you can, with a pencil, easily start with a herd of sheep or cattle on a sheet of paper, carry them through five years of arithmetical vicissitudes and prosperity, and, making allowance for loss and death, bring them to the end of the term and the full extent of the paper, enormously increased in number and value, yet, when you come to look among sheep-men for the practical demonstration of these figures, you find difficulty in discovering them.

The immigrant, when he arrives, is met on every hand with calculations showing immense credit-balances to them; and all kinds of domestic animals and birds are brought into these calculations. I know of one ranch in Texas where camels are raised, also one peacock-ranch, and many goat-ranches. I figured up the profits on the goat-business for a young man, just from New York for his health, whom I met in San Antonio. I did it merely to show him how profit could be made in calculating goats on paper; and, when he saw the result, I had great difficulty in dissuading him from telegraphing home for capital to invest in a goat-ranch.

Thus far, the raising of geese has not received much atten-

tion in Texas; and yet there is more money in it than in failing twice at ten cents on the dollar. That the Texas grangers have never paid any attention to this most important matter shows that they are not true grangers. They have not got the interests of the goose at heart. They do not appreciate the lofty mission of the goose. Geese have a proud record. Several thousand years ago they saved Rome by cackling, which has become the recognized mode among statesmen ever since, when the country needs saving. There are several distinct kinds of geese. There is the goose that hangs high, and the goose that is cooked; but the particular goose referred to now is the goose that lays the golden egg, whose death has been erroneously reported in "Old Mother Goose."

I met a Texas goose-man, and interviewed him on the subject of goose-raising in Texas. The term "goose-man" is correct. A cattle-man is a man who raises cattle: consequently a goose man is one who raises geese. The man engaged in the lucrative but perilous occupation of raising geese is a young man. His ranch is on Goose Creek, one of the large streams that empties into the Gulf of Mexico. He readily consented to furnish all the information he was possessed of on the goose-question. The following interesting data were obtained in regard to the antecedents and manners of geese. The goose can swallow any thing. Like the ostrich, it will put up with shingle-nails and sawdust for a Sunday dinner, and cry for more. The goose is never troubled with indigestion, and, although inseparably connected with quacks, is never in bad health. Nobody ever saw a dead goose: at least, none that died a natural death. Occasionally a Sunday sportsman comes along, and, mistaking a tame goose for a wild one, shoots it on the spot; but that comes under the head of "accidental." Unless thus assisted from the outside, so to speak, the goose lives on for seventy-five or a hundred years. One advantage that the goose has over other stock is, that it cannot be driven off into Mexico; and there is no incentive to kill it for its hide, — a profession that is more generally practised in Western Texas than in any other section.

The goose has many advantages over the other beasts of the

field. The cow has usually but one calf, but the goose rejoices in five or six simultaneous pairs of twins. Allowing for teething, diphtheria, mumps, and other annoyances, the goose can count on raising a litter of at least seven. Geese hatch at two years old, but ganders are more uncertain. Three crops of feathers a year can be raised, without phosphates, on the surface of a goose, particularly if the goose is situated near a lake or creek, where it can be irrigated. The feathers are worth sixty cents a pound. Like the tax-payer, or the man who raises cotton, the goose was intended to be plucked; and nobly does it fulfil its mission. The eagle may be secretary of war among birds, but the goose has the most pluck. The crops that are raised on the goose are certain. Late frosts, droughts, and a failure to dig up the weeds, have no influence on the goose's crops, of which, properly speaking, it has four annually, — three of feathers, and the crop it stores its rations in. The attention of grangers in particular is called to the following statistics, obtained from the goose-man himself. They are built on the same plan as sheep and cow calculations.

Geese require running water, lakes, etc. Old geese yield one pound; two years old, three-quarters of a pound; one year old, half a pound of feathers. They are picked three times a year. Geese hatch at two years old, and, as stated, raise an average of seven goslings. They never die under twenty-one years.

Year.	Result in Five Years.	Pounds of Feathers.	Total Pounds.	Price per lb.	Total Value.
1875.	200 ganders, 1,000 geese — yield of feathers, 1 lb each	–	1,200	.60	$720
	Hatched 7,000 goslings.				
1876.	1,200 old geese — yield of feathers, 1 lb each	1,200			
	7,000 one-year-olds — yield of feathers, ½ lb each,	3,500	4,700	.60	2,820
	Hatched 7,000 goslings.				
1877.	1,200 old geese — yield of feathers, 1 lb each	1,200			
	7,000 two-year-olds — yield of feathers, ¾ lb each,	5,250			
	7,000 one-year-olds — yield of feathers, ½ lb each,	3,500	9,950	.60	5,970
	Hatched 7,000 goslings.				
1878.	8,200 three-year-olds and upwards — yield of feathers, 1 lb each	8,200			
	7,000 two-year-olds — yield of feathers, ¾ lb each,	5,250			
	7,000 one-year-olds — yield of feathers, ½ lb each,	3,500	16,950	.60	10,170
	Hatched 32,000 goslings.				
1879.	15,200 three-year-olds and upwards — yield of feathers, 1 lb each	15,200			
	7,000 two-year-olds and upwards — yield of feathers, ¾ lb each	5,250			
	32,000 one-year-olds and upwards — yield of feathers, ½ lb each	16,150	36,950	.60	22,170
	Hatched 76,000 goslings.				

In six more years, or in 1885, the following results are inevitable: —

Year.	Result.	Pounds of Feathers.	Total Pounds.	Price per lb.	Total Value.
1885.	1,188,800 three-year-olds and upwards	1,188,700			
	1,260,000 two-year-olds	945,000			
	2,658,000 one-year-olds	1,329,000	3,462,700	.60	$2,077,620
	Hatched 5,634,000 goslings.				

Just think of it! — an annual income of $2,077,620 for feathers alone, not counting what might be obtained from goose-grease. The stock on hand, including geese of all ages, would be 10,740,000; and the goose-man would be just in the position to go ahead, and make money rapidly. Doubtless a goose-wash might be invented, like some of the hair-restorers; and, by rubbing it on the goose, six or eight crops a year might be raised. And a machine might be invented by means of which the crop of feathers could be mowed off in a minute. When all Texas is one vast goose-ranch, the State debt can be paid off, Galveston will have a Goose-and-Feather Exchange as big as the Capitol at Washington, and then at last peace and prosperity will reach to the uttermost ends of the State, and the goose will hang higher than Haman.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SELECTING a camping-place on the banks of a creek, we had just dismounted from our ponies, when we were confronted by a man and a Winchester carbine. He was camped on the other side of the creek, but we had not noticed him until he spoke to us. He said he liked to know something of his neighbors, and would take it as a favor if we would introduce ourselves, and tell who we were, and what our business was. We told him. He was evidently suspicious of us; for, while he sat on a fallen tree and talked to us, he held his carbine across his knees, so that the muzzle pointed in our direction. We said nothing to him about it, but we felt uncomfortable. He told us that he was a sewing-machine agent.

We felt still more uncomfortable. Would he insist on selling us a machine? Under the circumstances, as our arms were all strapped to our saddles, and the man's weapon still pointed at us, we would have bought a saw-mill from him without discussing the terms. He soon left, and went over to his own camp. We did not sleep well, for all through the night we felt that the sewing-machine

agent's carbine was peering at us through the gloom. In the morning we found the man had gone.

We wondered how a sewing-machine agent could make it profitable to canvass in such a wild and thinly-settled country, where there were no inhabitants except those of cattle-ranches and sheep-camps, and a few stray Indians. We could arrive at no more satisfactory conclusion than that sewing-machine agents have more enterprise and impudence than any other class of men.

The sewing-machine agent is of all ages and sizes, and flourishes luxuriantly in all climes. He travels in a light spring-wagon, drawn by two sore-backed ponies. He carries the "best machine in the world" in his wagon, and has its name, in gilt letters, painted on the sides of the vehicle. He inhabits the cities and towns, but is often found in rural districts. He knows that he is a great public benefactor, and is, therefore, not at all modest about forcing his family blessings on the people. When he rides up to a house, he hitches his horses to the fence; and, instead of standing at the gate, and shouting, "Hello! Mister, does your dog bite?" as other travellers do, he boldly walks up to the house, and, if no one is around, takes a seat on the gallery, and begins to whistle. He does not whistle to keep his courage up; for, confident that he is engaged in a good and noble cause, he does not fear dogs. He is there on a beneficent errand. His mission is to cheer the wife, comfort the daughter, and make the old man buy them a new-improved-scroll-spring, side-bar, adjustable sarven-wheel, lock-stitch Grover and Singer sewing-machine. He tells the old lady that he sees her health is giving way, and that the old Wheeler and Baker machine that she uses is the cause of it. He has known fifty ladies whom that style of machine has hurried to an untimely end and an early grave. He tells the daughter that he is unmarried, going to settle in the county, and hopes she will let him call on her when he is in the vicinity. He informs the old farmer that he — the old farmer — has more good agricultural sense than any man he has yet met in the State. Then he tightens up the fifth wheel of the machine, and starts it to sew. He shows how much lighter it runs than any

other machine, how easy it is to adjust, and how much superior the new turbine take-up is to the old four-motion crank still used in all the rival machines. He asks them to examine the mould-board on the off stationary arm, and the French-burr take-up on the stern, and then inquires if they do not think that that is the perfection of mechanism, and very unlike the cheap rattletraps that all the other companies are now making, with a view to swindle the public; filling their own coffers, while they ruin the health of thousands of mothers, and wear the bloom off the cheek of the fairest in the land. He shows how difficult it is to get the machine out of order. He warrants it for fifteen years. Then he flutes and fells, hems and braids, and never fails to turn loose that originality, "sew it seams," while he speaks of the simplicity, durability, and elasticity of the stitch.

A good sewing-machine agent's tongue will make seventy-five oscillations and three laps a minute, and keep on the track nine consecutive hours without refreshments. It is not to be inferred, however, that the sewing-machine agent is indifferent to refreshments. His stomach is like his machine, — always in order, and adjusted to any size, style, thickness, or quality of goods. He eats corn-bread and fat bacon when he cannot get chicken and cake. He can eat a pound of butter to a square foot of corn-bread; and, when there is no butter, he is equally fatal to molasses.

The travelling sewing-machine adjuster is a second-hand agent, who travels around the country repairing sewing-machines. He is very much out of repair himself, and always hungry. In private life he speaks with a profane accent, and buttons his shirt with a nail. His tools consist of a screw-driver and a piece of emery-paper. The machine that he adjusts is invariably very much out of order — he says. He is surprised that the lady can use it at all. He takes it out into the shed, unscrews it all, polishes it with kerosene-oil, and brightens the rusty places with emery-paper. This usually takes him until after dinner-time. He charges five dollars for his work, and ten cents for the new suction-valve that he put in, in place of the one that was worn out. He is migratory in

his habits; and his invariable rule is, never to call back in the same neighborhood again. The sewing-machine adjuster is bold, but discreet.

A man once told me that he knew a sewing-machine agent who had a conscience. It was difficult to believe; but there are exceptions to all rules, and nature sometimes performs strange freaks. The agent referred to was troubled about the hereafter, and wrote to the answers-to-correspondents editor of "The New-York Ledger," asking if it were possible for a sewing-machine agent to be a Christian. The editor replied, "With God there is nothing impossible."

A great part of the prairies in Western Texas is covered with a thick growth of mesquite-trees. The mesquite resembles the peach-tree more closely than any other I can think of; and, when a stranger sees a mesquite *chaparral* for the first time, he can hardly realize that he is not looking on a peach-orchard. There is no more valuable natural growth in Texas than the mesquite. As fire-wood it has no equal in the matter of making hot fires. Its bark is more valuable as a factor in the tanning process in hot climates than the bark of any other tree. It penetrates the hide much more quickly than oak bark. From the tree there exudes, during the summer, a gum that is said to be superior to gum arabic. This gum can be found in such quantities that it will pay well for gathering it. Exceedingly rich and nutritious beans grow on the mesquite-tree. Horses and cattle are very fond of them, and a horse will grow fat more quickly on mesquite beans than on corn or any other cereal. I have seen this demonstrated. Then, if you cut down the tree, and do not want to make fence-rails out of it, you can extract from it a superior quality of croton-oil. The mesquite-tree possesses other valuable qualities; and the only thing I have heard said derogatory to its usefulness is, that its branches are not sufficiently strong, and do not grow high enough, to hang horse-thieves on. For a hundred and fifty miles inland from the coast the mesquite is not to be found; nor does it grow along the river-bottoms. It grows in the comparatively rainless portions of Texas, and is to be found only on the prairies, where the soil is dry. Nature sometimes makes

strange adjustments of her benefits and her niggardliness. It is said to be a fact, that in exceptionally dry seasons, when the grass is withered and burned up, the mesquite-tree invariably bears a most abundant crop of beans, furnishing excellent food for the cattle, that would otherwise suffer from the effects of the drought.

The woods and the prairies, the hillsides and the valleys, were full of life as we rode along. A crash among the branches, and a deer would bound across our path, giving the doctor only time enough to get excited over unbuckling his rifle from his saddle before it was out of sight. The redbird, in his gorgeous crimson suit and jaunty top-knot, would silently flit from bough to bough in front of us, while, high up on the topmost branch of a live-oak, the sober-hued mocking-bird made the echoes answer to his joyous notes. Now a *chaparral* cock, with an absurdly long tail, out of all proportion to his lean body, would trot up the dusty path, and dodge into the thicket. Then it would be a jack-rabbit suddenly starting at our feet, and bounding off with an air of surprise and alarm. When the sun went down, the voice of the whip-poor-will, the cricket, and the owl, would reach us in the sombre gloaming, as, weary and tired, we jogged along in search of a suitable spot to camp for the night. At no time in all our journey were we out of sight or hearing of some bird, beast, or "varmint."

The doctor shot a great deal, but with very little result. Almost every evening we had either a quail, a wild turkey, or a venison ham for supper. The doctor talked a great deal about the quail and other game costing nothing, and went into calculations showing, that, except coffee, flour, and salt, a man might have nothing to buy, and yet live comfortably for an indefinite time on the frontier.

Then the reporter made a calculation. He counted the number of times the doctor discharged his gun during one day, calculating the value of the cartridges used. Then he divided the amount by the two quail and the one small rabbit that were the result of the doctor's deadly aim, and demonstrated that the average cost of each carcass was fifty-five cents, not counting the wear and tear of the gun. After

that, the doctor was oppressively silent when he unloaded his game-bag in the evenings.

"I never felt such a draught," said the reporter, who was sitting between two trees in front of the fire, after supper.

"I have always had a prejudice against drafts since the second year of the war," said the doctor.

We refused to smile at this attempt on the doctor's part to say a smart thing. It is evidently a severe strain on the doctor's system to produce one of these chunks of wit, and he does not get over it for hours afterwards. As he seldom attempts any thing of the kind, and as it hurts him so much when he does, it was probably unkind of us to pretend not to see the point.

The reporter stretched himself out on a buffalo robe, clasped his hands behind his neck, settled his head on his saddle, and, after lighting one of those cigars of the kind that should be smoked on top of a shot-tower on a windy day, he proceeded, —

"In the fall of 1863 the Federal troops, under Gen. Warren and favorable auspices, occupied Indianola, which is situated on a very narrow peninsula on the coast of Texas, and is, in fact, almost an island, the waters of the Gulf nearly meeting in the rear of the town. As the bayous and lagoons around Indianola cannot be forded, and are infested with a breed of large mosquitoes called gallinippers, one would suppose the place sufficiently fortified to keep out intruders. Anybody who has ever been there will have difficulty in understanding how a stranger could get into the town without maps, dark-lanterns, and a native guide, or what he would want to get in there for, anyhow.

"The Yankees knew the desperate character of the men who had been unable, thus far, to mingle personally in the strife, and, knowing that there were many of that kind in Texas, they took every possible precaution to protect themselves. There was no fear of the ordinary Confederate soldier; but the fellows who had been making war-to-the-knife speeches for three years had to be guarded against. The Federal troops began to add to the natural fortifications of the place. They also threw up mosquito-bars to protect themselves from the Confederate mosqui-

toes, and waged unrelenting war on the fleas; which were all Confederate fleas, and opposed to any thing in the nature of a bloodless solution of the fratricidal struggle.

"Notwithstanding the natural advantages of the place, the Federals threw up four lines of breastworks, and built half a dozen forts. They also placed the gunboats within grapeshot range, broadside on. Twenty-five thousand men could not have captured the town."

"How did you find out all this?" asked the doctor.

"We went right into the town, a whole company of us, armed with nothing but carbines, and, after staying some time, came out again without the loss of a man or a horse."

"Did the Federals" —

"Oh! they were gone two days before."

"Yes, I see," said the doctor: "they must have found out that you were coming."

"They were glad to get away in time, no doubt. They left in transports," said the reporter; and he looked at the doctor, to see if he recognized this play on words, that has been used with reference to maritime excursions from the days of Noah down to the present time.

"Was there much suffering down here during the war?" asked the doctor.

"Not much in this part of Texas; for most of the cotton that got out of the South went through Brownsville or San Antonio. The consequence was, that there was plenty of money in circulation, — real hard money, not stuff that the rats could eat. The Federal government made no effort to prevent this trade. There were hundreds of ships loading and unloading at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The whole trans-Mississippi department was supplied with arms, clothing, ammunition, Confederate song-books, and every thing else calculated to aid and comfort the States in rebellion. The regiment of which I was a member was stationed in Western Texas, where there were no Federal troops at that time; and so we suffered but little. Sometimes, however, it was rather rough on the aristocratic sons of Mars, belonging to my company, to have to shave themselves, and shine their own boots. But we had made up our

minds to endure all such hardships rather than submit to Yankee rule: so we bore our suffering in silence; at least, some of us did. Other Confederate troops had to suffer in Virginia and other places: why should we not bear our share of the general sorrow and misery, even to the extent of sleeping out in the woods, with nothing but a buffalo robe between us and the hard ground? We bore this, and more too, with Spartan fortitude, and never thought of giving up the struggle for independence, until Gen. Hebert issued that inhuman order that provided for only five wagons to each company. He was a military martinet. What sympathy had he for the suffering soldier? He did not have to endure hardships, as they had. When that order came, cutting down our transportation, there were some who wished, in their rage, that the war was already over. Our captain, Dick Taylor, who had to come down to one wagon for his mess, said he was afraid we had underrated the power of the hireling foe. He had to abandon his centre-table and two of his feather-beds. That was merely the beginning of his suffering. As the mad struggle progressed, the hardships increased, until they became almost intolerable. I remember the morning that the captain's colored waiter told him that there would be no milk for his coffee, as the cow had stampeded in the night. He raved and talked like the president of a county convention. He cursed everybody whom he thought to blame for the establishment of the Confederacy."

"He could not have been much of a patriot," said the doctor.

"You see, he had not had much experience at being a patriot, and we were all of us a little awkward about it at first."

"What battles did you assist in waging?" asked the doctor.

"Lemme see," said the journalist: "I was in the siege and final capture by assault of Indianola, after the enemy had retreated in dismay, and I was in the battle of Norris's Bridge, where twenty-seven shells were hurled at our captain in rapid succession."

"I have never heard of those battles," said the doctor in an incredulous tone.

"It's never too late to learn. I'll tell you all about them

now, if you want to be carried back to the sanguinary field, and have got another cigar on your person. In the early part of the war our losses were pretty heavy. The doctors were able to procure medicine then; but afterwards, owing to the blockade, physic was scarce, and the death-rate was light."

It was dark now, and the fire was nearly dead. I could not see the reporter, but I could distinctly hear him wink at me. The doctor poked the dying embers in a vicious way with the skillet, and said, "This is no subject to joke about. If you can talk seriously about the battle you speak of, I would like to hear the particulars."

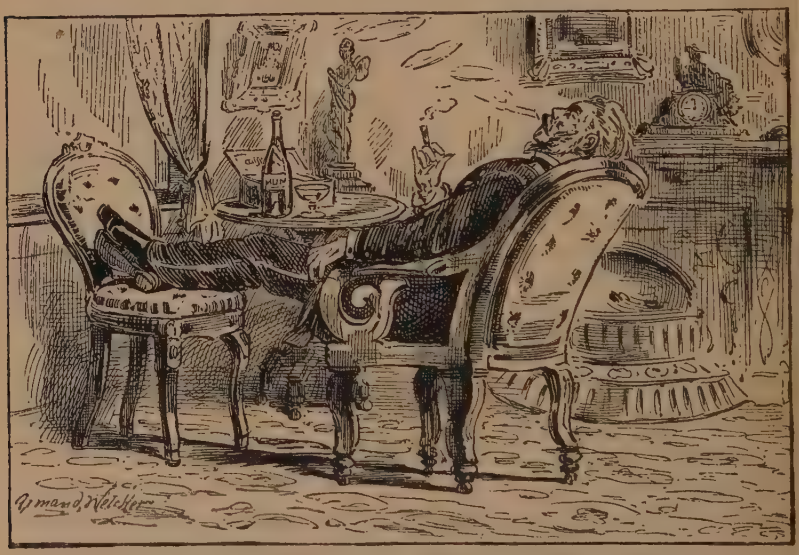
"The Federal troops," began the journalist, "did not attempt to seize the whole State of Texas, until Gen. Banks, with a large army, came up Red River, in the fall of 1864. Then Gen. Warren occupied Indianola with three or four thousand troops, and, as I have already stated, fortified it strongly. Gen. Magruder issued a suggestion to Duffs's regiment, Thirty-third Texas Cavalry. He suggested that they do picket-duty around Indianola. I say 'suggested,' because the colonel of the Thirty-third had too much style and Southern chivalry to allow of being ordered.

"I belonged to the Thirty-third. We were only five or six hundred strong; but fifty thousand thoroughly disciplined men could not have come nearer freezing to death that winter, on the bald prairies, than we did. War showed us his wrinkled front, although we did not want to see it. I never knew any thing about the horrors of war until I stood guard, in a wet norther, on that prairie thirty miles square. It was not until I got the rheumatism in one of my legs, from exposure, that I began to perceive what an outrage on civilization and humanity the firing on the old flag at Sumter really was.

"While we poor but proud and haughty Confederates were exposed to the rude blasts of winter, living principally on beef badly cooked, the Federal hirelings, who came from the North, and who never felt comfortable unless there was ice on the ground, were in nice quarters in the town, drawing rations of the finest quality. The Yankees in Indianola were a bad set. They were the most fiendish scoundrels I ever came in contact with."

"Did you actually come in contact with them?" asked the doctor.

"We were very near doing so at the passage of Chocolate Bayou, or, rather, at the battle of Norris's Bridge. Our orbits would have been dangerously contiguous if we had not been well mounted. That we did not come in contact with them was not their fault. They could not overtake us. But I'll give



COL. G. W. BRACKENRIDGE, THE FEDERAL BROTHER IN CAMP.

you an instance of how utterly destitute of all natural feeling they were.

"The major of our regiment was Tom Brackenridge. He was with us, doing picket-duty on the outside. There was a brother of his, Col. G. W. Brackenridge, a paymaster with the Yankees at Indianola. The Confederate brother sent a kindly message to his Yankee brother, stating that he trusted the war would soon be ended, and that he hoped the day was not far distant when they would meet once more, under more pleasant auspices, in their childhood's happy home. Now, what answer do you think that Yankee long-lost brother, with a strawberry-mark, sent back?"

"I can't imagine. Perhaps he sent him a basket of champagne."

"Not exactly. He sent back word, that if the other was really his brother, which he trusted was not the case, he hoped he would freeze his damned rebel legs off, out on the prairie, before the winter was over."

"That was rather a heartless remark to make about any one," interrupted the doctor.

"Washington's army at Valley Forge could not compete with us in the way of suffering. They were used to it: we were not. The Yankees would not leave Indianola; and, of course, as long as they remained there, we had to do picket-

MAJOR TOM BRACKENRIDGE, THE CONFEDERATE BROTHER IN CAMP.

duty out in the cold. They knew well enough what a favor it would be to us, to be allowed to return to our homes; but they would not go away, and they never offered us a blanket to keep ourselves warm. Such are the cruel necessities and inhuman requirements of war.

"They, however, came out sometimes, and warmed us up. They made us take exercise; but it did us good: we travelled

for our health. The Yankees did not seem to feel the cold weather in the least. One of our scouts ventured close to the town during the prevalence of a very cold norther, and he reported that he saw whole battalions of Yankees bathing in the Gulf. He was one of the most remarkable scouts we had. He would scout around miles of truth for days at a time without capturing a handful of it."

"THEY MADE US TAKE EXERCISE."

"It seems to me," said the doctor meditatively, "that at some previous period of my existence a gentleman connected with the press of Texas promised to give us a graphic description of the battle of Norris's Bridge."

"Now that you mention it, I remember that I made that promise," said the reporter. "I will proceed at once to bring on the engagement. Norris's Bridge is, or was, on Chocolate Bayou, between the towns of Indianola and Lavacca. Both these towns are on the coast, six or eight miles apart. Before the war, all goods shipped to South-western Texas were landed at either Indianola or Port Lavacca, and there was a bitter rivalry between the two places. Of late, however, both towns have become so dead that there is not vitality enough left in them to carry on a quarrel about any thing; but, at the time I speak of, the representatives of the commercial and shipping interests of each place were always

quarrelling, fighting, and under-estimating the amount of each other's business."

"The battle of Norris's Bridge was fought between the Lavacca and Indianola merchants, was it?" queried the doctor.

The Texas journalist replied, "As I see you want gore, I shall precipitate the conflict at once. I told you, I think, that Gen. Warren and his troops were occupying Indianola, and keeping us occupied in watching them in all sorts of bad weather. Our principal picket-station was at Norris's Bridge. There was a house there in which lived the man Norris, who levied blackmail on all who had occasion to pass over the bridge in times of peace. The bridge was not a remarkable one; but, as the bayou could not be forded, it was very popular. We had about forty men, who were sent out in detachments to the immediate vicinity of Indianola, returning every morning, when relieved by another detail from the regimental camp, six or eight miles distant.

"One evening it was my turn for picket-duty. Fortunately the weather was warm and pleasant, as it usually is in Texas after a norther; and, if we had had any positive assurance that the Yankees would not interfere with us while on picket-duty, we would not have cared if the war kept right on. Having no assurance, we made every preparation for an active and vigorous campaign. I borrowed all the blankets I could get, that I might be protected from any change in the weather. I cooked a quantity of corn-bread and bacon, which was all the variety of provisions the Confederacy furnished, to enable us to maintain the struggle against the Northern hordes. Having saddled my war-mustang, and loaded him up to the gunwale, I told the sergeant I was ready for the fray, and that he might give the order to march. The sergeant was an old soldier, who had been in Virginia during the first year of the war, and had been frequently known to shake his head and dissent when some of the boys who had not had any actual experience on the tented field used to talk about how easy it would be to annihilate the Yankees if they would only give us a chance. He would tell us — to encourage us, probably — about the effect of large shells exploding in the midst of a company of soldiers,

and how even *he* had to run several miles to avoid being imposed on by Federal soldiers. Most of us thought he must be lacking in nerve; and there were rumors to the effect that he was not loyal to the Confederacy, because he seemed to have so much respect for the United-States army. When I told him I was ready, he looked at me, and asked me where my carbine, revolver, and ammunition were. I had left them in camp. He suggested that I should take them along, as I might need them some time. Upon reflection, I agreed with him. Somebody might steal them before I got back. I then put all my armor on, and we were inspected. There was a solemnity about that inspection that impressed me, for the first time, with a fear that the Union of our forefathers was in danger.

"Thus far our regiment had never had the coveted opportunity of crossing swords with the foe; and I, in particular, was getting a little rusty in the art of war. I knew no fear, however; for had I not often heard that one Confederate could eat up ten Yankees, even when he was not hungry? The reason, I suppose, that we carried any rations at all, was because of the uncertainty of meeting and eating Federal hirelings."

The doctor yawned until the hinges of his jaws creaked, and asked if the battle of Norris's Bridge was fought before or after Lee had surrendered.

Our friend, however, paid little attention to the question. Merely remarking that it would have come off much sooner if he had been allowed to tell his story without interruptions, he proceeded, —

"We finally mounted our horses; and, forming by twos, we rode in the direction of the doomed city. We had a good deal of conversation on the way; but much of it, owing to my defective memory, is irretrievably lost. [Grunts of satisfaction from the doctor.] We had only gone about four miles, when we came upon signs of the enemy. A detachment of Federal cavalry, having a large infantry force to protect them, came out of Indianola, about a week before, to procure beef. They only remained out a short time. It was in their deserted camp that we discovered their 'signs.' There were evidences, on every hand, of the paternal care that Uncle Sam extended to his sol-

diers ; and these evidences had a very depressing effect on us. One of my comrades, who had been raised in the lap of luxury until he went into the army, picked up an empty can, and then burst into tears. It was almost more than he could bear, for it called up hallowed recollections of the happy past. On the can was a label ; and on the label we read, 'Baltimore Cove Oysters.' There were many cans lying around with exasperating labels on them, but they were all empty. It was a touching sight to see those hardy troopers hang in silent misery over a vacant sardine-box, or drop a tear into an untenanted pickle-jar.

"Corporal Wilkins roused himself from the inspection of a can where preserved strawberries had once resided, and, casting his ration of miserable corn-bread on the prairie, he said that he had just realized what an outrage firing on the old flag at Sumter was ; and then he fell upon his faithful colored servant, and almost beat the life out of him, because he was a representative of the race that had brought all this suffering and privation on us. The most thrilling circumstance was the finding of a quart-bottle labelled 'Old Rye Whiskey.' When the

CHEERING THEIR DROOPING SPIRITS WITH A SMELL.

sergeant discovered it, and held it up to view, a shout went up that would have peeled the bark off a tree, if there had been one on the prairie, and would have been a severe strain on the capacity of the largest echo in the land. In a moment it was discovered that the Yankees had neglected to leave the whiskey, but the smell was in the bottle still.

"It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight, to see us poor and hungry, but proud and patriotic rebels drawn up in line, and then in single file marched pass the sergeant, who held out the bottle, that each one, as he passed, might revive sacred memories, and cheer up his drooping spirits with a smell.

"The sergeant, taking a mean advantage of his authority, retained possession of the bottle.

"The finding of this camp had a good effect: it made us fearless of being captured.

"One said, 'A government that furnishes its troops with that kind of rations is invincible.' Another, holding up an empty pickle-bottle, said, in the language of Caractacus when taken to Rome, 'How can people possessed of such luxuries at home,' etc?"

. . . . . .

We spent next day in a small village, where the reporter had some business.

A strip of sand a quarter of a mile long and twenty yards wide; on each side, at irregular intervals, about twenty wooden buildings, mostly one story in height, and very much in need of paint; a little schoolhouse, without any teacher or pupils, at one end of the street; a toll-bridge over a creek at the other end; half way up the street, a two-story house with a sign over the door that tells the wayfarer that he can get meals at all hours; opposite this, a grocery-store and post-office; next door to the post-office, a saloon; a cross-eyed negro, leaning against a hitching-post in front of the saloon, whistling to a spotted dog that is lying in the middle of the street, with his whole attention concentrated on an invisible but apparently energetic flea; a public well with nothing in it but two or three broken bricks, an empty oyster-can, and a dead cat,—simmering in the hot and blistering rays of a July sun, these are all the outward and visible signs of a typical Texas village, as we ride through it, and stop in front of what is, by courtesy, called a hotel. All the inhabitants of the place, except the cross-eyed negro, the spotted dog, and the flea, seem to be dead or asleep. After shouting "Hello!" a number of times, the landlord, a tired-looking man, comes slowly to the door, rubbing his eyes,

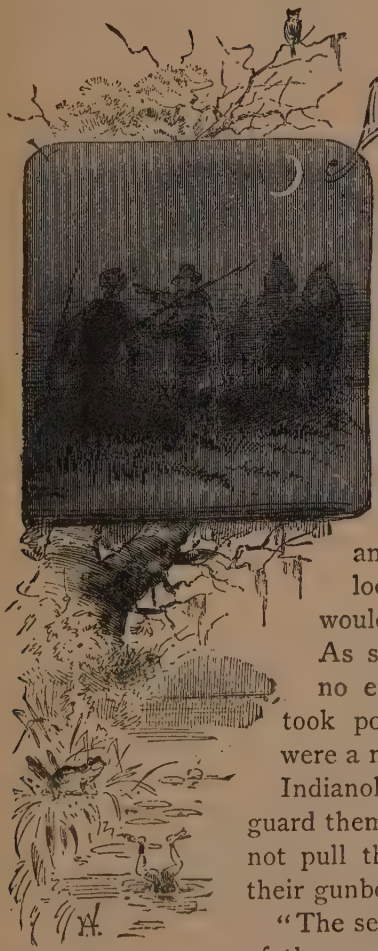
and says "Howdy? Alight, gentlemen." He says it in a tone that discourages the hope we have had that the landlord would be glad to see us, and would kill the fatted chicken for our entertainment. He kicks a negro awake, and sends him to the stable with our horses, ushers us into a room where there is a tin basin, and a pitcher without any water in it, a roller-towel, a couch with its entrails sticking out, a mirror that, when we look in it, shows us an elongated, bulging-eyed face, that we have a distinct recollection of having seen more than once on a new brass door-knob. The unpainted wooden walls are decorated with a railroad-map, two fashion-plates from "The Young Ladies' Journal" of A.D. 1868, and a set of plough-harness hanging on a nail. The landlord wakes up a tall woman, who has been asleep on the back porch, and tells her to get "a meal's vittals" ready for three travellers. She goes to the kitchen, and returns in an hour with a plateful of yellow biscuit, a tin pot containing coffee, and a dish of fried bacon. This is all we have for dinner, except flies and a strong smell of the stable, consequent on having the negro who took care of our horses to wait on the table.

It makes us restless to think that we have to stay all the evening in the village. How to pass the time cheerfully is a problem. To say the least of it, the place is dull. In a cemetery one could find some interest in reading the inscriptions on the tombstones; but here there seems to be nothing to read, except some information on the railroad-map regarding the Q. B. M. road being the shortest and most direct route to somewhere. The citizens seem to wake up to some extent in the evening. The cross-eyed negro, with a bored expression on his face, and a bucksaw in his hand, begins sawing wood in the back-yard of the saloon. A man from the country comes in, and buys a plug of tobacco, asks the storekeeper if he knows what new oats are selling at by the bushel, and if he has noticed, any time during last week, a man pass, riding on a brown mule, and then he rides away. Several children come out, and play in a yard opposite; the grocer pursues a goat out into the suburbs; two men go down by the creek, dig a sardine-box full of worms, and go fishing; a drummer arrives, and by playing a game of

dominoes in the saloon with the postmaster, and by voluntarily setting up the beer to his opponent in the game and to two other property-owners, strengthens the belief of the inhabitants that the place is not dead yet, and that it has a future before it.

Darkness draws her curtain over the scene, and we retire to pass the night on a straw mattress, in the society of some very sociable insects. These are the most exciting incidents of a day spent in a Texas village.

CHAPTER XXXVI.



"AS the shades of night were beginning to fall, we resumed our march ['Thank Heaven!' murmurs the doctor], and just after dark we came to a large frame-house in the middle of the prairie," said the reporter, continuing his story the next morning. "We approached it very carefully, thinking that possibly Yankees might be concealed in it, and shoot at us. Men who would leave empty oyster-cans and whiskey-bottles lying around loose, to discourage a noble foe, would do almost any thing mean. As soon as we found that there was no enemy in the neighborhood, we took possession of the house. There were a number of roads leading out from Indianola; and our business was to guard them, and see that the Yankees did not pull them in, and carry them off on their gunboats.

"The sergeant took us down to the fork of the road. He drew us up in line, and said, 'You two men will stay right here until daylight; then

you will come back in good order to my headquarters at the house. If you perceive two or three Yankees, you will halt them, take them prisoner, and bring them to headquarters. If more than that number come along, you will fire on them, and fall back. Keep a good lookout; for, if they find us here, they may try and cut us off from the bridge. Remember, the Confederacy expects every man to lift his end of the log.' And so saying, the sergeant went off, and left us all alone, within an uncomfortably short distance of a town full of Yankee soldiers, who were full of sardines and old rye. I turned to my companion to hold a council of war. Said I, —

"'Jim, don't you forget the orders, and be careful not to get them mixed. If two or three men come out, we are to arrest them, and show them where the sergeant is; but, if a whole brigade comes out, we must fall back before they can cut us off from the bridge. We must be careful not to capture them, for we couldn't afford to feed them. We are not to show them any quarters, not even headquarters. We must be careful not to capture any thing bigger than a company. I wonder how much longer this cruel war is going to last.'"

"I wonder!" said the doctor, stretching himself.

"My comrade, Jim Neal, did not respond. He was a very peculiar sort of a fellow. He did not mess with the other boys, but off by himself, as far as possible from the rest of the command. He was a kind of military hermit. There were strange rumors in camp about Jim. It was said that his conscience troubled him; that in the early days of the war, when Union men were hung on general principles and live-oak limbs, Jim Neal had played a prominent part in the massacres, having murdered a number of men with his own hand, and that he was troubled with bad dreams in consequence. He disturbed his comrades by yelling and shrieking in the middle of the night, and was always, on such occasions, pointing out an old German with his throat cut, whom nobody but himself could see. This was the common rumor about Jim Neal, and no one ever expressed any doubt about its correctness. On this occasion, as usual, Jim was not disposed to be communicative. I proposed that he stand guard one half the night, and I the other; to which

he answered, that it would be healthier for both of us if we staid awake all night. I did not think it at all healthy, and objected. He said that I could do as I pleased: he would stand guard all night, because he was afraid the Yankees might surprise us.

"It was evident to me, that, in spite of the theory that any number of Yankees would run at the sight of one Confederate, Jim was not inclined to take that view of it. He was scared. It was a clear, starlight night, and the weather was quite mild. Jim was never quiet an instant. At one moment he would be on his horse reconnoitring; the next he would be lying with his ear to the ground, trying to detect the approach of an imaginary foe. As he went on guard first, at about twelve o'clock, I spread out my blanket, and went to sleep near my horse. Because Jim did not sleep, I did not propose to stay awake to entertain him. I had slept about an hour, when he awoke me. He whispered hoarsely, 'There is a man prowling around here! his intention is to murder us. I've seen him half a dozen times: he is watching for a chance.'

"In a moment I had my carbine ready, and was peering in the direction indicated. Jim was glaring like a terrified animal, but I could not see the man. Jim laid his clammy hand on mine, and, pointing in another direction, whispered through his clinched teeth, 'Now you see him, don't you?'

"I fairly strained my eyes, but could see nothing. 'See the horses!' he whispered. The horses certainly had pricked up their ears, and were both looking in the same direction. I said, 'It's only a *coyote* they see.' Jim shook his head in a mournful way, and said, 'It's worse than a *coyote*.'

"Sleep was out of the question. Never did I see such mortal terror. He told me he had seen the man a dozen times that night. Said he, 'They had no business putting me on picket-duty. The Yankees will hang me if they catch me.'

"Then I knew what was the matter with the poor wretch. He was haunted by some of his victims. Perhaps it was the old white-bearded German, whose throat Jim had cut, who was prowling about. It was not very far from daylight when he lay down, and appeared to be asleep. He was worn out, and had become calmer, as the ghostly visitor had not put in an

appearance for almost an hour. The moon arose, and threw her cold rays on the sleeping man's face. Whether it was the effect of the moonlight on his face, or whether it was his conscience, I do not know; but he soon began to moan, and his features assumed their usual troubled expression. 'There was no need of cutting his throat,' he muttered: 'he would have died, anyhow.' Suddenly, with a horrified shriek, he started to his feet, and, pointing with quivering fingers, said, 'There he comes again! See his red beard! It is blood that makes it red.'

"'For Heaven's sake, Jim, if you see any thing, shoot it,' I said.

"'He is gone now, but he will be back. I've seen him often before, but never like that, — never so close before. He never laughed as he does to-night. He laughs because he knows I am going to be shot or hung. I told the captain they should not send me on picket-duty.'

"It was now nearly daylight. The houses in Indianola could be faintly perceived. Jim's scare was over: it fled with the darkness. But now real enemies occupied his attention. He lay a moment with his ear to the ground; then, springing to his feet, he tightened the girth of his saddle. 'Hurry up!' he said: 'they are beating the long roll. The cavalry will come out ahead of us, and cut us off from the bridge. There they are now!'

"A moment more, and we were bounding over the grassy prairie toward the picket-station. The dark points on the horizon were Federal cavalry. They saw us, and were trying to get between us and the bridge. Although, probably, the enemy was well mounted, the chances were in our favor, as we were nearer the bridge in a straight line. Nevertheless, the Yankees gained on us; and, as the bridge appeared in sight, they were not far behind us.

"'Throw off your blue overcoat, or some of our own men will shoot us,' said my comrade. (Some of us had Federal overcoats in those days.) We dropped our overcoats, clattered over the bridge, and were in the midst of our own men."

"Before you go any farther, I want to know what became of Jim Neal," said the doctor.

"Dead!" responded the reporter. "He had a flock of sheep after the war; herded them by himself out on the Nueces. His mutilated body was found in his camp. He had been shot in the head; but whether by his own hand or not, nobody knows."

"All right," said the doctor. "Now let the carnage at Norris's Bridge proceed."

"There were about forty of us; and, as we could see at least three thousand infantry and a battery of artillery all coming rapidly in the direction of the bridge, it became very evident that something unpleasant was going to happen. As for the cavalry that chased us, they went back in a hurry; for, as soon as they got within two hundred yards of the bridge, a volley was fired at them which relieved them of any doubts as to our being militia, armed with shotguns. Our men were running to and fro, and everybody was asking where the captain was. He had gone to Lavacca the night before, to buy some flat plug tobacco, — an unaccustomed and much-prized luxury with us then.

"The man on top of the house reported the Yankees still steering in our direction, whereupon several suggested an immediate adjournment. The suggestion would have been acted upon, had our captain, Dick Taylor, not appeared on the scene at that critical moment. He rode a large horse, and was dressed in an attractive buckskin suit, in the breast-pocket of which was exposed a plug of flat tobacco. We supposed, of course, that he would instruct us to retreat in as quick order as possible. Imagine our horror and dismay, when, excitedly taking a large bite off the end of the tobacco plug, he raised himself up in his stirrups, and said, 'Fall in, boys. The war's been going on for three years, and we have not had a chance to smell gunpowder yet. Over in San Antonio they say we ain't anxious to meet the enemy. We will show them that it's a durn lie. I am not going to sacrifice life, or wade in human gore; but we will stay right here, and stand a few shells, anyhow. There ain't much danger until they get the range.'

"We looked at each other with blanched cheeks. To add to our misery, the long black line, composed of Federal infantry, was becoming every moment a more prominent feature in the

landscape. The man on top of the house calmed us down somewhat by calling out that there were four guns in the battery, and they were coming at a gallop.

"Sergeant Jones, who had seen service in Virginia, gazed on the advancing Federals, and said, 'This begins to look like

CAPT. DICK TAYLOR.

business. In about ten minutes half of us will be lying about promiscuously without heads or legs. Some of us never will be found again. Up in Virginia I saw a shell from a battery, just like that one that's coming, that burst inside of a fellow, and we never did find any thing of him but a few odds and ends up in the top of a tree.'

"We knew the worst now, and began to be reconciled to the inevitable. Our fool-captain was as scared as any of us, but he tried to hide it. He was prancing up and down, in front of us, behind us, and amongst us; and every once in a while he would pull out that plug of flat tobacco, and rend it with his teeth like a mule at a bundle of fodder. He kept biting off tobacco and giving commands at the same time. 'Don't leave, boys,' he said. (Some of them were getting on their horses.) 'Don't leave until we have had a shot, anyhow. We cannot expect to defeat the enemy, but we can let 'em shell us a while. I'll shoot down the first man who starts to run before I do.'

"Then he struggled with a fresh bite of tobacco; and, wiping the enthusiasm off his brow with his sleeve, he continued, 'The war has been going on for three years, and we haven't even a wooden leg amongst us to prove it by. We've got to stand some shelling, so that they will quit making fun of us in San Antonio.'

"'Come down off that horse!' he bawled out, as a young Israelite from Austin tried to mount."

"Of a truth, the battle now begins to rage," said the doctor.

"We were all stationed behind a fence, which was not high or thick enough for such an emergency. On one side of me was Sergeant Jones, the Virginia veteran, while on the other was Sam McWhorter. The latter was a typical cowboy. He was red-headed, ignorant, freckled, and good-natured. He did not seem to know what fear was, as he was fully under the influence of the popular belief that one Confederate could chase a regiment of Yankees. He had heard so much about this, that he implicitly believed it. Sam could not read or write, but he had a mouth large enough to make up for all physical and educational deficiency. He stood there behind the cedar rail-fence, grinning, and fairly aching to receive the order to chase the Yankees back. He said he wondered they were not afraid to come so close.

"All at once a battery dashed up at full gallop, on a slight elevation four hundred yards distant, and wheeled around to bring the guns to bear on us. Just then Sam McWhorter diverted my thoughts from the enemy and from Capt. Dick

Taylor, who continued to prance about, and exhort his soldiers to have patience. Sam saw the horses turn to bring the guns to bear on us. When he noticed the movement, he thought that the Yankees had got frightened, and were going back to Indianola; and he could not repress his exultant emotions. As soon as he saw the horses turn, he took off his hat, and began to cheer vociferously, 'Hurrah for the Southern Confederacy! Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' and catching a glimpse of our gallant captain, who was now sitting boldly on his horse, with his eyes shut, either saying his prayers or waiting for something to burst, Sam whooped once more, 'Hurrah for Capt. Dick Taylor! Hurrah for'—

"HURRAH FOR THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY!"

"I had my eye riveted on the enemy's guns. They were now very much depressed, but not more than I was. Just as Sam was swinging his hat, and stretching his mouth to its utmost capacity, there was a puff of smoke in front of the battery, and a shell went screaming, like a demon with a cold in his head, about four feet above Sam's red head. He was not looking at the battery: he thought it was on its way back to Indianola. He had his mouth so much expanded, encouraging some great southern leader with his

cheers, that his eyes were shut when the shell howled past him. He suddenly opened his eyes, and gave a side-glance at me, so mournfully ludicrous that it made me laugh in spite of the seriousness of the situation. The red bristles on his head were standing straight up on end. His mouth was shut now; while his eyes, which rolled about in an alarming manner, were protruding like door-knobs. He never afterwards got back his natural expression. The look of terror was frozen into his features. He was never able to part his hair again.

"There was not much time, however, to enjoy the scene. Two more puffs of smoke, a cloud of dust appeared in the rear, and simultaneously about twenty feet of fence was spread over the adjacent country. The sergeant who had seen service in Virginia rested his rifle on the fence, and fired. The horse of the only mounted man about the battery reared, and fell over backwards. It was a four-hundred-yard shot with a musket, — English Crown and Tower brand on it. We afterwards learned that the officer who rode the horse was shot through the thigh, and died in a few hours.

"Capt. Dick shouted, 'That will do, durn you! Get up and git, now.' There was really no occasion for any official orders on this subject, for half the men were already scampering over the prairie. Never was an order on the battlefield more cheerfully obeyed. There was mounting in hot haste, for the two guns kept up a steady firing. By this time the infantry were within a few hundred yards, and the bullets of the skirmishers were assisting in making us wish the war was over. We adopted the Cossack plan of bewildering the enemy; that is, we spread out suddenly in different directions. It is rather a difficult thing to hit a man two or three miles off on the prairie. They would have got some of us if we had not scattered. Fortunately for us, there was a herd of cows on a distant hill, that the Yankees mistook for part of our command. They trained two of the guns on the cattle while we were scattering. The cows, not having any more sense than we had, waited to be shelled. They staid there until the gunners got the range. We afterwards learned that the carnage was dreadful: tenderloin steaks and soup-bones were found scattered over the

country for miles. We rejoiced that none of us were hurt: we did not wish to add to the bitterness of the fratricidal struggle.

"The shells continued to go over us as we ran. I rode alongside a lieutenant, who was urging his horse onward by patting it behind with his sabre. We were then three miles from the enemy. I asked him if the day was hot enough for him. He shook his sabre at me, and said, 'Disperse, you damned fool! Keep away from me. Don't you know if we mass our troops the enemy will concentrate his artillery-fire on us? Deploy to the right, the farther the better.'

"We afterwards rallied on a creek six miles farther back, and made it our future base of operations."

"Did you suffer any loss at all?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes. One man belonging to Company C had a large catfish staked out in the bayou. He lost it, owing to the rapid advance of the enemy. But nobody was killed or wounded, owing to the rapidity with which we carried out the Cossack tactics. When Gen. Warren came over the bridge at the head of his victorious army, after we had fallen back, he made inquiry as to what troops we were. He said we were either very brave men, or the grandest fools in the whole western hemisphere. We felt very much complimented when we heard this. The idea of forty men trying to hold a bridge against three thousand infantry and a battery of artillery seemed to him as something out of the usual order of things."

"I hope, after that, the San Antonio papers quit insinuating that you were not anxious to prolong the war," remarked the doctor.

"Yes: Capt. Dick Taylor and his men were fully vindicated. There was a long account of the battle in the San Antonio 'Herald,' under the head of 'Desperate Engagement.' It went on to say that an army of five thousand hirelings, with a park of artillery, was kept in check for hours by Capt. Dick Taylor and twenty men, at Norris's Bridge, and that the loss inflicted on the Federals was heavy. It related how vast masses of troops were hurled in vain on the little band of heroes. It spoke of how Capt. Taylor and his men fell back slowly,

"DISPERSE, YOU DAMNED FOOL."

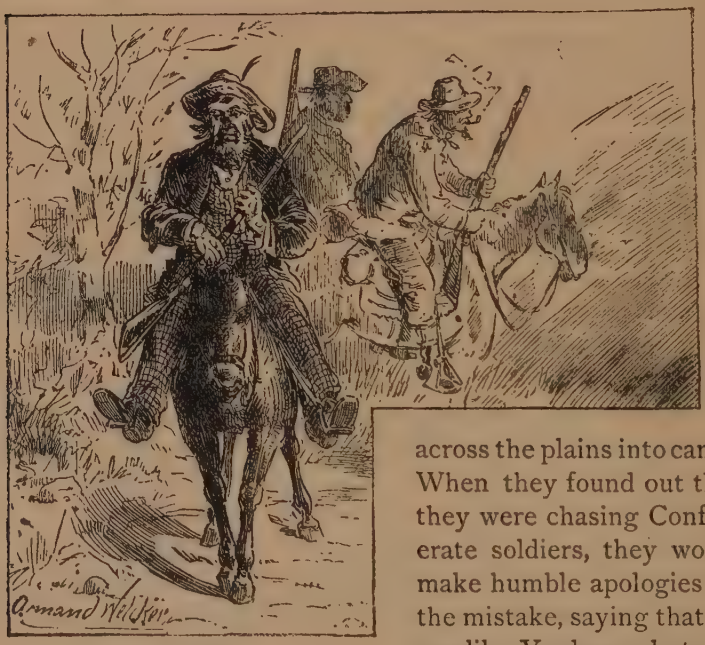
like lions at bay, disputing every half-inch of ground with the overwhelming foe, and made comparisons in which Horatio and the brave days of old were alluded to. It stated that Capt. Dick Taylor was conspicuous for his bravery and a new buck-skin jacket that he wore, both of which caused the concentration of the artillery-fire on his person, twenty-seven shells being hurled at him in quick succession. It concluded by saying, 'The spirit shown by our troops must convince the authorities at Washington of the utter hopelessness of subjugating a proud and haughty people.'"

"What could possibly have caused the people of San Antonio, in the first place, to suspect that you were not all ready to die for the Confederacy?" asked the doctor.

"I'll tell you how that was. The country is perfectly flat about Indianola. You can see a man two or three miles off. There is frequently a mirage down there, when a pond looks like a house on fire, and three or four men on horseback like a circus-pageant. A cow standing under a tree resembles a group of pre-Adamic monsters with their tails curled up over their backs. One morning we saw the whole town of Lavacca, six miles distant, hanging upside down in the sky. Sometimes these optical illusions did not inspire us with confidence. Once we ran before a mirage for several hours. It was only a caballado of horses grazing on the prairie, and distorted by atmospheric influences. That story got to San Antonio.

"Again, we had to do picket-duty in squads of five or six; and we used to make signals to each other by riding off to one side, and raising our hands. At the same time, doing picket-duty, there was a company of old flop-ears. By that term is meant sinful old men, who were too old to be conscripted, but who went into the war, anyhow. They were old Texas veterans, who could not be kept at home when there was a fight or a barbecue unless you sawed off their legs. They were destroying the government of the United States on their own responsibility. Those bad old men, who ought to have been at home studying their Bibles, were continually prowling about the fortifications with shotguns, watching for Yankees, with the intention of doing them serious bodily injury. Whenever

a party of Yankees came out to get fresh beef, these vicious old warriors would be very apt to make it unpleasant for them. As these irregular troops did not know our signals on the prairies, the consequence was, we were never sure, when we saw them at a distance, whether they were Federals or not. So we gave them the benefit of the doubt, and got out of their way. They usually outnumbered us, too, and would pursue us



BAD OLD MEN.

across the plains into camp. When they found out that they were chasing Confederate soldiers, they would make humble apologies for the mistake, saying that we ran like Yankees; but you could see that the old sinners knew all the time that we were not Yankees. Why, a lot of those degraded mummies chased a detachment of men from Company A, the crack company, thirty-seven miles one day, they thinking we were Yankees, and we thinking the same of them. It took us four days to get back, on our exhausted war-steeds. I know all about it, for I was one of the sufferers. I could not walk for a whole week afterwards. Every day, almost, those miserable dolts were chasing our men. The news of their absurd antics got into the San Antonio papers;

and as the editors had a spite at everybody who was in the tented field, while they were themselves safe from Federal shot and shell, invidious editorial remarks were made. The captain was complimented by receiving marked copies of the paper containing these calumnies; and, being naturally of a proud nature, he chafed under them. So you see, when the Federal army hove in sight, two thousand strong, with a battery, our captain determined to refute the vile slanders by acting as if he were anxious for us to lay down our lives for the cause, relying on the well-known fact, that the gunner has to miss several times before he can get the range. He did not like it himself, however, and said confidentially afterwards that he had no idea of the risk he was taking, and that, if getting away from a battery was connected with so much danger, he hoped he would never be called on to get away *with* a battery. We sustained him in this position to a man. He became very popular afterwards. We would have gone through fire and water for him if he had required it, but it was a comfort to think that he would never make any such demand."

The doctor was asleep.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WE were now in what is called the Indian country; and we occasionally met a squad of rangers scouting after the Indians, but we did not meet any Indians.

Of the numerous Indian tribes that once inhabited Texas, some have become extinct, or have been incorporated with other tribes, and have thus lost their identity. The Wacoes, for instance, once a leading tribe, are not heard of now. All the friendly Indians, with the exception of a few miserable specimens scattered along the Trinity River, have entirely disappeared — civilized and reconstructed — off the face of the earth. The Muscogees, Alabamas, and Coashattas, said to have been branches of the great Creek nation, were the tribes known as "friendly" Indians in Texas fifty years ago.

A friendly Indian is one who does not make a business of scalping the superior race; one who only kills his white benefactors at such odd times as he can safely and conveniently lay the blame on some one else. A friendly Indian will live five to ten years on the best of terms with his neighbors;

that is, he will borrow all the cornmeal he needs, steal what pork he requires, and beg enough firewater to keep him mellow. Then, when he has sufficiently demonstrated his friendly disposition, he will select a favorable opportunity, and, assisted by his relatives, also amiable Indians, will murder and outrage all the whites in the settlement. Then he disappears, taking with him the settlers' horses, and becomes a bad Indian for a time, keeping away from the busy haunts of men until his gnawing conscience (which is situated in his stomach) forces him to go to the reservation and draw rations. There a paternal government, through its pious agents, pardons all offences, blesses him, and rewards him for his friendly disposition with a blanket and a repeating-rifle. Thus does the poor, untutored savage, the last of a doomed and dying race, appeal to the Eastern humanitarian, who has never had the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with his many virtues.

BIG-FOOT WALLACE.

We camped one night with Big-Foot Wallace, the noted scout and Indian fighter. After listening for hours to his tales of frontier life, adventures with Indians, etc., I asked him if he had ever known any really good Indians, — honest, truthful Indians, who paid one hundred cents on the dollar to those who believed in their nobility of character.

"Young man," replied he, "I never trust no Injun unless he is at the business end of this 'ere iron," — and he tapped signifi-

cantly the stock of his long Kentucky rifle, where forty-seven notches could be counted; "for snakes is snakes, and Injuns is Injuns."

Whenever a superior race sends out zealous missionaries to civilize and christianize the heathen, the latter should lose no time in selling out and moving away. If the simple-minded heathen do not leave before the arrival of the blessings with which they are threatened, all that is left for them to do is to make their wills. There are usually some obstinate unbelievers, who manage to prolong their existence and that of their race by fleeing to the mountains. The good, docile native, who submitted to the priests, owing to the improved fire-arms of the soldiers who accompanied the missionaries, is no longer to be found about his favorite haunts. His descendants are equally scarce. The *Indios reducidos* only exist in the dim and misty legends of the past. They twang a harp in a land that is fairer than this. But the Indian who objected to being reduced, who did not want to go to heaven on the terms offered by the Spanish monks, has descendants still living who twang a lively bow in the frontier counties of Western Texas, even unto this day, and who often revisit the scenes where their ancestors once were in affluent circumstances, owned nearly all the real estate, and objected to having any but their own language taught in the public schools. Once in a while they develop a bloodthirsty spirit that would excite the admiration of the old Spaniards, who, if they could only revisit the glimpses of the moon, would be stimulated to escape back to their graves at a high rate of speed.

The wild Indian, although reduced in number, is in all other respects as good as new. He has, on several occasions, very nearly succeeded in bringing on a war between the United States and Mexico; and he keeps a large frontier in a constant state of uncertainty as to whom the stock and scalps of the hardy frontiersmen really belong. It very frequently happens, that while the Texas frontiersman is the *de jure* owner of his scalp, horses, etc., the Indian from the other side of the Rio Grande is the owner *de facto*.

The past history of the western frontier is nothing more nor

less than the history of one unending Indian war. In former days the inhabitants of San Antonio were literally besieged by hostile Indians. For many years past, the Indians have been unable to maintain themselves in Texas. They have their places of business over in Mexico, in the Santa Rosa Mountains, but send out travelling-agents to transact business with the Texans. The Indian drummers travel at night, visiting their customers during every full moon.

When Gen. Ord was appointed commander of the department of Texas, in 1874, he seriously interfered with the commercial relations previously existing between the Indians and the Texans.

The raiders from Mexico into Texas, whose exploits are known to all who can borrow a newspaper, are, for the most part, Indians of the Kickapoo, Mescalero, and Lipan tribes, with a sprinkling of the more adventurous of the Mexicans, who unite the natural predisposition to steal horses with the physical activity to do so. They usually enter Texas near the mouth of Devil's River, one hundred and sixty miles west of San Antonio.

The stealing of horses has, of late years, been principally confined to that portion of the Rio Grande, and is the chief industry of the country. The Indians and Mexicans form joint-stock companies for the transfer of live-stock from Texas to Mexico. The Mexicans furnish the whiskey, ammunition, jerked beef, and other supplies necessary for the expedition. The Indians steal the horses, and bring them to the Mexican market. The result of these commercial ventures, when the partners balance up and divide the profits, is, that the Indians have the experience, and the Mexicans have the horses. When brought to account for having stolen horses in their possession, the Mexicans magnanimously lay all the blame on their wicked partners, the Indians. If the Indians ever soar up to such a degree of civilization that they can publish a card, they, too, will have something to say on the subject of wicked partners. There is no doubt about the complicity of the leading Mexicans of some of the frontier towns ; for, when a raiding band is completely wiped out of existence by the exasperated Texans, the principal stores in the town are closed up on a twenty-cent-

on-the-dollar basis, and the various local societies publish long resolutions about "it having pleased the all-wise Providence to remove hence our brother, while absent on a trip for the benefit of his health."

When it comes to dividing out the responsibility for raids into Texas, it is unjust to deprive the Mexican of his full share. The home of the Indian, as the term is applicable to the great original, or rather aboriginal tramp, is in the midst of the mountains of that vast unexplored territory south of the mouth of Devil's River in Mexico. It is in this rugged country that the Indian, after first catching his horses, conceals them and himself from the sight of the Texas rangers. The Indians do not live here permanently. They sometimes leave the mountain fastnesses, and camp near the Mexican towns; but of late years they have been regarded as dangerous neighbors. When the Indian cannot find a white man to rob and murder, he is satisfied, on the half-a-loaf principle, with a Mexican. If, however, the Mexican refuses to be murdered, the Indians are thrown on their own resources, and perform the kindly offices of murdering each other.

Until the trade in stealing Texas stock was broken up, the friendship between the Indians and Mexicans was like unto that of Jonathan and Pythias. There exists another reason why, for several years past, the Indians have been disagreeable neighbors. Gen. Mackenzie, of the United-States army, made several trips across the Rio Grande after Indian raiders; and the result was such that the Mexicans perceived that the Indians were unprofitable neighbors to have just at the time when Mackenzie dropped in to see them. As there was no telling when he might not make another pastoral call, the Mexicans preferred that the Indians go off some distance by themselves to avoid misunderstandings. It was the old story about poor Tray being found in bad company; although in this instance it would be difficult to say which was Tray, and which the bad company.

The Kickapoos and Lipans are absolutely unhampered with prejudice as to color, and have frequently shown a perfect willingness to scalp a Mexican on terms of social equality.

The country where the Indians recuperate, after their raids into Texas, is very much like certain portions of Vermont, where the owners of the choice lands are compelled by law to fence them in to prevent cattle from straying on them and starving to death. This vast area of ten thousand square miles is marked on all maps of Mexico as *terra desconocido*. Even the elaborate maps prepared by the Austrian and French engineers during the days of the ill-starred empire contain a blank space marked "unexplored."

To properly appreciate and understand the situation on the frontier, it should be borne in mind that horses and cattle are extremely scarce in Mexico. The great national pastime and recreation of the Mexicans have been *ab initio* revolutions. Revolutions are very severe on horses. Solomon mentions that a horse is prepared for safety; and, as safety is the first thing that enters the mind of the Mexican when a revolutionary fight begins, it will be seen at once that a horse is just the thing to fall back on. "Falling back" is the most important strategic movement practised by revolutionary Mexicans: hence there is a great deal of wear and tear in horseflesh. When the "lurid glare of revolution" overspreads the land, thousands of horses are ridden to death by the different revolutionary bands while making their escape from each other.

This violent horseback-exercise gives tone to the stomach; and the revolutionist, after riding hurriedly ten or twenty miles to secure a strong, strategic position in the rear, always has a ravenous appetite, and the digestive ability of an anaconda.

It would seem as if the revolutionary portion of the people get up popular upheavals for no other purpose than to have an excuse to ride other people's horses, and feed on strange beef.

The Mexican must have a pony to prance on. What is a caballero on foot but a palpable absurdity? Right across the shallow Rio Grande are thousands of horses belonging to the heretic Gringo tribes, to steal from whom is an act patriotic, and pleasing in the sight of high Heaven. There are also herds of fat cattle, suggestive of juicy steaks, all grazing on the rich soil of Texas, which properly belonged to Mexico, anyhow.

Between the Mexican receiver and the Indian thief, there

are not those harmonious relations that are supposed to exist among people of their class and profession. The merchants flatter themselves, that as they furnish the social status, so to speak, of the firm of Hidalgo, Lo, & Co., they ought to be entitled to the lion's share of the profits. The Indians, on the other hand, are of the opinion that they ought to have most of the proceeds of their toil. They have a great deal of trouble and annoyance in pursuing their calling, occasioned by the heartless brutality and unaccommodating disposition of the Texas stock-raisers.

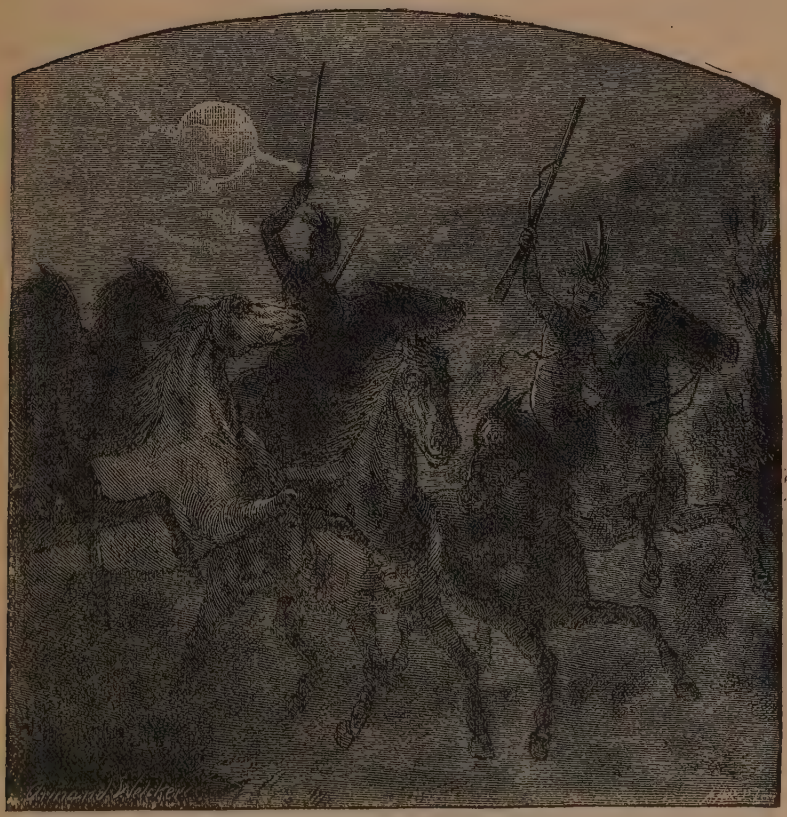
Although the Texans know when to expect the Indian traders, — that is, at the full of the moon, — yet they do not keep up their stock in the pen, in order to facilitate matters, and preserve fraternal relations with Mexico. On the contrary, some of the Texans go so far as to drive off their stock to points where the Indians are put to unnecessary pains in finding them. This unreasonable conduct of the Texas frontiersmen gives the Indians much extra trouble, which they think ought to be taken into consideration by the Mexican merchant in settlement.

Again: utterly unmindful of consequences, the Texans have sometimes pursued Lo; and he, like the chief of Ulva's Isle when he was on a similar expedition after Lord Ullin's daughter, had to be very expeditious: for horsemen hard behind him rode; and, if they caught up with him before he crossed the Rio Grande, — that dark and stormy water, — the chances were that his blood would stain the heather.

Lo wanted these risks paid for, but the Mexican merchant esteemed them lightly.

Strikes were of frequent occurrence. Then the Mexican merchants undertook to supply the places of the striking Indians by hiring Mexican thieves. But these were not skilled artisans, like the Indians. They were good enough at reaching through a window with a long pole, and lifting out a pair of trousers; but when it came to the higher branches of the profession, such as riding a thousand miles in ten days, stealing two hundred head of horses, killing and scalping twenty or thirty persons, and getting back in safety, the new hands were not equal to the emergency.

To raid into Texas from Mexico, steal the number of horses requisite to make the adventure a success from a pecuniary point of view, and return to Mexico in advance of the pursuing Texas rangers, is an undertaking of considerable magnitude. It demands several weeks of incessant hard riding and expo-



A MOONLIGHT EXCURSION FROM MEXICO.

sure to the sun. It is also fraught with much danger. Occasionally the Texas stockman happens to be at home when the raider calls, and the consequences are unpleasant to contemplate. The tough, wiry Kickapoos and Lipans, by changing horses, — which they have permitted the Texas stockmen to furnish for the occasion, — will get over an incredible quantity

of ground in a short time, and drive a large herd of horses before them, shooting down those that give out. When overtaken they will fight to the death, with the fury of ancient crusaders; but they are seldom overtaken, for the reason that they always get a good start before the settlers in the thinly populated frontier counties can get together. Their views as to the right of property may be best described as, —

"The simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

On the eastern border of the unexplored region already described are a number of small Mexican towns, — San Fernando, Santa Rosa, and Saragossa. The only legitimate business or trade carried on in these towns — which otherwise are too dull to be called cemeteries — is the traffic in stock stolen from Texas. The Indians formerly resided in the suburbs of these towns; but after Gen. Mackenzie gave them that surprise-party at Pamolina, killing some, and taking a large number prisoners, they removed to the mountains. There are, in all, about five or six hundred families who thus prefer the more salubrious atmosphere of the mountains, where the United-States cavalry cannot penetrate. These aborigines do all their trading, procure their supplies, and get drunk, at the little towns referred to.

When the Indian settles with the Mexican, on his return from a raid, he is generously allowed to invest his capital in the Mexican merchant's private monte-bank.

So great is the demand for horses in Mexico, that these frontier merchants have orders six months in advance. A rich official in some town of the interior will order a pair of American carriage-horses. Some fast young man in the city of Monterey will send in his order for a riding-horse; while another will describe the color of horse he wants, and even insist on the animal being of the brand of some well-known Texan, who is celebrated for keeping fine stock. As an evidence of the open and shameless way that this traffic is carried on, I quote the following trade-circular from the house of Pendejo & Sinverguenzo, of Santa Rosa: —

FINE IMPORTED STOCK.

The undersigned, having engaged the professional services of Asarte, the celebrated Lipan horse-merchant, who has had more experience in selecting and importing fine stock from Texas than any other stockman on the frontier, are now in a condition to supply their friends with all classes of horses. Fresh consignments received every full moon. The most improved breed from the ranchos of leading Texas stock-raisers. Come and examine the brands for yourself. See our stock before dealing elsewhere.

Branch offices at Saragossa and all other towns on the Texas frontier. A liberal discount to the trade. Two hundred agents wanted.

PENDJEO & SINVERGUENZO.

By referring to the map, a range of hills may be perceived, extending from near the mouth of Devil's River to the vicinity of San Antonio. Without the cover afforded by these hills, raiding in Texas would be almost impossible. The hills, and the country adjacent to them, are utterly uninhabited: hence the Indians can traverse their entire length unobserved. Quite a number of streams take their rise on the south side of the hills referred to. Among others may be mentioned the Seco, Sabinal, Turkey Creek, and Blanco. None of them are navigable, at least, not above ground. During dry seasons most of the streams are reduced to a succession of mud-puddles.

When the Indians have agreed as to the percentage they are to be allowed by the Mexicans, they cross the Rio Grande in squads of three or four, and rendezvous in the mountains, preparatory to descending into the valleys for the purpose of administering on the estates of the stockmen they may kill.

Right here, perhaps, it would be proper for me, before turning these Indians loose to commit all kinds of deviltry, to describe just what kind of villains these red men are, as there seems to be some confusion in the public mind on that score.

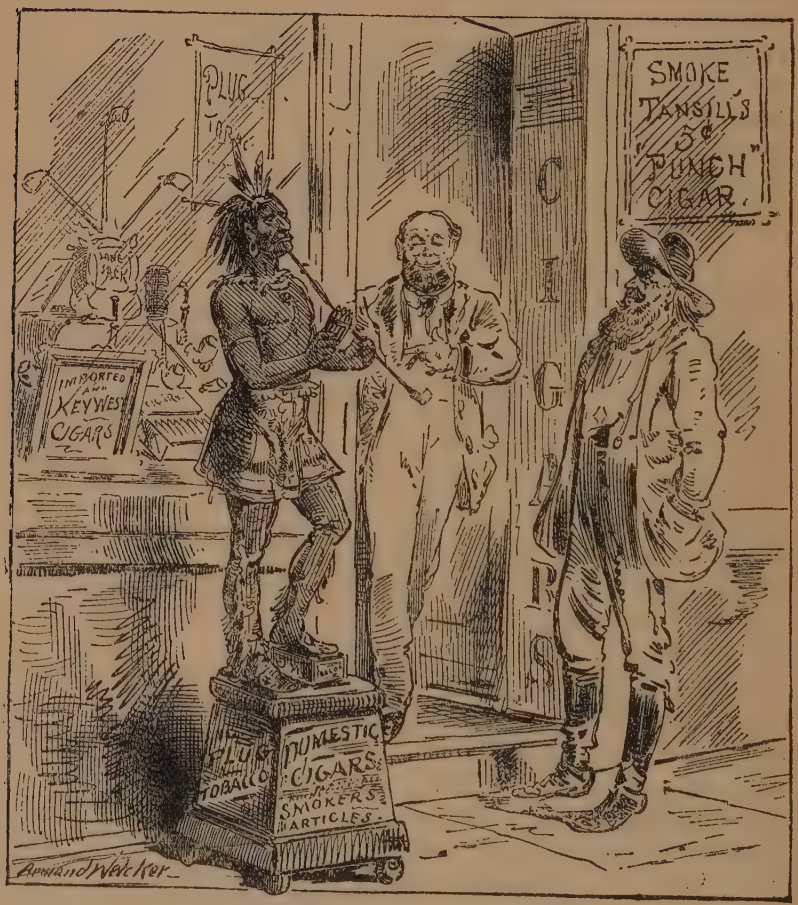
He was a tall, sour-looking man from the Pecos, and he was gazing with interest on the newly painted Indian of a San Antonio tobacco-store.

"That ain't like no Indian," he muttered.

"What did you say?" asked the tobacconist, who was proud of his sign.

"I said it was not a damn bit like an Indian."

"My friend," said the tobacconist, "you are not near enough



"NOT A DAMN BIT LIKE AN INDIAN."

to it. Step up and examine it closely, and you will see the resemblance."

"That is exactly what kills the resemblance," said the man from the Pecos; "for you never can get near the real Indian

when you are looking for him, and he does not care to let you examine him too closely."

The Fenimore-Cooper Indian, and, in fact, all kinds of Indians that have been sighted at long range by the writers of fiction, are provided with a noble presence and a pensive cast of countenance. The idea of an Indian without a noble presence is too absurd for any thing in the world; and yet when we come to facts, and look at the Indian divested of the glamour of romance, unless he has it carefully concealed from view, he has no more noble presence than a grindstone has. The phrenologist has discovered that the head of the Indian gives evidence of noble traits of character. There is no telling what might not be discovered if the phrenologist's scientific investigations were carried on with a fine comb; but it would not be noble traits — noble traits do not crawl.

It is estimated that it costs the war department about half a million dollars for every Indian actually killed by the United-States troops. Would it not be cheaper to have dead Indians furnished by contract, the same as the other supplies needed to keep up the army?

It is another wild and mildly idiotic delusion to suppose that the Indian goes about consumed away with a burning desire to revenge his wrongs on the white man. The Indian steals horses from the white man. This is not to quench a burning thirst for vengeance, but to get money to buy firewater with. It is true that he kills and scalps a few white men. This is merely to keep up his reputation. It may be said in his favor (and it is the noblest trait in his character), that he will scalp a Mexican with the same kindly spirit of accommodation.

The Eastern sentimentalist sees a great deal to admire and reverence in the Indian; and, the greater the distance between him and the savage, the more intense the admiration, while, on the other hand, those who have opportunity of seeing the Indian, and live in his neighborhood, fail to perceive his ennobling virtues. Possibly, if the sentimentalist were placed in the same forty-acre field with the object of his admiration, the former, in order that he might not be robbed of his illusion, would make frantic efforts to create distance between them.

Every one seems anxious to have a good opinion of the Indian, for they do their best to keep out of his way.

The Kickapoo, Lipan, Comanche, and other wild tribes in Mexico, do not differ materially from the Sioux. They are as much alike as one rotten egg is like another. They are never really reliable Indians until their immediate burial becomes an urgent sanitary measure. The Mexicans get along with their Indians much better than we do with ours. In the border states of Mexico the Indian is not permitted to lead a life of idleness and crime. He is required to conform to the manners and customs of the people among whom he has cast his lot. He is obliged to steal for a living, as the rest of the people do. The Indian, however, is not accorded all his civil rights in Mexico. The Mexicans may steal from each other, while they require the Indians to confine their commercial enterprise to the Texans on the opposite bank of the Rio Grande. Race prejudices are still alive in Mexico.

As already stated, the Indian in Mexico is not permitted to disgrace the community in which he resides by a life of honesty. As soon as a Lipan or Kickapoo allows a moon to wane without availing himself of its advantages to steal Texas horses, he is regarded by the Mexicans as a suspicious character, — one who will bear watching. He is given an opportunity to show that he has been stealing; and, if he cannot vindicate himself, he is summarily dealt with as a public enemy. He can, however, re-instate himself in public esteem by bringing in a bunch of American horses, while the production of a blond scalp condones every honest transaction that the Indian may have been accused of by malevolent enemies.

Now, the system adopted by the Government of the United States in dealing with the Indian tribes is wholly different from that pursued by the Mexicans. The beauties of our system are not apparent at first, and have to be carefully studied before they can be appreciated. When a tribe of Indians, by a long series of murders and outrages, has established a reputation for ungovernable ferocity, it is placed on a reservation, the United-States Government agreeing to feed and clothe the Indians. The reservation is located in close proximity to a populous

part of the country. Many people do not understand the reason for this. There is a reason, although it is difficult to explain. With the beef, corn, and blankets that the government furnishes, it also furnishes the Indians with American philanthropists called agents. These agents are selected on account of their piety, and knowledge of the Indian's character and wants. Enemies of the government have insinuated that the agents have been selected for other reasons. The duties of an agent are to distribute the beef and blankets, and keep an eye on the Indians. These duties are so arduous and exhaustive that the agent requires a vast quantity of beef and other supplies to preserve his own vitality. It is estimated that a full-grown and experienced Indian agent consumes about as much provisions and general supplies as five hundred healthy Indians.

The agent, in furnishing the government with the Indians' board-bill, makes no deduction for lost time, or absence from meals. He charges for full time, and it is therefore to his interest to let the Indians go off whenever they want to. The agent furnishes them with rifles and ammunition, that they may pick up a precarious living in some neighborhood where supplies are plenty, and where there are no agents.

At the outset I stated that it was difficult to explain why the government located the reservations near to populous districts, and I am afraid I have not given quite as lucid an explanation as I would wish. You see, the system is complicated, and a little out of joint. The plain fact is, that many of the reservation Indians make raids on the northern frontier of Texas, as the Mexican Indians do on the western border. The people on whom they are thus encouraged to depredate are white American citizens, who have done nothing to deserve those blessings, except that they pay taxes to support the government. The department of the interior, which thus seeks to conciliate what there is left over of the white frontiersmen, receives immense sums from the public treasury to support these Indians. Even if we suppose that there is some excuse for the Indian being allowed to live, there is surely no excuse for allowing him to wantonly destroy the resources of his fel-

lowman, who is so unfortunate as not to be a red man. It is not his fault that he is white: he was born that way. It is his misfortune, but he should not be punished for it. He is as much entitled to protection, being an American citizen, as if he were as dirty and debased as the greasiest Indian on the reservation.

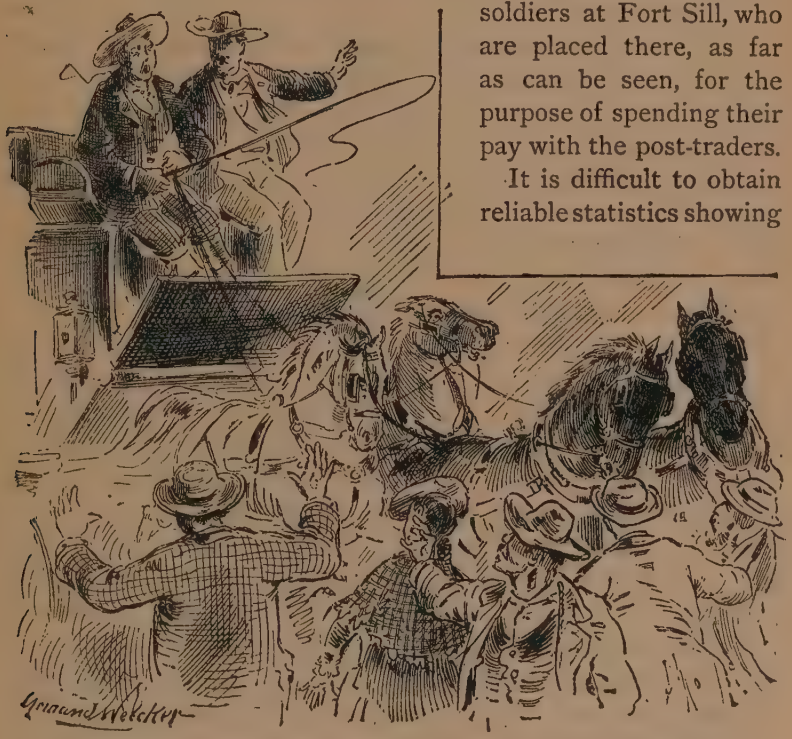
The government does not protect the frontier-settler; although it taxes him for the support of the Indians, and for the guns, ammunition, and other agricultural implements, that are furnished to the Indians, and that are indispensable in carrying out our sagacious Indian policy. In the language of the gifted Dr. Watts, we are forced to exclaim, —

> "Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer cloud,
> Without our special wonder?"

There are two Indian reservations, Fort Sill and Fort Stanton, from which the Indians raid into Texas, and return with impunity and much stolen stock. That the Indians may not compete or interfere with each other in plundering the Texans, these reservations are located at different points on the Texas frontier. Nothing more distressing can be imagined than for wild Indians to engage in war with each other. By the reservations being placed very far apart, this shocking possibility is averted. The Fort-Stanton Comanches can murder a family in Kerr County, Tex., and drive off a herd of cattle and horses, without any risk of competition from the Fort-Sill Kiowas, who may be reconstructing a settlement on the northern frontier while Indians from Mexico are devastating the ranches in the southern part of Texas without awakening any feelings of resentment in the breasts of the Indian agents at Fort Sill and Fort Stanton; the latter probably sacrificing themselves for the public good in drawing the rations that the Indians are supposed to consume. The stolen horses brought back by the Indians are in such demand, and the agent, perhaps out of pity for the red man, sometimes purchases them at figures that leave him but a bare margin of two or three hundred per cent.

Those who are disposed to think lightly of the sagacity of our Indian policy should take pains to inform themselves of some of these facts. The Fort-Sill Kiowas are very vigilant in preventing the Pan-Handle portion of Texas from being invaded by white settlers, who, if not interfered with, would soon have it covered with comfortable farms and ranches. There is quite a large force of soldiers at Fort Sill, who are placed there, as far as can be seen, for the purpose of spending their pay with the post-traders.

It is difficult to obtain reliable statistics showing



"STARTLING INNOVATION! — THE SAN ANTONIO STAGE NOT ROBBED!"

which particular tribe has done the most in furthering what would seem to be the policy of the government.

The Fort-Stanton Comanches have been very regular in robbing the United-States mail on the El Paso route, — so much so, that on one occasion, when the stage came in unmolested, the local paper headed a column on the subject, "Startling Innovation! — The San Antonio Stage not Robbed!"

It will be seen, therefore, that the Texas frontier is liable to continual invasion from three directions. There is still a fourth side, which is not at present utilized. Those who have made our Indian policy a close study have never been able to fathom the mystery why the government does not establish a floating reservation of hostiles on the Gulf coast, so that the rich country, heretofore inaccessible to the Indians, could be utilized in carrying out our Indian policy.

The outrages committed by the Fort-Stanton Indians extend back for many years. Hundreds of white men have been killed, and thousands of cattle driven off; but there is no reason to believe that either the authorities at Washington or the agent at Stanton have heard about it yet. On several occasions, scouts from Texas have trailed the marauders for five hundred miles to where they passed with the stolen stock within sight of the agent's house in the reservation.

And yet in the Eastern States there is no end of sympathy expressed for the poor Indian. Sympathy is a very good thing if it is properly directed. The little boy, who, on being shown a picture of Daniel in the lions' den, burst into a flood of tears, had a warm, sympathetic heart. Amid choking sobs, he confessed that his anguish was caused by a dread that one of the smaller lions might not get a bite of the prophet. That was a case of misdirected sympathy. Will the friend of the noble child of the forest "make the application"? as the preachers say.

Before passing from this subject, I feel it a duty I owe the Kickapoo, to state that he is the dirtiest Indian on earth. His sanitary condition is such, that he would require to be dressed in a clean shirt, and be fired out of a cannon loaded with carbolic acid, before he would be fit to anchor at a quarantine station.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THERE have been, at one time or another during the past few years, about forty persons murdered on the El Paso stage-line. It would be unjust to ascribe these murders to the energy and zeal of anybody except the Fort-Stanton Indians. The Indian agents put in a general denial. They claimed that no Texans were murdered or robbed, and, moreover, that the Fort-Stanton Indians did not do it. Unfortunately for the Indian agents, if they do not wish to be considered irreclaimable liars, the guilt of the Indians has been so positively demonstrated that there is no way of wriggling out of it. The fact that the Indians have been raiding in Texas, and have, during their absence, been drawing full rations at the reservation, is a revelation that should be entirely satisfactory to those who have been perplexed to know how an Indian agent is able to save thirty thousand dollars a year out of less than a three-thousand-dollars salary.

Gen. Ord has, however, settled the question as to the guilt of the Fort-Stanton reservation Indians, as far as raids into Texas are concerned, as will be seen by the following particulars of Lieut. Bullis's celebrated scout, during which he pursued the Indians to within three miles of the agent's house, making, in all, twelve hundred miles travelled.

A band of Indians had been stealing stock in Kerr County, and the object of the scout was to follow them to their homes. The pursuing party was composed of thirty-nine Seminole and three Lipan Indian scouts; one Mexican packer, Jose Tafoya; Lieut. F. D. Sharpe, 20th infantry; and P. C. Gilbert, U.S.A.: total, forty-five persons, under command of Lieut. Bullis.

They started from Las Moras Creek on Jan. 31, 1879. Owing to the season, and the rough nature of the ground, they suffered terribly. On Feb. 28, the twenty-ninth day of the scout, having been without water for several days, their animals were scarcely able to move. Bullis and his men fully expected to perish. When their distress was at its highest point, David Bowlegs, first sergeant of the Seminole scouts, reported a small spring. It was a sleeping spring. After working for an hour, the water boiled up to such an extent that three animals, drinking, could not lower it. Very many of the large mules and horses drank ten bucketsful each. Bullis named the spring "Salvation Spring." Near this place they found eleven horses in the mountains. They had been abandoned by the Indians, who had gone on to the Fort-Stanton reservation with the rest of the stock. On the thirty-fourth day of the scout, Bullis reports, "Camped on Pinaco Creek, about sixty miles from Fort Stanton, and thirty miles from the Mescalero Indian agency. There were several ranchos at this post; and citizens reported that the Indians had passed five days before, and had killed one of their work-oxen as they passed; that five citizens had followed them into the agency; and that the agent had compelled the Indians to give the owner of the ox two of the horses brought in by them, in payment; and when questioned by the agent, Mr. Godfrey, why they killed the ox, the Indians said they had been on a long journey, — of which we were well aware, — and were hungry."

Bullis and his scouts continued following the trail, which passed within three miles of the agent's house. Bullis reported the fact to him, and requested him to turn the Indians over to him (Bullis), as he wanted to take them back to Texas for the purpose of trying them. The agent promised to try and get the Indians, and turn them over to Bullis. He also said he would come to Stanton during the week, and see about it.

After the usual dilatory proceedings, lasting several days, a new Indian agent addressed the following communication to Lieut. Bullis: —

MESCALERO AGENCY, March 16, 1879.

Major Godfrey assures me that there is no probability of the Indians you mentioned to me, coming in; or, to use his own language, you might as well look for a needle in a haystack as to try and get them.

S. A. RUSSELL, *Agent.*

Although the Indians, with the unrecovered remnant of the stock stolen from Kerr County, were on the reservation, and could easily have been captured had the agent been disposed to assist Lieut. Bullis in doing so, yet the latter was compelled to retrace his steps without either the thieves or the rest of the stock. On the eightieth day of the scout, Bullis and his foot-sore, broken-down animals rode into Fort Clark, having marched twelve hundred and sixty-six and a half miles.

The foregoing establishes a few facts that should occupy the attention of the war-department. It settles, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that the Indians who raid in Western Texas are from the Fort-Stanton reservation, although the only persons who have ever been sceptical are such fellows as Godfrey and Russell. The probabilities are, that three-fourths of the robberies and murders committed in Texas during the last few years have been committed by this class of Indians. It also appears that it is useless to attempt to obtain satisfaction from the authorities at the reservation, who are indifferent about the depredations committed in Texas and Mexico. As long as the Indians are kept on this reservation we may expect to have trouble. The authorities at Washington should move these Indians to some secluded spot, where they would

be prevented by geographical difficulties from making Western Texas their raiding-ground, to the detriment of the welfare of the whole State.

Some people may think I exaggerate: I will not blame them if they do. The Indian outrages are committed in a country that is farther removed, by time in travelling, from the seat of government and from the Eastern States, than New York is from the coast of Africa. The news of a revolt and massacre in Liberia does not excite a man in Massachusetts as much as a dog-fight on the next block would. On the same principle, the meagre announcement in the daily papers, that "the Indians raided on Donohue's ranch, killed the inhabitants, and drove off the stock," excites no sympathy.

But let a man go out among the frontier ranches that are liable to Indian incursions; let him talk with the wives whose husbands have been murdered and scalped, with the husbands whose wives and children have been butchered, and with men and women who have had brothers and sisters tortured as only the Devil and the Indians know how to torture, — and he will agree with me, that no pen could describe the crimes perpetrated by the red fiends, and that only by a personal visit to the scenes of their savage atrocities can one realize the dreadful effect of the absurd and iniquitous Indian policy of the Government of the United States.

There are a number of unreasonable beings in several parts of the world who require proof or corroborative evidence before they will believe any thing. I call their attention to the following official document: —

ABSTRACT "G."

LIST OF PERSONS KILLED, WOUNDED, AND CAPTURED BY INDIANS, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS, FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCT. 1, 1878, OFFICIALLY REPORTED BY POST-COMMANDERS.

Killed.	Wounded.	Captured.	
			FORT CLARK.
2	–	–	Unknown (Mexican herders), near Sanze Ranch, Tex., Nov. 18, 1877, Indians.
2	–	–	R. W. Barry and Juan Diaz, about twenty-three miles below Fort Duncan, Tex., on Laredo road, Feb. 23, 1878, by Mexicans.
1	–	–	Unknown (Mexican), near Indian Creek, about ten miles from Uvalde, Tex., Nov. 16, 1877, by Indians.
2	–	–	George Taylor and Dick Taylor, at Mr. Steel's ranch ("Palo Alto"), Nueces River, Tex., April 17, 1878, by Lipan and Kickapoo Indians from Mexico.
1	1	–	Two herders, at Mr. Nicholas Colson's sheep-ranch, twelve miles west of Camp Wood, June 1, 1878.
			FORT DAVIS.
1	–	–	Henry Dill (stage-driver), at El Muerto, Tex., Aug. 1, 1877, supposed by Indians.
1	–	–	Sandy Ball, four miles west of El Muerto, Tex., Aug. 1, 1877, supposed by Indians.
2	–	–	Gabriel Valdez and Horan Parsons, in Bass Canyon, near Van Horn's Wells, Tex., by Apache Indians, Dec. 23, 1877.
2	–	–	Victorius Rios and Sevoriano Elivario, at Point of Rocks, in Limpia Canyon, Tex., fifteen miles from Fort Davis, Tex., Feb. 16, 1878, by Mescalero-Apache Indians from Fort-Stanton Indian Reservation.
6	–	–	Librado Galindo, Petro Rentirio, Julian Molino, Martin Lara, Remulo Montoga, and Madaleno Villalobas, about sixty-three miles north-west of Presidio del Norte, Tex., Jan. 5, 1878, by Mescalero-Apache Indians from Fort-Stanton Indian Reservation.
1	–	–	W. McCall, in Nine-Mile Canyon, nine miles from Fort Quitman, Tex., April 17, 1878, by Mescalero-Apache Indians from Fort-Stanton Indian Reservation.
1	–	–	Lonjino Gonzales (Mexican mail-rider), near Point of Rocks, eighteen miles north-east of Fort Davis, Tex., April 20, 1878, by Mescalero-Apache Indians from Fort-Stanton Indian Reservation.
2	–	–	——— Florentino and one unknown, at Point of Rocks, about eighteen miles north-east of Fort Davis, Tex., April 20, 1878, supposed by Mescalero-Apache Indians from Fort-Stanton Indian Reservation.

ABSTRACT "G," — *Continued.*

Killed.	Wounded.	Captured.	
			FORT M'KAVETT.
1	–	–	——— Doty, near Brady City, McCullough County, Tex., Jan. 16, 1878, by Indians.
2	–	–	Unknown, in Mason County, Tex., Jan. 16, 1878, by Indians.
			FORT STOCKTON.
1	–	–	John Sanders (stage-driver), near Flat Rocks, Tex., Oct. 22, 1877, by unknown parties.
			SAN DIEGO.
1	–	–	Frederick B. Moore, at San Ygnacio, McMullen County, near the line of Duval County, Tex., 3 P.M., April 17, 1878, by Indians.
1	–	–	Vicenti Robeldo (Gillet's head shepherd), near Brown's ranch, Duval County, Tex., 4 P.M., April 17, 1878, by Indians.
1	–	–	Guadaloupe Basan, at Rancho Solidad, Duval County, 12 M., April 18, 1878, by Indians.
2	–	–	Mexican shepherd and wife, shot, tied together, and thrown across a horse, near the Solidad ranch, Duval County, Tex., April 18, 1878.
1	–	–	John Jordan, at Charco Escondido, Duval County, Tex., 5 P.M., April 18, 1878, by Indians.
1	–	–	Antonio Valdez, at Charco Escondido, Duval County, Tex., 5 P.M., April 18, 1878, by Indians.
1	–	–	Margarito Rodriguez, ten miles west of Charco Escondido, Encinal County, Tex., at 6 A.M., April 19, 1878, by Indians.
1	–	–	Jose Ma. Canales, at Quijotes Gordes, Tex., 12 M., April 19, 1878, by Indians, his body being thrown on his camp-fire, and his lower extremities consumed.
37		–	The foregoing statement includes only those officially reported by post-commanders.
			HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS, SAN ANTONIO, Sept. 30, 1878.
			(Signed) THOS. M. VINCENT, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*
9	5	–	NOTE. — See Address of the Committee of the People to the Honorable Secretary of State as to others killed, etc.
46	6	–	Forty-six killed and six wounded would thus be the total; nine killed and five wounded not being embraced in reports from post-commanders.

Gen. J. J. Byrne, on the 6th of August, 1880, wrote the following letter to Congressman Throckmorton, appealing to him to use his influence at Washington to have the people of the frontier of Texas protected from the Indians. Gen. Byrne was a brigadier-general in the Federal army when only twenty-five years of age. He was killed by the Indians inside of ten days after he wrote the letter given below.

YSLITA, EL PASO COUNTY, TEX., Aug. 6, 1880.

DEAR GOVERNOR, — Knowing no man within the limits of this State who takes a greater interest in its welfare and prosperity, I write you in the interest of these people, and of this sorely distressed section, not to enlist your sympathy (they have that), but to have you exert your influence in official quarters for their relief. There is scarcely a day passes without witnessing a massacre, perpetrated with all the fiendish atrocity of which the Indian is capable. Interruption of the mails is of daily occurrence, and the drivers and passengers massacred; emigrant-trains attacked in broad daylight, and the emigrants killed, and their bodies mutilated in the most horrible manner. The greatest insecurity for life and property prevails, not only on the road, but extends even to the populous towns along the river. Victorio and his band of three hundred or four hundred Indians are sufficient, not only to escape the vigilance of the Mexican troops, but to cross over the river at pleasure, openly taunt and challenge the United-States forces to battle, and defy their gallant (?) commander (Grierson), who, on their appearance in the country, retreats to an almost impregnable mountain fortress, and commences fortifying. That is the protection the United-States Government is extending to its citizens on the exposed frontier. The result is, that travel of all kinds is suspended, and the people of the district included between Franklin (El Paso) and Presidio del Norte are filled with dread and terror. There is not a town on the river that is not at Victorio's mercy if he chose to attack it. The rangers are powerless for good, because insufficient in numbers.

The people of this section ask you, for God's sake, to exert your influence to have some other soldiers sent them besides negroes, and another commander, — Mackenzie, Merritt, Davidson, Bust, — any one but Grierson or Hatch. They want a soldier who will protect the citizens of his government by giving a common enemy battle whenever and wherever he shows himself. The present policy, if pursued much longer, will result in hermetrically sealing up this section of the State. Its set-

tlement and development, which was rapidly taking place, has been postponed indefinitely. Immigration has ceased to come in this direction and local travel between settlements, even by another mode than by horseback, discontinued.

I think you will agree with me, that this deplorable condition of affairs should be alleviated at once, and the prayers and gratitude of your distressed fellow-citizens in this section of the State will forever attend you for any efforts you make in their behalf.

Yours respectfully,

J. J. BYRNE.

HON. J. W. THROCKMORTON, MCKINNEY, TEX.

Will it be believed that bands of Indians from the Fort-Sill reservation, in charge of a few soldiers, penetrate hundreds of miles into Texas on hunting-excursions? And yet such is the fact. Only a short time ago a soldier put in an appearance at Fort Concho, inquiring for stray Indians from Fort Sill, over two hundred and fifty miles distant. He was one of the guard of a party of Indians from Fort Sill that had come into Texas to hunt, and he had lost his Indians. He asked if any loose Indians had come to the post. Usually Indians come to a post to get tight, instead of getting loose. Nobody had seen the soldier's Indians; and, after he had got some supplies, he went off again. It would be interesting to the people of Texas to know what those missing Indians were doing, how many Texas horses they drove back to the reservation, and who drew their rations while they were absent in Texas, getting lost, and having a good time generally. The proper way would be to

THE SOLDIER WHO LOST HIS INDIANS.

put those Indians in some place where there was nothing to eat and no way to get out.

There are about one hundred and twenty-five Indians at Griffin, but there is no Indian agent there. These Indians have been friendly to the whites, and rendered them much useful service in the troubles with wild tribes. The government allows the commander of the post a few hundred dollars annually for the support of these Indians; but the sum is so small that it does not keep them from actual starvation. The consequence is, they are dying off rapidly, from lack of food and clothing. One of the Indians, called "Apache John," has written, or rather got somebody to write at his dictation, a letter to a gentleman in San Antonio, who was once at Fort Griffin, and with whom "Apache John" is well acquainted. There is real pathos in the letter, a portion of which I give:—

"HEAP MELONS."

. . . "We have been much sick. Tonkawa Compania died sixteen days ago; Smith (another Indian) died nine days before Compania; Stephen died two months ago and a half; Comas died two months ago; Alex. died one month and a day ago. The Tonkawas and Lipans are very poor. We get a

little flour and a little beef, some sugar and coffee, but no blankets or calico. We are very poor, and a heap hungry many times. The sun is hot for two weeks. Heap melons, heap die.

His
"APACHE X JOHN."
Mark.

In Gen. Sheridan's report, he refers to the causes that have led to complications with the Indians. He says, among other things, —

"Many complaints have been forwarded to the war department through these headquarters since my last report, showing that there has been an insufficiency of food at some of the Indian agencies within this military division; and hunger will always produce trouble. I have heretofore reported, and desire to reiterate my former statements, that at least the beef ration now allowed the Indians is insufficient, and I believe this may arise from inadequate appropriations made by Congress for this purpose. It should be borne in mind that the vast country lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, including Colorado and a portion of New Mexico, has been wrested from the Indians; and the immense herds of game, upon which these Indians formerly subsisted, have, to a great extent, disappeared; and that all the country mentioned is now given up to mining interests, cattle-ranches, and general agriculture; and that the annual market-value of the mineral and food supplies of this region aggregates hundreds of millions of dollars. It would seem to me that such beneficial results as those should induce Congress to furnish the poor people, from whom this country has been taken, with sufficient food to enable them to live without suffering the pangs of hunger."

Gen. Sheridan goes on to show that the Indian is not fairly treated. In a conversation that I had with Gen. Ord on this subject, I obtained a great deal of interesting information in reference to the treatment of Indians when he was stationed at Colorado, Oregon, New Mexico, California, and other States and Territories, and where he had ample opportunities of observing the practical workings of the Indian bureau. Gen. Ord was emphatic in the declaration that the outrages and sufferings the Indians have to endure from ignorant, or worse than ignorant, agents, and the action of government, have never been properly described. For instance: there are Indians on the Pacific coast who subsist entirely on fish and whale's blubber; the only vegetable matter they consume being a kind of seaweed that they eat raw, and also prepare, by a

peculiar process, for winter use. They are accustomed to the salt water, and do not mind the cold. It would not be long before these Indians would be moved to a reservation if the squatter wanted the land for mining or agricultural purposes; and then these fish-eating Indians would be removed to some inland reservation, and starved to death on short rations, sour flour, and other diet that they were not accustomed to. On the other hand, Indians from the mountains, who subsisted by the chase, and were unaccustomed to fish diet, would be moved to some bleak place on the coast, where they would perish from cold and unaccustomed food. Another species of outrage very common was to place, *nolens volens*, a weak tribe on the reservation with a strong tribe, well knowing that there was a feud between them, and that the stronger would oppress the weaker tribe until endurance ceased to be a virtue. Again, an Indian tribe would be removed from their home, and placed in some reservation where they were certain to be decimated by fever. Gen. Ord mentioned an instance in California where the Indians were expected to live by fishing, but not a single fish-hook did they receive. But, to make up for the loss, a fifteen-thousand-dollar church was built for them, when they were in a starving condition. The church was intended to be a permanent monument of the kind-heartedness of the Indian department. Men were sent out as agents who knew absolutely nothing about the Indians and their wants. There were only two reasons why the Indian bureau had been a failure; namely, lack of honesty, and lack of brains. For year after year the army officers at the posts had reported that the Indians were starved; and no doubt it was the cause of all, or nearly all, the trouble. Such was the result of Gen. Ord's personal observation when he was with those Indians.

Owing to the way the government treats the Indians, it is no wonder that every moon we read such telegrams as the following, which I copy from the Galveston "News" of a few months ago.

[Special telegram to the "News."]

EL PASO, Oct. 14.

A fight occurred to-day near Mason's ranch, about fifty miles northwest of this place, between a party of thirty citizens from Los Cruces

and Mesilla, and a band of Apaches from Mescalero and the Warm Springs reservations. Six volunteers were killed.

VOLUNTEERS COLLECTING. — REGULARS ENGAGED.

[Special telegram to the "News."]

El Paso, Oct. 16.

The volunteers, now numbering eighty, are on the trail of the Indians, and another engagement is looked for to-morrow.

The Indians attacked a train eight miles west of Mason's last night, and killed thirteen men and one woman. Their bodies were found to-day, and buried by the volunteers. The United-States troops, commanded by Major Morrow, are actively engaged; but nothing definite is known of his movements at present.

These scant telegrams contain all the news that the world gets of murdered men, outraged women, and children butchered on their mothers' breasts, all that we ever hear of the heroic but hopeless defence of the white man, the cowardly ambush of the savages, the dreadful feast of the *coyote*, and the bones of the pioneers bleaching on the prairies.

The following is copied from the Congressional records. It has the sound of a despairing cry for help, — a cry, that, it is to be hoped, will move those in authority who are responsible for the condition of things on the frontier.

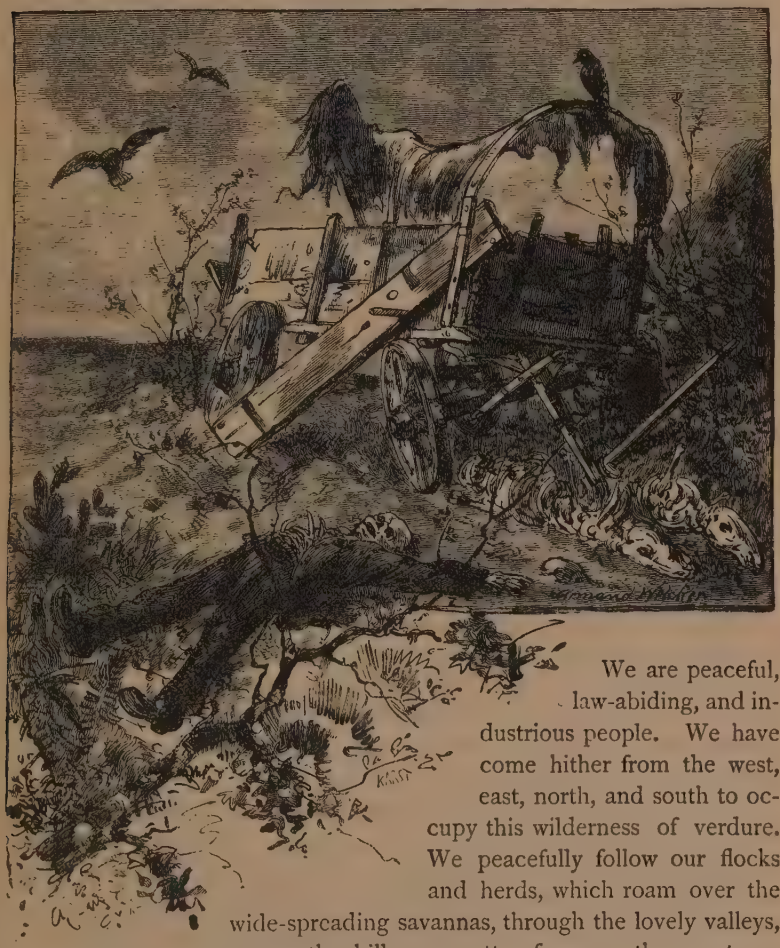
DOCUMENT "E."

ADDRESS OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE PEOPLE TO THE HONORABLE SECRETARY OF STATE.

Secretary of State of the United States, Washington, D.C.

Sir, — We, the citizens of a district of country between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande, in the State of Texas, one of the United States of America, through a committee duly selected and appointed by us, as hereinafter set forth by the proceedings of our meetings, — consisting of the Hon. Joseph Fitzsimmons, county judge of Nueces County, chairman; Hon. John C. Russell, judge of the district court of the Twenty-fifth Judicial District of the State of Texas; Hon. John M. Moore, mayor of the city of Corpus Christi; Capt. John J. Dix and Capt. H. W. Berry, members; together with William H. Maltby, secretary, and Edward Buckley, Esq., Col. Nelson Plato, and William Headen as corresponding secretaries, selected with a view to the commendatory charac-

ter of their official stations, — beg to address you as the chief of state of this great nation, a statesman in whom we have confidence, and through you to speak to his Excellency the President, to Congress, and through all to appeal to the warm and sympathetic hearts of our countrymen.



We are peaceful, law-abiding, and industrious people. We have come hither from the west, east, north, and south to occupy this wilderness of verdure. We peacefully follow our flocks and herds, which roam over the wide-spreading savannas, through the lovely valleys, across the hills, or scatter far over the great expanses of our grander prairies.

Our homes are far apart. Ten and twenty and fifty miles often intervene between our houses. Again: where streams flow, or permanent water is abundant, the ranches or dwellings are nearer, but seldom, indeed, in sight.

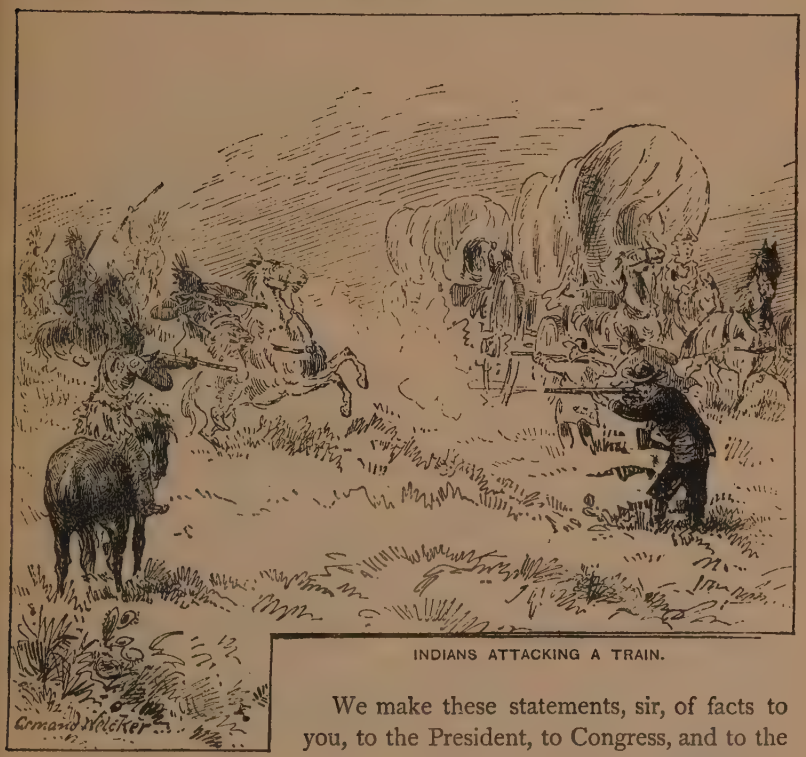
We have been greatly exposed. We have overcome many difficulties. We have prospered. We hoped to give advantages to our children that have been denied to ourselves. We had in view that they should become more useful in society, more honorable and distinguished in our country, and prove our support and crown of rejoicing in our old age.

The acme of our expectations often has almost been reached; and then the labors of years have been swept from us as with the fury of a hurricane, and many precious lives ruthlessly sacrificed to sate the hate of the remorseless Mexican bandit, as well as to gratify his hellish greed and that of his allies, the Indian brutes, whom he gives a shelter and a home in the mountain fastnesses near Santa Rosa, in the State of Coahuila, Republic of Mexico, from whence, jointly, the Indian and Mexican murderers make rapid, and, owing to intervals determined by malicious and malignant judiciousness, often unexpected, raids upon our widely separated homes. They scatter our sheep far and wide, leaving them for weeks a prey to wild beasts, because their shepherds have been driven off or killed. They destroy our sheep-camps. They plunder our houses. They drive off our horses. Yet these all might be endured until eventually overcome, were it not for the more fearful horrors which attend them. They kill, and then horribly mutilate, all whom they encounter, — old and young, men and women, and prattling children, and smiling babes. Our houses are filled with sorrow, and our hearts with gloom; our hopes, so fondly cherished, are blasted forever; and life's anticipations are shrouded in the darkest night.

Without adequate proof it would be deemed incredible that such incursions, without provocation, could occur; that such incarnate fiends could be nursed and fondled and protected by a neighboring republic at peace with us; that such raids have been made, and none of the human bloodhounds brought to justice, nor the country to which they fled for shelter made to give them up.

Yet, sir, these are facts. Such incursions have and do occur, and without provocation. These fiends, — to say, Kickapoo, Lipan, and Seminole Indians, joined with Mexican thieves and cut-throats, — doubtless at times instigated by the prospective petty chiefs, who require horses for another revolution that it is expected will elevate them to authority, aided, too, by some white outlaws, are to-day to be found in the vicinity of Santa Rosa, Republic of Mexico, protected, fondled, and nursed by the Mexican Government. The lower strata of the Mexican commonalty, who never have been satisfied since the revolt of Texas, and its annexation to the United States, gloat over the fact, and roll it

with satisfaction as a sweet morsel under their tongues, that these vandals compose the besom of destruction which sweeps ever and anon the Texas frontier, and desolates the homes of the hated "Americanos." It has never occurred, that, by due process of law, any of these marauding villains have been brought to justice. Mexico has never had any of them arrested; has never taken steps to give them up.



INDIANS ATTACKING A TRAIN.

We make these statements, sir, of facts to you, to the President, to Congress, and to the country. We ask, "Shall such fearful outrages be tolerated?" Nay, more, we herewith present to you the history of a recent raid made during the full moon of April last. It is succinctly compiled from affidavits of eye-witnesses; and the raid, from the beginning to the ending, is portrayed *seriatim* by these sworn statements, duly authenticated before lawful officers of the government, under their seals. Of necessity the testimony is *ex parte;* yet we feel, under the circumstances, on this account it will lose none of its weight with you, with the President, with Congress, or with the country.

We call upon you, therefore, as a statesman of a great and just nation,

to avenge our dead, to punish the criminals, and insure our protection in the future. We know there are malecontents who seek to stir up strife. We are not of these. Were we such, our bitter, burning wrongs are sufficient to drive us to desperation now. We know, too, that florid language and intense expression are used for political purposes and partisan ends; but we cannot emphasize our language, or intensify our expressions, with the force they require. *Horresco referens* may be joined to every sentence, and spread as a pall upon the whole. Our cry is for justice. Mexico should make atonement, and her savages should be expelled.

Actuated, sir, by the grievousness of our sufferings, we have gone deliberately to work at this matter. We have gathered sufficient evidence to establish our statements, and to support and commend our appeal. We submit all herewith, inclusive of the original documents, which we deem best to lodge with the department of state for use and reference. The simple tale of each affidavit rivets the truth of the fearful narrative, and forces a just conviction. These are furthermore corroborated and confirmed by the official reports of the commanders of military posts, doubtless, of this district of country. These, we know, are at your command, through the proper channel of the war department, or through the esteemed military chief commander of Texas, Gen. Ord.

To the history of the raid we have deemed it advisable to add a list of the killed and wounded, and a map of the country traversed. The whole is anxiously, and with great confidence, intrusted to your care. We rely upon your integrity, position, and ability. We have faith that our appeal to the President and to Congress will be heard. We confide in the warm hearts of our countrymen, believing that our cry shall not come before them in vain, and that you, as their honored Chief of State, will redress our grievous wrongs.

We are, sir, with expressions of feelings of high esteem and regard, most respectfully your obedient servants.

(Signed)

JOSEPH FITZSIMMONS, *County Judge Nueces Co., Tex., Chairman.*
JOHN C. RUSSELL, *Judge Twenty-fifth Judicial District.*
JOHN M. MOORE, *Mayor City of Corpus Christi, Tex.*
H. W. BERRY, *Ex-Sheriff Nueces Co., Tex.*
JOHN J. DIX, *County Surveyor Duval Co., Tex.*

WM. H. MALTBY, *Secretary.*
EDWARD BUCKLEY, NELSON PLATO, WILLIAM HEADEN, } *Corresponding Secretaries.*

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ONCE in a while the Mexican authorities make violent demonstrations against the Indians and Mexican marauders, with a view to cause the people of the United States to believe that they are opposed to their thieves crossing into Texas. The Mexicans have been requested to keep their Indians at home, and our government has insisted that the Mexicans should punish their Indians for raiding into Texas. The Mexicans did, on one occasion, punish some of the Indians, and made quite a noise over it, to show that they did not countenance such citizens.

We have all read that old story about the way the commander of a fort with a small garrison, besieged by a much superior force, deceived the officer who was sent in, under a flag of truce, to demand a surrender. The commander of the besieged fort marched his little garrison in review before the officer. After they had passed in review, they marched behind him, and again marched past in review,

creating the impression that they were another body of soldiers. And that little garrison kept on marching past, until the officer with the flag of truce was petrified with astonishment at the immense strength of the besieged garrison, little suspecting that he had been looking at the same crowd five or six times over. The officer returned to headquarters, and advised the besiegers to get away as soon as possible.

Now, that is very much the kind of pastime the Mexicans played on the Texans. They captured the same band of Indians four different times, and each time they made out of it a fresh crowd. There were eighty-five Indians in the original band captured by Col. Ortiz, and five were killed in attempting to escape. This happened for the first time when Gen. Trevino of the Mexican army was visiting Gen. Ord in San Antonio.

The glad tidings of the capture of the Indians assisted the people of Texas very much in making up their minds that the Mexicans were not joking about frontier protection. It also removed any doubts that the Indians, particularly those who were killed, had on the subject. It was especially gratifying to know that the wily old chief Colorado was among those captured. The prisoners were all to be removed to the city of Mexico. About a week afterwards, some new officer captured eighty-one Indians. They were Mescaleros. The prominent chief, Colorado, had also been captured. Five of them were killed dead, positively beyond recovery, in resisting arrest. The captured savages were to be sent to the city of Mexico. This was good news. The Texans yearned for more of it, and they got it. Not long afterwards, a despatch was received by a frontier paper, stating that the Mexican Government was thoroughly in earnest, and wished to promote friendly relations with the United States, and, in proof of its earnestness, reported that Col. Jose Maria Cosmosellama had just succeeded in capturing eighty-two Indians of the Mescalero tribe. Five resisted arrest, and were shot. Among those captured was old Colorado, an influential chief. The prisoners were to be sent to the interior, — to the city of Mexico.

Public indignation in Western Texas, which had been very strong against the Indians, began to moderate. The massacre

of five Indian corpses three or four times awakened a feeling almost akin to sympathy for the remains. There was also some sympathy for the Mexican officers, who were evidently overworked.

The following recent despatch shows how the good work was still going on.

CAPTURE OF INDIANS BY MEXICAN AUTHORITIES.

[Special despatch to the "Daily Express."]

EAGLE PASS, Jan. 27.

I received advices to-day from a reliable party of Santa Rosa, Mex., that troops sent out by Gen. Trevino had returned with eighty-one Indian prisoners. They were captured by the authorities of the town of San Carlos, Chihuahua, and delivered to the troops. Among the prisoners was the noted chief, old Colorado. The Indians are Mescaleros.

The Indians, consisting of about eighty-five persons, in making fifty miles from the place where they were first captured, lost four times eighty Indians, or three hundred and twenty Indians, by capture; and four times five Indians, who were killed four times, make twenty more Indians. Falstaff's "men in buckram" were nothing to this. By the time the Indians reach the city of Mexico, there will have been taken prisoners, if this bad luck is kept up, sixty thousand Mescaleros out of the eighty that started out. If the five Indians who have been killed four times in travelling sixty miles continue to resist arrest, there will have fallen in the conflict three thousand seven hundred and fifty Indians out of the original five who were shot by Col. Ortiz only a few months before. This is a dreadful mortality. After the Mexicans have got through with those Indians, we hope the latter will be sent to the United States, that Gen. Howard may have a whack at them — that is, if there are any of the eighty left, after three thousand seven hundred and fifty have been killed.

This reminds one of the Son of Temperance who managed to keep tight all the time without violating his pledge. He registered a solemn vow never to drink any thing except when he went out duck-hunting. So he tied an old drake up in a tree in his yard; and, whenever he felt one of those spells coming on him, he would go out into the yard, and blaze away at the

drake. Then he would come back to the house, and drive away the sense of discouragement under which he was laboring by three fingers, lengthwise, of Old Bourbon.

Whenever Gen. Trevino wants to intoxicate himself with flattery from the American press, he goes out and captures the Mescaleros, and then he feels better at once. But it is rough on the old drake Colorado, and those five Mescalero corpses, to have to be shot over again for resisting arrest. To a mathematical mind this subject is very embarrassing.

DUCK-HUNTING.

The commissioners appointed by Congress, who visited the Rio Grande, and made thorough investigation, reported that the assessment-roll showed an ownership, in the counties where the Mexican and Indian thieves operated, of 290,193 cattle and 73,593 horses in 1880. They further report, that "the evidence of all the experts examined before the commission establishes the alarming fact, that in this region the number of cattle to-day is between one-third and one-fourth of the number in 1866."

The following is an extract from the report made by the commissioners: —

"The tract of land lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande Rivers comprises, on the Lower Rio Grande, the counties of Cameron, Hidalgo, Starr, Webb, La Salle, Encinal, Duval, Zapata, Live Oak, McMullen, and Nueces, — a tract of land three hundred miles long, and from one to two hundred miles in width.

"The assessment-roll of 1870 showed in these counties an ownership of nearly five million acres of land. The region is one vast prairie, and is given up to the raising of beef-cattle for the general markets of the country, and to the breeding of horses.

"Between the Nueces and Rio Grande Rivers, the Arroyo Colorado, a salt-water inlet, divides the grassy prairie between it and the Nueces, from the sandy desert stretching on its other side along the Rio Grande. This sandy tract bears only the mesquite-shrub and a thin fringe of vegetation along the banks of the Rio Grande. This dry waste was formerly considered to be an effectual safeguard to the interior of Texas.

"In the tract thus described, although thinly settled (large ranches many miles apart dotting it here and there only), the assessment-roll of 1870 showed an ownership, in the counties named, of 299,193 cattle and 73,593 horses, although there was no return made of the stock in Live Oak and McMullen Counties. The very peculiar custom of the owners as to the herding of their stock (which roams on the unfenced ranges), as well as their interest in returning a low value on their property for assessment, forbids them making an overstatement of their cattle; while horses, more carefully guarded, are given in at a fairer enumeration.

"Unfenced, save in a few isolated instances, the stock-ranges of this region gave subsistence to hundreds of thousands of cattle in excess of the assessed number; and under the influence of the northers these cattle, in grazing, move towards the south and west. Large numbers thus move down into this region from the valley of the Lower Rio Grande, and from ranches beyond the Nueces. When they cross the Nueces River, they mingle with the local herds, largely increasing their numbers, remaining thus strayed until the agent of the owner enters them in his annual report, and, according to instructions, sells them, or returns them to their distant owners. The neighboring counties of Goliad, Refugio, San Patricio, Karnes, Atascosa, and Uvalde, contribute thousands to the once countless herds that occupy this region. The Texas cattle range over great stretches of prairie; often, in dry seasons, going a day's march for water, and then returning to their accustomed pastures.

"Once yearly they are driven up by the rancheros, examined, branded, separated, the strayed stock moved on towards their owners' ranches, or disposed of, and an account of their number taken. The distance traversed in search of the cattle of one herd is surprising; from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles not being unusual. Ownership is determined by the brands applied and the peculiar ear-mark, a record of which is required by law to be kept in the county-clerk's office. These brands are also published in the various newspapers in the region as standing advertisements. When a herd is sold, the sale of the brand is recorded. The custom is to separate for sale the four-year-old steers, the females being retained in the herd for breeding. The stock-raisers' associations regulate the method of handling the herds, decide on rules for common protection, and, in attempting to

maintain an efficient private police, have shown a commendable zeal in protecting the interests represented by their members. In giving personal and official notice to the various State and Mexican authorities, in suggesting and attempting to make effective a fair system of hide-inspection, and in other respects, the associated stock-raisers of Western Texas have exhausted every means at their disposal, with a view to protect their interests.

"The character of the occupation in which they are engaged, the present value of cattle in Texas, the scarcity of lumber, together with the peculiar features of land-tenure, prevent, as a rule, the fencing of their ranges, many of them being owned in common by various rancheros holding complicated titles.* Ranches of from ten thousand to two hundred thousand acres are here employed solely for stock-raising. This region, by reason of the irregularity of the season, is ill adapted to agricultural pursuits, and is devoted entirely to grazing. Freights are high, the country has no railroad communication, and the Texan ox, a source of moderate profit to the breeder, passes through many hands, and pays toll to different local companies before reaching the Northern consumer.

"The stock-raisers in the region referred to are a liberal and industrious class of citizens, placed in a trying position; and the hard labor of years is represented in their flocks and herds. The land they own has no value, unless peaceable possession is assured them. The good feeling existing among them as a class is evidenced by their general willingness to exchange powers-of-attorney to protect, as far as possible, their mutual interests in the recovery of strayed or stolen stock. The advantage to be derived from co-operation on the part of owners will be seen in the fact that cattle bearing the brands of King & Kenedy, Hale & Parker, T. Hines Clark, and other owners of large herds, have been traced for hundreds of miles along the Rio Grande, and on the Mexican side from Monterey to Bagdad, either by the movements of the strayed or stolen cattle, or handling of hides stripped from them.

"Reference to the Report of the Third Annual Fair of Texas, held at San Antonio, shows that a herd of seventy-five thousand cattle will ordinarily range over an area of country one hundred miles long and fifty miles wide. With expert thieves depredating on this property, it is easy to see that the damage must amount to millions of dollars. Herds numbering fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand are not unusual in Western Texas. The stock-raiser, living on his isolated ranch, shows his prosperity in continually augmenting his herds of breeding-cattle by purchase, and acquiring lands for their subsistence. The yearly income is derived from the sale of the steers fit for market.

"The employment of from twenty to three hundred men in the management of these herds is not unusual; and a thorough examination of the system as it exists (and it cannot be but changed in the growth of population, improvement of cattle, establishment of railroad-lines, and fencing the vast prairies) convinces the commissioners that the stock-raisers of Western

Texas are legitimately engaged in a business of the greatest local importance, indirectly affecting the whole interests of the country, and making subservient to the uses of man a vast area of territory which would otherwise be an unproductive waste.

"With large capital, immense herds of cattle, and men and material in proportion, it is the conviction of the commissioners, that this interest is one of sufficient magnitude to have extended over it the protecting arm of this government: otherwise, although now of national importance, it must soon perish at the hands of bands of freebooters, who find a safe refuge on the convenient shores of our sister republic of Mexico, and the residents of this frontier left stripped of the fruits of years of thrift and industry. Wherever it is possible, stock-raisers enclose land as rapidly as their means will allow, and in one case forty miles of fence, between two arms of Corpus Christi Bay, have been recently built, enclosing the vast herds of Mifflin Kenedy. The prosperity of this region rests on the basis of quiet occupation of the stock-ranges, and efficient protection. Where local irregularities do not at all affect this business, it can only be some fatal internal influence which will bring ruin on men thus legitimately engaged. The general features of horse-raising do not differ from the plan pursued with regard to cattle, save that more care is necessarily taken with the herds. Needed in large numbers for continual use, the herds of horses are generally kept around the headquarters of the owners, and are thus more effectually protected. As large numbers of horses are used and worn out in the herding of cattle, this species of property, although a valuable adjunct to the cattle interest, is seldom a source of income.

"The commissioners, having endeavored to sketch out the vast extent of the interests involved, proceed, with direct reference to facts, to an examination of the past and present condition of the stock-raising interests of the Rio-Grande frontier.

"At the close of the war of the Rebellion, these plains were covered with vast herds of cattle, largely increased during the years of the war, as the Northern market was closed, and cattle for the Confederacy were obtained from Northern and Eastern Texas. The evidence of all the experts examined before the commission establishes the alarming fact, that in this region the number of cattle to-day is between one-third and one-fourth of the number in 1866.

"The rate of increase of cattle in Texas is thirty-three and a third per cent per annum, as shown by the concurrent testimony of nearly one hundred witnesses examined before the commission, embracing experts of every kind, citizens disinterested, and parties in interest. This opinion is fully confirmed by W. G. Kingsbury's 'Essay on Cattle-Raising' (Report Third Annual Fair of Texas, p. 41), also by Major Sweet's pamphlet (p. 6), also by Texas Almanac (p. 206).

"The annual sales of beef-cattle seldom, if ever, exceed one-half the yearly increase, as the evidence goes to show that the cows are always kept for

breeding purposes; that no local disease, drought, or unusual sales have occurred calculated to reduce these herds below their average numbers; and the records of these counties show but little, if any, complaint of local cattle-stealing.

"The commissioners feel fully warranted in expressing the opinion, that for years past, especially since 1866, and even before, armed bands of Mexicans have continually employed the safe refuge of an adjoining territory, and the favorable river frontier, to cross from Mexico into Texas, in strong parties, collect and drive away into Mexico unnumbered herds of cattle from this region. These thieves have, with astonishing boldness, penetrated at times one hundred miles, and even farther, into Texas, and by day and night carried on this wholesale plundering, employing force and intimidation in all cases where resistance or remonstrance was met with. Confederates living along the banks of the river have been used in this nefarious trade, while honest residents have been forced to keep silence, or fly.

"The Mexican bank of the Rio Grande is occupied by numbers of ranches, furnishing a convenient rendezvous for these marauders, from whence they carry on openly their operations, often leading to conflicts. Pursuit to the river-bank in many cases has been mocked at; the ineffectual efforts of customs-officers and inspectors have been jeered at, and this region made to suffer from the continual scourges of these thieves. The butchers of the frontier Mexican towns, the stock-dealers, and, in many cases, the heads of the various ranches on the Mexican side, have participated in the profits, encouraged the work, and protected the offenders. The Mexican local authorities, as a rule, civil and military, have been cognizant of these outrages, and have, with one or two honorable exceptions, protected the offenders, defeated with technical objections attempts at recovery of the stolen property, assisted in maintaining bands of thieves, or directly and openly have dealt in the plunder, or appropriated it to their personal uses. In all cases coming before these corrupt officials, thoroughly acquainted by personal and official notification and public notoriety of this serious and continual breach of international rights, they have either protected the criminal, and shared with him the property stolen, or else have confessed an inability to check the outrages, and punish the offenders.

"The local authorities of Matamoras, Mier, Bagdad, Camargo, and other frontier Mexican towns, have been repeatedly notified of these complications; the United-States and Mexican military authorities have corresponded thereon; the supreme government of Mexico has been duly apprised of the state of the border by earnest correspondence of United-States civil and military officers, transmitted through the American minister, to which attention is specially called; and in the opinion of the commissioners, with the exception of the tardy recall of Gen. Juan N. Cortina, in March, 1872, no step tending toward an amicable and honest vindication of the Mexican people has been taken; while to evince her good faith, and earnest desire for the enforcement of the laws, the State of Texas has lately organized

and maintains a system of cattle and hide inspections, in which undertaking she is ably seconded by the Stock-raisers' Association of Western Texas. Private parties have appointed local agents to protect their interests. The local press has appealed ineffectually to the reason of the Mexicans, and called in vain for the execution of the laws.

"That the action of the local Mexican authorities has been characterized by duplicity, connivance at fraud, or a complete subserviency to a corrupt military rule, there seems to be but little room left for doubt; while the records of the military authorities of Mexico occupying the frontier (especially the *régime* of Gen. Juan Nepomuceno Cortina, from 1870 to 1872) is one which calls for immediate action on the part of the Mexican Government in disavowing the acts, disgracing the offenders, and effecting, with the victims of these high-handed outrages, such an adjustment of their claims as impartial justice requires.

"Under the trying circumstances of being confronted on the opposite bank of the Rio Grande by a foreign army, which has given protection for a series of years to the invaders of American territory, the United States has, through its officers, kept peace, preserved neutrality, and acted with candor and justice, mindful of its long-established friendly feeling for a sister republic. The left bank of the Rio Grande has always been sought as a base for insurrectionary operations against the ephemeral governments of Mexico; and the United States has, in all cases, acted with commendable promptness in maintaining strict neutrality.

"While the United States has improved every opportunity to execute in good faith her treaty obligations, and settle on an equitable and just basis all existing differences with the Republic of Mexico; and while the State of Texas has taxed her treasury to execute laws unnecessary, save to repel the invasion of her territory by Mexican outlaws, who have made life and property unsafe on her soil, the theatre of their cold-blooded and brutal murders, — the evidence adduced before the commission warrants the conclusion, that the indifference on the part of the Mexican Government, touching her international obligations and the condition of affairs on her northern frontier, has been studied.

"The harassing question of the Zona Libre does not fall within the province of the commissioners to examine; but they feel called on to notice the extension of this zone, in opposition to the most friendly remonstrances of the United States, as another evidence of the spirit which has characterized the policy of the Mexican Government in its dealings with the United States for a series of years.

"In giving a *résumé* of the evidence taken before the commission, touching the disorders on the frontier, we trace this cause primarily to the effete, corrupt, and, in many instances, powerless, local civil authorities of Northern Mexico, the almost universal demoralization of the inhabitants of the Mexican frontier, the supremacy of a corrupt and overbearing military influence, giving form and aid to the lawless expeditions that have been set on foot in

Mexico for years past to invade and plunder the exposed frontier of Western Texas, the unfriendly legislation on the part of the law-making power of the Republic of Mexico, which has made the Zona Libre, on the right bank of the Rio Grande, a depot on our immediate line for the reception of goods, duty free, to be smuggled over our borders, with the annual loss to us of millions of revenue, or the alternative of studding this portion of our western boundary with an expensive army of customs-inspectors. The establishment of this 'free zone' *per se* militated against the commercial interests of the United States; and when followed up by the appointment of Brigadier-Gen. Juan N. Cortina to the command of the line of the Bravo, in 1870, where he remained in command until March, 1872, — the terror of the residents of the Texan frontier, and the aider and participant in a series of lawless acts, — the action of the Mexican authorities in this regard can only be interpreted as a direct blow at the commerce of our western frontier; and the maintenance of a military force there under the leadership of a commander whose career for murder, arson, and robbery, finds no parallel in the annals of crime, and whose retention in the command of the northern frontier of Mexico puts in evidence the inability of the Mexican Government to cope with this outlaw and his followers; or else his assignment to this position by his government for the performance of a work which had for its object the annihilation of the commercial and industrial interests of our southern frontier. . . . The amount of property taken and destroyed, the long continuance, with impunity, of these outrages upon our soil by Mexicans crossing our borders in the presence of the army of the United States and the authority of a sovereign State of this Union, are matters of sufficient public concern, in our judgment, to require at our hands, even at the risk of being considered tedious, a statement in detail of the manner in which these cattle-thieves have carried on their illicit traffic for so many years, in defiance of the civil and military authorities charged with the duty of giving protection to the lives and property of the residents on our frontier.

"The character and extent of the territory on which these depredations have been committed for so many years past offer facilities for the commission of crime not to be found in any other part of this country. Expeditions for the purpose of cattle-stealing in Texas have generally been organized on the right bank of the Rio Grande, in the State of Tamaulipas, although not unfrequently, as a change of base, in the State of Coahuila. The men engaged in this work are Mexicans, well mounted, carrying fire-arms of the most approved pattern, and not unfrequently belong to the regular army of Mexico.

"Thoroughly acclimated, and accustomed to the hardships and exposure incident to a frontier life, these bands, mounted, armed and provisioned for the expedition, have but the shallow water of the Rio Grande and a journey of from one to three days before them, often without water for man or beast, ere they reach the grazing-regions of the Nueces, and the numerous herds of cattle to be found in that valley. Systematic in all their movements, and

thoroughly conversant with the routes of travel, and the water-holes leading to the grass-regions, these bands, when ready, lose no time in dividing themselves into squads, averaging five or more, according to the circumstances surrounding them; and crossing at different points the Rio Grande, a stream whose sinuosities describe every point of the compass, they enter the dense mesquite fringing its banks, and emerge from it into the highways, or continue on their journey under its cover, as may best suit their purpose, until they reach the place of rendezvous, designated by scouts previously sent out.

MEXICAN HORSE-THIEVES CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE.

"Having made their selection of cattle from the herds, not unfrequently to the number of sixteen hundred, according to their necessities and the circumstances of the case, no time is lost in pushing them, without rest, under the cover of night (or in open day if strong enough to resist attack), to the river; a point having been previously designated for this purpose, at which they are met by confederates, coming from the Mexican bank, with every facility — including cattle, boats, etc. — for the rapid transit of their booty to Mexican soil, where it is used by the Mexican army, disposed of to the butchers of Matamoras, Mier, and Camargo, sold in open market for the benefit of the thieves, or, after being re-branded, used to stock the ranches on the Mexican frontier. The crossing of these bands of Mexicans in small squads into Texas attracts no attention there, for it is within the bounds of the probabilities of the case to estimate the Mexicans as composing at least eighty per cent of the entire population of the frontier of Western Texas."

Since the foregoing report was made by the congressional committee, a committee of the State Legislature of Texas reported, that, on the Lower Rio Grande, the depredations

had increased to such an extent, that only ten per cent now remained of the vast herds that had a few years before covered the plains adjacent to the Mexican border.

Capt. McNally, in charge of a company of State troops, reported, Dec. 14, 1875, to Gen. Potter, that in seventeen days more than two thousand head of cattle had been stolen in Texas, and carried into Mexico.

Our government has repeatedly informed the Mexican Government, that United-States troops would cross into Mexico, and punish the raiders, if the Mexican Government could not stop the raids. The Mexican Government admits its inability to prevent the raiding of the Mexicans and Indians into Texas. Senor Lafragua, the Mexican minister of foreign affairs, gives three reasons why his government is powerless, — first, the troops would desert if sent to the frontier; second, the internal condition of the country renders it impossible to spare troops; and, third, the state of the national treasury would not justify the expense.

What the Mexican Government and the Mexican people lack in strength they make up in pride. They are not able to stop the raiding themselves, and too proud to let us do it for them. When our soldiers cross the Rio Grande in pursuit of cattle-thieves and murderers, the Mexicans call it an "invasion," and they bluster and snort. They go off and eat some beans to give them courage, and then they talk with astonishing fluency and presumption about war.

When our government calls their attention to some extraordinary outrage perpetrated by Mexicans on our citizens, they say that they will attend to it directly, or as soon as they have put down the revolution that they have on hand at the time. But they pay no more attention to the matter, knowing that the United States never insists on redress for wrongs done her citizens. The Mexicans know that our government will talk and investigate, and talk and pass resolutions, and then talk some more about the matter, and that it will all end in the report of a congressional committee. So they merely listen with courteous attention to our complaints, and then, with great magnanimity and condescension, drop the subject.

The United-States Government reminds one of the man who was severely kicked on the frontier of his person, so to speak, and who did not resent the indignity because he never paid attention to any thing that happened behind his back.

I would consider it a personal favor if the reader would not skip the following correspondence : —

[Mr. Fish to Mr. Nelson.]

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Feb. 7, 1871.

SIR, — I transmit a copy of the reply of the secretary of war to the letter of this department, which was accompanied by a copy of your despatch, No. 336, of the 10th ultimo, relative to Indian affairs. It will be noticed that the secretary of war deems it advisable that the required consent of the Mexican Congress to the entrance of United-States troops into that republic, near the frontier, for the purpose referred to, should be obtained. You will consequently adopt such measures for that purpose as may seem to you proper, and likely to be successful. In a matter, however, which must, if not judiciously managed, wound the sensibilities of a people so averse to any thing like an invasion of their soil by foreigners, it will be necessary to move with great delicacy and caution, not merely with a view to compass the object desired, but to avoid giving offence by even proposing it. Confidence, however, is reposed in your discretion.

I am, etc.,

HAMILTON FISH.

[Mr. Fish to Mr. Nelson.]

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Feb. 27, 1872.

SIR, — I transmit a copy of a letter of the 23d instant, and of the papers which accompanied it, addressed to this department by the secretary of the interior, relative to depredations by Kickapoo Indians from Mexico upon Texas. It is represented, that, in making these depredations, those savages were encouraged, if not instigated, by Mexicans. You will again make a representation upon this subject to the Mexican minister for foreign affairs. It must be obvious to that government, that the savages referred to cannot fail to occasion great irritation among those citizens of Texas who suffer from them ; and that, in the interest of the good understanding which we are desirous of maintaining with the Mexican Republic, the government of that republic is expected to exert its authority toward checking the raids of the robbers adverted to.

I am, etc.,

HAMILTON FISH.

If the reader is a citizen of the United States, he will be pleased to learn that the United-States Government deprecates the raids of the Mexicans so much, that its foreign secretary calls the attention of the Mexican Government to the fact that these ravages cannot fail to occasion "great irritation" among the people of Texas who suffer from them; and he will no doubt feel proud of the "great delicacy and caution" evinced by his government in dealing with a people whose sensibilities are easily wounded. He will doubtless be disgusted with the arrogant tone of the following letter from the representative of the English Government, — a government that has become celebrated for protecting its rights and subjects, regardless of whether its action should "wound the sensibilities" of foreign governments or not. As the reader can make his own comparison between Mr. Fish's style and that of Lord John Russell, further comment by me would be superfluous.

[Earl Russell to Sir C. Wyke.]

FOREIGN OFFICE.

SIR, — I have received your despatches of the 26th and 28th of July, and I have to convey to you the entire approval of her Majesty's government of your conduct as therein reported.

The suspension for two years, of all payments in discharge of debt, at a time when the Mexican Government can afford to spend six million dollars in six months, is a shameless breach of faith, which cannot be in the slightest degree excused by the pretences put forward by Senor Zamacona in its defence.

Senor Zamacona asserts that the present government of Mexico are actively employed in maintaining internal and social order, in re-organizing the administration of the republic, in introducing rigid economy into all the branches of the public service, and in vigorously putting an end to the civil war, and restoring internal peace to the country. But it is notorious that every one of these assertions is directly the reverse of the truth. It is well known that life and property are nowhere safe, not even in the streets of the capital; that the administration is as corrupt, and reckless of any interests but their own personal advantage, as any that has heretofore governed in Mexico; that great anarchy and disorder prevail in all the departments of the government; and that, so far from their having applied the resources of the State to a vigorous suppression of the civil war, the opposite party, under the adherents of

Miramon, were, by the last accounts, in great force within a short distance of the capital, and not unlikely to become its masters.

Her Majesty's government, it is needless to say, cannot accept such excuses for the wrongs of which her Majesty's subjects in Mexico have been the victims; and therefore, if the proposals contained in my despatches of the 21st ultimo are not accepted by the Mexican Government, you will finally break off relations, and put yourself in communication with Rear-Admiral Milne, who will receive instructions from the admiralty on this subject.

I am, etc.,

RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XL.

AS we approached the Rio Grande, we found very few cattle; but herds of sheep were in sight all the time. With most of the herds there were from fifty to a hundred goats. Upon inquiry we learned that the goats are kept because their flesh is the cheapest and most available meat that can be had. The shepherds like it better than mutton.

The reporter is responsible for the facts in the following: —

A commission was sent to Texas in 1872 to investigate the border outrages. While the committee was in session, an Italian named Champini, the owner of a stage-line, appeared, by his attorney, Col. "Rip" Ford, and presented a claim for compensation. The petition prayed for indemnification for a herd of one hundred and fifty goats stolen from him in 1867. Champini claimed direct and indirect loss. He asked to be paid for the natural increase of the original herd. Goat-raisers were examined, and testified as to the average increase of the goat. Jesus Villereal and others stated, that, in Cameron County, goats had two families annually, — not less than two, often three, at each effort. Upon this basis Col. Ford was instructed to make such calculation as would demonstrate the exact number of goats that the original herd would have increased to at that time.

After trying the rule of three, geometrical progression, and all the rules of ascending series, he concluded that they did not, somehow, suit the case. By these rules he found more goats than he knew what to do with. He scratched his ear, and swore in an undertone.

Major Savage had meanwhile made the calculation. Noticing the perplexity of Col. Ford, he inquired, "Colonel, haven't you found out all the goats yet?"

"Damn the goats!" said the colonel: "they seem to me to multiply in the most unreasonable way. Let me see. A goat has three kids in March, and two in September. Then the March kids have young when they are eighteen months old, and by that time — well, in short, I make it two million five hundred and twenty-one thousand and eighteen goats. The Lord help us! If the figures don't lie, and the goat-business ain't stopped, in ten years, sir, Texas won't hold her goats."

"Your calculation is quite correct," said Major Savage.

There was present during the investigation a German who had just collected a claim for loss of five mules stolen by Mexicans. He became very much excited when he heard the result of the goat calculation. He addressed the committee as follows: "Schentlemens, I vants natural ingreese on mine mooles, by tam! It was not fair to giff ingreese on der goats, und not on der mooles. I vants dot schentlemans vat gounted der goats to poot some off dot figuring on mine mooles."

The committee tried to explain to the German that the figuring that suited goats would not work when applied to mules; but he was too much excited to understand it at the time.

The Rio Grande runs exactly over the line laid down as the boundary between the United States and Mexico, owing to which singular coincidence the river has been adopted as the boundary. The Mexicans call the Rio Grande the Rio Bravo. The latter word means turbulent, brawling. The Rio Grande is a very long river at some seasons of the year, and at others it is much shorter. During the summer of 1869 the bed of the river was perfectly dry for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles above El Paso. So permanent was this dryness, that the people planted corn in the middle of the river-bed.

During the spring, it is not only a long, but a wide stream, and is liable to tremendous floods, that overflow the banks, and desolate the surrounding country.

I have said that the Rio Grande is the boundary between Mexico and Texas. When the river is up and is a mile wide, with a depth sufficient to float a man-of-war, it is then regarded as the boundary-line by the Mexican raiders. When the river is shallow, and the moon is full, the boundary-line cannot be perceived by the Mexicans. In the treaty between the United States and Mexico, the middle of the stream is declared the boundary; but, when there is not any stream, of course there cannot be any boundary-line.

The chief peculiarity of the Rio Grande is its crookedness. It is said to be almost as crooked as the transactions of the custom-house officials on its banks. Wonderful stories are told of the crookedness of the stream. It is navigable for some distance from its mouth; but boats have to twist and turn so much, that they get weak in the back, and loose in the rivets, in less than a week's run. A steamboat-captain tells it as a fact that he once ran into another vessel that was steaming ahead of him. He saw the lights on the other vessel, but thought they were those on the stern of his own boat. If the captain's statement was not true, then the story itself is very strong evidence that the crookedness of the river affects the minds of those who have any thing to do with it. No steamboat-captain accustomed to a straight river could possibly invent such a story.

There is a very marked resemblance between the Rio Grande and the natives who live on its banks. They are both of a dirty coffee-color. The question arises, Does the Mexican get his color from the river, or *vice versa?* Undoubtedly from *vice versa*, and not from the river. It is true that certain insects partake of the nature of the plants that they graze on, the tree-frog, for instance; but the Mexican does not graze on the river. If he bathed in it a great deal, the river might be accused of being responsible for the Mexican's complexion. But since a ferry-boat, in 1848, was upset near Matamoras, in the Rio Grande, few instances of Mexicans bathing in the river have been cited.

On one other occasion a party of Mexicans were induced to try the Rio-Grande water by a squad of United-States cavalry. They disliked very much to violate the traditions of their fathers by wetting themselves. They were in the State of Texas and in a state of indecision, and it was death to stay there. They crossed over the river that day — but it was not the Rio Grande.

In many other respects there is a remarkable resemblance between the Rio Grande and the Mexican. Both are frequently

CROSSING THE RIVER.

dry, with the difference that the river needs water, while the Mexican requires *aqua diente* or *mescale.* The Rio Grande is guilty of sudden risings: so are the Mexicans. Both uprisings desolate the country, and cause the loss of much life and property. After the river has spread all over the country, it as suddenly subsides: so with the Mexican revolutions There is no telling when they may occur or subside. The channel of the river is another uncertain thing. Nobody knows where to look for it to-morrow. There is no fixed channel. To-day it will be breaking into a bank on the Mexican side: next day it will be meandering over the prairies on the American side,

carrying off property that does not belong to it. It is just so with the Mexican. It is hard to say which side of the Rio Grande he properly belongs to. He is, however, in the habit of regarding all loose property, on either side, as belonging to himself; and he carries it off. The Mexican who claims to be a Mexican citizen, and lives over in Mexico, is as much like the Mexican who lives in Texas, and claims to be a citizen of the United States, as one buzzard is like another: in fact, he is often one and the same individual. When there is an election going on in Texas, you will see and hear him about the polls, as full of whiskey and party pride as if he were a simon-pure American. He can swear as fluently in English as if he knew no other tongue; and he has become so thoroughly Americanized, that he will vote in two or three wards, and perjure himself, with a facility that puts the American to the blush. He can also hold two or three offices at the same time, and draw their salaries, as readily as if he had red hair and blue eyes, and his name were Mike. As an American juror he has no equal, and as a witness he has no superior. He can swear to an unlimited number of lies before a jury, with a consistency of statement and a placidity of demeanor that make him the envy of the white races represented on the Rio Grande. He can even make Fourth-of-July speeches, and, if he sees money in it, hurl sarcasms and invectives at the perfidious mongrel who infests the opposite bank of the Rio Grande. And yet, perhaps, the very next week after going through all these truly American accomplishments, you may find him over in Mexico, at the head of a gang of ruffians who would have put Falstaff's recruits to blush, carrying on a revolution in the name of God and liberty.

This arrangement, by which the Rio-Grande Mexican can be a citizen of two countries, as circumstances may require, is of great advantage. Occasionally he gets into trouble. He is found riding a horse that bears a strong resemblance to one that was stolen in Texas. When the trial comes off, a cloud of witnesses from the Mexican side of the river appear in court, and fully establish the complete innocence of the accused by proving, that, at the time the horse was stolen, the accused was

in jail in Mexico for highway robbery, or it is proved that he is a Mexican citizen; therefore that the courts on this side of the river have no jurisdiction whatever under the treaty. If he is arrested in Mexico, he sets up his American citizenship, or establishes an *alibi.*

When the Mexican authorities are applying for volunteers, the Mexicans come over to this side, and are American citizens.

MEXICAN VOLUNTEERS.

That the Mexican volunteers should fly to this side of the river may seem strange to those not acquainted with Mexican affairs, and requires explanation. The Mexican word is *voluntario.* The *voluntarios* are first caught, very much as the English used to catch their sailors. A big ball, or *fiesto,* is given, to which all the Mexicans within convenient distance are invited. There are sounds of revelry by night, and all goes merry as an unmarried belle. Suddenly the place is surrounded by

soldiers, who capture all the able-bodied men, and make *voluntarios* of them by tying them together, by the hands, to a long rope. Gen. Don Miguel de Casabianca, in his report to the Mexican Government, has an item of expense: "Three dollars for one hundred feet of rope to tie volunteers with."

As the public mind is very much occupied just now with Mexico and Mexican affairs, a few lines on the cause of revolutions in that country may not be without value, particularly as it is a subject on which even the people of Texas, excepting those living along the Rio Grande, are not very well informed. The popular idea is, that the Mexican people are opposed to all legal restraint, always ready to raise the standard of revolt, being afflicted with a chronic disposition to become unruly and turbulent. No greater delusion exists. The Mexicans are the very reverse of quarrelsome. They do not care who governs their country, and will stand, without a murmur, an almost unlimited degree of official exaction and tyranny. They are naturally indolent, and opposed to any superfluous exertion, or undue excitement of any kind. Why, then, are there so many petty revolutions and counter-revolutions springing up in different parts of the vast territory of our sister republic?

The explanation can be given in a word, — the custom-houses. Where the carcass is, there will the buzzards be gathered together. A Mexican frontier town that has the bad luck not to be provided with a custom-house enjoys uninterrupted peace and order. No such tranquillity can be found anywhere in the United States, unless it be in some secluded graveyard. On the other hand, a Mexican town that enjoys sufficient commercial prosperity to justify the establishment of a custom-house suffers all the horrors of war every few months. The houses are riddled with bullets, and the public buildings are out of repair, owing to the use of bombshells. The people receive their *pronunciamentos* as regularly as if they subscribed and paid in advance for them; and, as for levying *prestimas*, the science is taught in the schools.

In nine cases out of ten the men who get up a revolution in Mexico are not Mexicans at all, but foreigners, — Americans, Hebrews, Germans, or whoever the merchants doing business

in the custom-house town may be. Allow me to introduce the *dramatis personæ* who take parts in that highly entertaining farce entitled "Latest News from Mexico."

Don Jacob Anybody, a foreign merchant doing business at the port of Alguna Parte in Mexico.

Gen. Jose Maria Sinverguenza, a professional revolutionist and experienced loafer, out of employment. He is a Lerdo man.

Gen. Jesus de Bendejo, a perfect match to the foregoing in all particulars, except that he is for Diaz, and is in possession of the custom-house.

Citizens, *pelados* (scum), riff-raff, soldiers, God, and liberty, a few bushels of beans, Don Dinero, and other requisites, including several gallons of *mescale*.

GEN. SINVERGUENZA AND HIS TROOPS.

The whole matter is easily arranged. Don Anybody, the foreign merchant, who is obliged to pay duties at the custom-house, has become convinced that a local revolution is indispensable to the public prosperity, and his own too. He has an interview with Gen. Sinverguenza, who is found loafing about the saloons, or playing monte. The merchant tells him about the unconstitutionality of the claims of the present incumbent of the custom-house, how the sacred rights of the citizens are trampled under foot, how the present government is truckling

to the Gringos, how the whole Mexican people are looking to him, Sinverguenza, as their coming Moses. Fortune is winking at him. Why does he hesitate to draw his sword, and pronounce in favor of Lerdo, or whatever may be the name of the president at the time?

Gen. Sinverguenza replies that he would cheerfully wade about in gore if he only had the money to meet his travelling-expenses. Don Anybody responds that he loves his adopted Mexico too hotly to hesitate loaning the heroic Sinverguenza all the money he needs: he will lend him enough to bribe the hirelings of the Pendejo army, who are guarding the custom-house, and to hire about forty more cattle-thieves to drive out the opposition, *provided*, that, as soon as Sinverguenza is in possession of the custom-house, he will give his friend the merchant permits to pass in goods without any duty on them.

But it is tedious to follow this mournful farce. Gen. Sinverguenza, inspired by the sacred fire from the altar of liberty, and by the money he receives from the patriotic foreign merchant, at the head of perhaps forty or fifty rapscallions, falls upon the custom-house party tooth and nail. Gen. Pendejo calls out his tried and trusty henchmen, most of whom have already been bought up at a dollar a head by the enemy; and the result is, that he and his few adherents who have not sold out are chased out of town. Sometimes a man gets accidentally shot by the careless handling of fire-arms; but, as a general thing, both sides are so careful, that the revolution is bloodless.

Then Gen. Sinverguenza has the custom-house, and is in clover. He pronounces in favor of the president who put the other fellow in. And that good man, the foreign merchant, does not miss the reward for his generous devotion to the Constitution. He pays no duties on his goods: and you may be sure he makes hay while the sun shines; for he knows it will not be long before his rival in trade will be hunting up the fugitive Pendejo, whom he will subsidize by glowing words of patriotism, and some cash, to run the intruder, Sinverguenza, out, so that he, the rival merchant, can make a little profit too, in the way of exemption from paying duties on the goods he

imports. As for the dear people, they take about as much interest in it as they do in the Eastern war question. Thanks to the foreign merchant, "The New-York Herald" and other leading papers are informed that Gen. Soandso has done this or that, and it reads as if the poor Mexicans were always spoiling for a fight; whereas, in nine cases out of ten, these petty revolutions are carried on in the interest of the merchants who advance the sinews of war.

The Rio-Grande country is the usual place in which revolutions are started. The advantages are numerous and manifest. In the first place, the country along the Rio Grande on the Texas side is admirably adapted for organizing bands of patriots. There is also abundance of material at hand, — murderers, horse-thieves, and other similar characters, who naturally feel a deep interest in bringing about a reform in the government. The population is almost wholly Mexican; and, the country being mostly jungle, the conspirators are protected alike from the regular troops of both governments. When every thing is ready, the coming president, at the head of forty or fifty hired ragamuffins who would be a disgrace to an ordinary penitentiary, crosses over into Mexico, captures some small town, issues a proclamation that reads like a circus-poster, persuades a few wealthy Mexicans to advance a thousand dollars at the muzzle of the musket, and the revolution is under way. From a small beginning like this, Mexican statesmen have driven presidents into exile, and occupied their places. Again: if the revolutionary forces are defeated at the start, they can readily fall back across the Rio Grande, and wait for a more convenient season. At all events, they are safe from being shot.

But this is not the only advantage the Rio Grande affords the Mexican revolutionist. From the Texas side he draws the horses on which he can seek a place of safety, and the beeves with which he prevents the walls of his stomach from irritating each other. Another thing that makes the Rio Grande a most desirable revolutionary stream is its great distance from the city of Mexico. As the revolutionist can select his own point on the fourteen hundred miles of Rio-Grande boundary, he

usually prefers a point where there are no government troops to make dough of his cakes. Before the authorities at the city of Mexico can have a force within striking-distance, the revolution has grown to be too large to handle. This is a great advantage. In fact, the Rio Grande has been invaluable to the Mexican people. The great national pastime has been revolutions, and without the Rio Grande no revolution would be practicable. In fact, the history of Mexico is little else besides the successive marches of Mexican generals from the Rio Grande to the city of Mexico. As every Mexican president must reasonably expect to be run out, and have to start in again on the Rio Grande, he is naturally very anxious to keep on good terms with the natives, and particularly the leading men of the frontier. As these leading men are pecuniarily interested in the stock stolen from Texas, — it being their profession to deal in any thing that belongs to other people, — it is not to be expected that the Mexican president is going to take active measures to suppress raiding, and thereby make mortal enemies of the men he is liable at any time to have to call on for assistance in getting up a revolution to oust the men who ousted him. Besides, it is contrary to public policy to interfere with or curtail the legitimate and time-honored business of the people. All remonstrances on the part of the Washington authorities have been received with every demonstration of profound respect, and then stored away in the waste-basket with the rest of the protests already on file. That the Mexican Government should stir up a hornet's nest on the Rio Grande merely to accommodate a lot of Gringos is, to the Mexican mind, an absurdity. The idea of turning over a Mexican criminal to the American authorities is regarded as a crime; and the Mexican official who even suggests such a thing is ruined forever. This is no fancy sketch; for when, in 1876, one of the Mexican banditti who broke open the jail at Rio Grande City, murdered and wounded several American officials, and liberated a choice assortment of Mexican cut-throats, — when one of the most insignificant of these men was turned over to the Americans, Diaz, who ordered it, was fearfully denounced in the most opprobrious language. He was even called

a "friend of the Gringos." A prominent Mexican paper on the Rio Grande, the leading journal, — almost as large as a sheet of foolscap, — had at the head of its editorial columns the taunt, "Is Diaz a Mexican?" The Mexican president who undertook to interfere, and hamper the trade of the country, was no longer popular. It was the case of makers of images of the great Diana of the Ephesians over again. "Thereby they had great gains."

There is, moreover, a wide-spread delusion as to the proper ownership of Texas. The Mexicans are still disposed to regard it as a part of Mexico, never having really accepted the situation caused by the war. To them it is Mexican territory, particularly at the full of the moon and at such times as the Rio Grande is fordable. In the mean time raids become absolutely intolerable.

The soil on the Mexican side seems to be very much the same as that on the American side; but, if American troops cross over into Mexico, every Mexican, from the president down, or up, as the case may be, sits upon end, and howls. All Mexico is stirred up. So intense is the excitement, that, while the Mexican editor writes fiery articles with one hand, he brandishes his sword in the other, and prepares to march to the Rio Grande *en route* to Washington. Everybody, even those who have wooden legs, fairly ache to wade about in blood. The Mexican who hesitates to express his firm conviction that he can eat from five to ten Gringos before breakfast is accused of lacking public spirit.

Now, when a body of Mexican cavalry, in pursuit of thieves, follow them over into Texas, the American people do not get excited about it. The United-States troops tender their assistance in capturing the banditti; and the Mexican cavalry can prance about on Texas soil as much as they please, without awakening any desire on the part of the Americans to organize an excursion to revel in the halls of the three-card Montezumas. If the Mexican soldiers in Texas require any rations or ammunition, the United-States Government will esteem it a favor if it is allowed to supply them. The United-States officers invite the Mexicans to visit the posts, receive them with a salute, and drink prosperity to Mexico.

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Now, this sensitiveness on the part of the Mexican people furnished the clew how to undo the Gordian knot without cutting it with the sword. Heretofore the American troops had respected the Rio-Grande boundary. They had orders not to cross over, for there was a profound peace at Washington between the sister republics. The Mexicans did not fear to violate the neutrality laws. There were occasions, however, when the Mexican-Indian raiders religiously abstained from crossing the boundary-line under any circumstances whatever. One of these seasons was when the raiders were overtaken by the Texans on our side, before they got to the river.

When the Rio Grande is booming, sixty feet deep, and five miles wide, the Mexicans uphold rigidly the neutrality laws, never making the slightest attempt to cross over. At all other times, however, the boundary-line has no actual existence, as far as they are concerned. After crossing the river with the stolen stock, they will deliberately camp on the Mexican bank, and wait for the worn-out and exhausted United-States troops to come up; so that they can call over, and ask if they are tired, and impart to them good advice in bad Spanish. The Mexicans heretofore depended on the law-abiding qualities of the Americans. Gen. Mackenzie put an end to all that. To the horror of all patriotic Mexicans, Gen. Mackenzie followed a lot of Indians across the Rio Grande, killed a number of them, and brought forty or fifty over to this side of the river. All Mexico was shocked. This meant war to the knife. The idea of taking away the Indians who supplied the Mexican market with horses was positively sacrilegious. "Now let the perfidious colossus of the North prepare to tremble!" wrote the fiery Mexican editor, as he gulped down a mess of beans to supply the necessary *elan*.

"I perpetrated an amusing fraud on the people of both sides of the river when I was local editor of the San Antonio 'Express,'" said the reporter one night, as we lay in camp on the Texas bank of the Rio Grande.

"How did you do it?" said the doctor. "Not that we care to know, but we see you feel bound to tell it."

"Stir up the fire, and hand me over those saddle-bags, and

I'll show you the documents," replied the reporter. "Here," said he, "is a cutting from 'The New-York Herald' of Jan. 8, 1878. I'll read it for you.

MEXICAN BLUSTER.

A LOCAL JOURNAL THAT HAS HUMILIATED THE UNITED STATES.—THE WHIP THAT CANALES USED UPON THE "BIG DOGS" AT WASHINGTON.

[From the San-Antonio Express.]

It appears, from late Mexican papers that lie before us, that the war-party in Mexico has gained an extraordinary impetus from the course our government has pursued in denying that Mexican citizens were not entitled to the honor and credit of murdering Howard and the other Gringos at San Elizario. It is believed by nearly all classes of Mexicans that war is inevitable, unless the United-States troops are removed at once from the line of the Rio Grande, and other reparations made without delay. This may appear strange to many who have been cultivating the delusion that Mexico was afraid of the United States; but the following translation from "The Combate," the leading journal, "The New-York Herald" of Mexico, so to speak, leaves no room for doubt.

MEXICAN BRAVADO.

Says "The Combate," "We admit willingly that the Yankees are an inferior race to the descendants of Cortez, Montezuma, and Hidalgo, and that they are below our resentment. They are even below our contempt. Hence Mexico can gain no honor by conquering them, and the national honor of Mexico cannot be involved at all. It is not a fight between two nations. It is like a gentleman whipping a cur that has barked at him. We must teach these Gringo dogs good manners, that's all. We thought the height of Yankee insolence had been reached when they demanded the extradition of the heroes of the storming of the Rio Grande city jail. Gen. Canales merely raised his whip, and the big dogs at Washington howled for mercy. They appealed to the generosity of the great Mexican people, and that is an appeal that is never made in vain. We could afford to be magnanimous to a mongrel race of Yankees, Niggers, Dutch, and like *canaille*, that for twenty-five years have cowered before Mexico. We overlooked their indiscretion. We expected they would not again dare to lift their hand toward Mexico, but it seems we were mistaken.

"And was there really such an article as that in 'The Combate'?" inquired the doctor.

"No, sir; and that is where the point of the joke is. I manufactured the whole thing, and what I have read is not one-fourth of it: I stretched it to three-quarters of a column, all in the same strain. It was so very like the real thing, so closely resembled the usual bombastic style of the Mexican editor, that the Mexicans themselves were deceived, and, without questioning the authenticity of the article, many Mexican residents of the United States wrote to the papers, making excuses for the warlike tone of 'The Combate' article, and denying that 'The Combate' represented the people of Mexico in its wild utterances. Here is 'The New-York Herald's' editorial comment on the article:—

"'The agents of Diaz, the present Mexican president, have been whispering soft words of peace and brotherly love into the ears of our government at Washington. They have sought recognition for their chief, and their promises have been as liberal as their persuasive tongues could make them. President Diaz, we have been told, is to preserve peace on his side of the border, and is to prevent in the future the raids by which our Texan citizens have suffered so severely in the past. In view of the reported assignment of Mexican regulars to the Rio Grande for this praiseworthy and friendly purpose, we have protested against any policy which might render it possible for the two nations to get embroiled through the indiscreet act of some hot-headed or thoughtless individual. But these peaceful strains are suddenly drowned in a terrible war-cry that comes up from the angry throat of the Mexican press. "The Combate," of the city of Mexico, a paper which is said by the San Antonio (Texas) "Express" to be "the leading journal,—'The New-York Herald' of Mexico, so to speak,"—strikes the United States in the teeth with its iron gantlet, and dares the "Gringos" to the field. The Yankees, we are told, are below the resentment, even below the contempt, of the descendants of Cortez, Montezuma, and Hidalgo: nevertheless the high-blooded dons must "teach these Gringo dogs good manners." Heretofore magnanimity has been shown to the "mongrel race of Yankees, Niggers, Dutch, and like *canaille*, that, for twenty-five years, have cowered before Mexico;" but now they must be whipped into submission.

"'It is to be hoped that our mild and amiable government will awake to the peril of the situation. We must certainly defend the nation from Mexican invasion and conquest. We don't want Mexico: we should be sorry to have it at any price. The thought of being compelled to take a country in which papers like "The Combate" are published is of itself alarming, to say nothing of the Greasers and the national vermin. But poor Gringo

must at least strike a blow for his national autonomy, even against the war-like descendants of Cortez, Montezuma, and Hidalgo.'

"Next day, and for several succeeding days, there appeared letters in 'The New-York Herald,' signed 'Many Mexicans,' 'Fair Play,' 'Libertad,' etc., all trying to smooth the thing over, and to prove that the editor of 'The Combate' was known to them to be nothing but a revolutionary lunatic. The following is a sample of them: —

CHARACTER OF "EL COMBATE."—A REVOLUTIONARY EDITOR.

The following letter is from the editor and proprietor of two journals published in the city of Mexico: —

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1878.

To the editor of the Herald.

Although my several weeks' visit to this country is of an entirely private nature, and I wish to abstain from any interference in the political matters of the country in which I have taken my abode for some years past, I can still not allow to pass some statements which appeared in yesterday's "Herald" unnoticed.

In a correspondence from San Antonio, you cite a translation of an article published by "The Combate," — a newspaper which sees its light in the capital of the Mexican Republic, and which you honor so extremely by calling it "The New-York Herald of Mexico;" viz., the foremost representative of the Mexican press. As the article above mentioned bears throughout an odious character against the United States and its citizens, I beg to state that "The Combate" occupies the most inferior place of the numerous political newspapers published in the city of Mexico, and is, under no consideration, entitled to the honor you so generously confer upon it. The editor of "The Combate," Senor Don Manuel Rivera Cambas, is one of that class of revolutionists who actually consider permanent revolution their profession. The non-fulfilment of his ambitious desire to a high post in the administration has led him, like so many other partisans, into the file of opposition against Gen. Diaz, for whom he only a year ago professed the warmest friendship, and avowed untiring devotion.

Permit me, in concluding these lines, to assure you that "The New-York Herald" is more widely circulated, read, and cited, in the Republic of Mexico, than "The Combate."

Thanking you most kindly for the space accorded in your paper for this statement, I have the honor to remain your most obedient servant,

MAURICE RAHDEN.

"Senor Ornales, the Mexican consul at San Antonio, came to the 'Daily Express' office, and, with sorrow and chagrin de-

picted on his every feature, said to the editor, 'I am much grief to learn that ze press of Mexico is in ze hands of ze boys. It did not was formerly so, but "El Combate" was not represent ze Mexican people.'

"The thing had created more excitement than I had anticipated. Several of the leading papers commented on it. The following letter appeared in 'The New-York Herald' of the 12th of January, 1878:—

RECENT MEXICAN BLUSTER — WHAT THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT OF THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT HAS TO SAY ON THE THREATS OF "EL COMBATE."

We have received the following communication from Senor Al de Zamacona, confidential agent at Washington of the Mexican Government, on the subject of the recently published transaction of a blustering anti-American article from "El Combate" of Mexico:—

WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan. 9, 1878.

To the editor of the Herald.

I find in yesterday's "Herald" an article taken from the San-Antonio "Express," said to be a translation of another article published in a Mexican paper, commenting in absurd terms on the recent disturbances at San Elizario. Motives sufficient to produce a moral certitude lead me to believe that such an article has never come to light in any of the Mexican papers. I intend to write on the subject to Mexico by the next steamer, and expect to get proof confirming my opinion. If you, Mr. Editor, would take the trouble to instruct your correspondent at San Antonio to inquire into the matter, I dare to say that he will never be able to find the authentic article of which the gross fanfaronade published in the "Express" purports to be a translation.

Even the appearance of truth has been so much disregarded in the so-called Mexican article, that I should have abstained from contradicting it in any way, had it not received the honor of an editorial comment in your popular paper. The so-called translation should have no importance beyond establishing these two facts,—first, that there is a persistent and systematic work to poison the sentiments of the American people in regard to Mexico; and, second, that those who have undertaken such an ungrateful task are not very scrupulous in the selection of their means.

Should you feel inclined to share this opinion by longer reflection upon the article in question, or by further inquiries about its authenticity, you would do a great service to the common interests of our two republics by contributing to defeat the scheme which seems to me very apparent at the bottom of this incident. I remain yours respectfully,

M. DE ZAMACONA,
Confidential Agent of the Mexican Government.

"At that time I was a correspondent of 'The New-York Herald,' — described hangings, and wrote letters about border outrages for them. The same day on which the above letter appeared, I received a despatch from 'The New-York Herald,' instructing me to interview the translator of 'The Combate' article, and report as to its authenticity. Here I was in a fix. I was the guilty party who concocted the translation. I had to interview myself. I was a bashful young man then, and I almost shrank from the task. I did not like to force myself on any one. I did not know but that when I came to interview myself I might refuse to answer the questions asked, and I hated to run the chance of being snubbed. However, it had to be done. I did not know much about the art of interviewing them, but I knew how to begin. Said I (to myself), 'Won't you come over to George's with me, and take something?'

THE REPORTER INTERVIEWS HIMSELF.

"We went over. I said to George Hoerner, 'George, can we go into the back room? I want some place where I can talk to this gentleman privately.'

"'Vat schentleman?' said George. 'I don't see no schentlemans.'

"I was about to use some very strong language to George for making such an insulting remark; but, remembering that I already owed him two dollars and a half, I merely said, 'Send in two beers;' and I walked back, and took a seat in the rear room. I took out my note-book, and went to work; but it was a very unsatisfactory interview. We conversed for two hours, and every few minutes I ordered 'two more beers.' I did not feel well enough to write to 'The Herald' that night; but next day I made my report. Let me see: yes, here's a copy of it. It was never published:" —

San Antonio, Jan. 13, 1878.

Editors "Herald," — Yesterday evening, after a prolonged search, I discovered the person who translated the editorial from "The Combate." I found him a very genial gentleman. We spent a pleasant, not to say convivial time together; but although he talked in a very entertaining way on various subjects, and showed by his conversation that he possessed a vast fund of information on matters connected with our Mexican relations, I failed to elicit satisfactory replies to my questions. His answers were evasive and peculiar. The following is a report of that part of the interview relating to "The Combate" article: —

Reporter. — It has been said, colonel, that you translated the "Gringo" article, lately published in the "Express."

Colonel. — Yes, I have heard it intimated. What do you think of the new scheme to widen the Alazan ditch?

Reporter. — It has been rumored that the translation is not a translation, but a fabrication.

Colonel. — The history of literature tells of several such cases, — the poems of Ossian, for instance. I believe I like this better than Milwaukee beer. One feels better after drinking a large quantity of it.

Reporter. — It would have been a good joke on the public, colonel, if that article had really never appeared in "The Combate," but had been manufactured here in San Antonio.

Colonel. — Yes, a good joke — would have been a very good joke, indeed. Queer thing, isn't it, that a barber has never been known to cut a customer's throat?

I could not confine him to the subject, and in the interview elicited nothing of importance bearing on it.

"I do not seem to understand," said the doctor. "Haven't you got the papers mixed somehow?"

"Oh, no!" replied the reporter. "As the writer of the alleged 'Combate' article, I did not want to acknowledge any thing; and, as the representative of 'The New-York Herald,' I wanted to learn all the particulars. The two positions were antagonistic: therefore the interview was a failure."

"It was truly a *singular* interview," said the doctor.

And we thought that was a very smart thing for the doctor to say.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE MEXICAN officer of to-day may be better educated than the officer of a hundred years ago, but there has been no improvement in the rank and file of the Mexican army during the last century. The majority of the officers now in the Mexican army are educated men; but most of the officers of the Spanish army in Texas, in the beginning of the present century, could not even write their names. Such crimes as forging vouchers, and writing windy articles in the magazines, crimes so common in our army, must have been almost unknown in the Spanish army. The old archives show, that, when the officers of the garrison at San Antonio had occasion to sign their names, most of them made their marks. What model jurymen in murder cases they must have been!

In 1738 the officers of the presidio of San Antonio addressed a petition to the viceroy of New Spain, asking him to assist them in building a new church. One who was not acquainted with the Spanish character might suppose that the officers would have first petitioned for a schoolhouse, or at least a slate-pencil. They were very much like the boy who told his father not to suffer any anxiety about providing him with shoes during the winter, as he could manage to worry along without them; but he really needed, and was obliged to have, a finger-ring. So the Spanish officer, in 1738, thought he was obliged to have a cathedral. A lieutenant, who was as unlettered as an empty mail-bag, sometimes had such an ample name, that, if he had it all printed on one visiting-card, he would have to double the pasteboard up to get it through a doorway. For instance: there was Don Juan Ignacio Rodriguez Francisco Garcia Antonio Villareal Castaneda, so it is written; but, as it is the last name in the document alluded to, it may only have been a section of his name, and perhaps they had not room to finish it. He bore rank as a lieutenant, and made his mark; the name being evidently written by a clerk, to whom it was probably let out by contract. Perhaps, however, the illiteracy of the officers was not altogether in the nature of a misfortune; for that dreadful disease so common in our army, and known as red tape, was unknown in the Spanish army. When a Spanish soldier lost a button from his uniform, the officers did not appoint a board of survey to hold two sessions a day for a week, and have the finding of the board, indorsed by all the officers, from the generalissimo down, printed, and laid before Congress, and finally submitted to a committee on buttons and straps, with power to refer the matter to the president, before it could be ascertained to whose account the value of the missing button was to be charged. In the Spanish army, instead of all this formality, the captain called the soldier several pet names, knocked his cap over his eyes, and kicked him a few times. Then the soldier fastened up his coat with a nail, and there the official proceedings ended. On account of this prompt way of settling matters, and the aversion of the authorities to writing long official documents, the records of the military movements

in Texas, to be found in the Mexican archives, are very incomplete. In one particular the army officers had a simple and ingenious way of keeping a record of the prisoners intrusted to them for safe keeping. When important prisoners were consigned to them for transfer to distant prisons, the officers were held responsible for the custody of these prisoners, and severe penalties exacted if they allowed any to escape. They were required to produce either the prisoners, or satisfactory evidence of their death. The authorities seem to have considered the prisoners' ears "satisfactory evidence;" for we read in the diary of Lieut. M. Muzquiz, who was sent by the commanding general, Pedro Nava, to capture Philip Nolan and party, —

MEXICAN VOUCHERS.

March 1, 1801.

Nolan's negroes asked permission to bury their master; which I granted, after causing his ears to be cut off, in order to send them, with other vouchers, to the governor.

Imagine the governor's private secretary filing away the ears among the state archives! When the survivors of the Santa Fé expedition, captured by the Mexicans, under Gov. Arnijo, in 1841, were marched from Santa Fé to the city of Mexico, the mortuary report furnished by the officer in charge, on his arrival in the city of Mexico, was not elaborate in the matter of details. Neither cause of death, age, nor place of nativity, was given. The "vouchers" representing the deceased were strung on a strip of rawhide.

At the first glance one would suppose that the production of a man's ears would be pretty satisfactory evidence that the man was dead, but this was not always the case. There is a well-authenticated case of a Spanish officer, Lieut. Jose Maria

Vidal, who was intrusted with the transportation of some state prisoners from San Antonio to Monterey. Among them was a Spanish officer of rank, who well knew that his arrival in Monterey would be followed by a funeral in his family, of which he was the only surviving member. Having money at his disposal, he succeeded in tempting the officer in charge to connive at his escape. How he could manage to let the distinguished prisoner off, and yet be able to produce the vouchers, was what troubled the officer. Fortunately they met a solitary traveller on the road. The officer and the distinguished prisoner conferred together: and the result of the conference was, that next morning both the stranger and the distinguished prisoner were missing; but the officer had his vouchers all correct on the rawhide string. On arriving at Monterey, he turned over the surviving prisoners, and the ears of those who had died on the way. The fraud was not suspected, but afterwards the supposed-to-be-dead prisoner was seen and recognized. Lieut. Vidal was arrested at San Antonio, and was ordered to Monterey for trial. He attempted to bribe the officer who had him in charge to play the same old trick that he had played; but the officer refused, not because he was too honest to accept a bribe, but because he did not expect that they would meet with any traveller who possessed ears the size and color of those of Vidal, and the authorities had begun to be very particular about examining the vouchers. Vidal, knowing that it was a desperate case, cut off his own ears. This satisfied the officer, who, when he arrived at Monterey, reported Vidal dead, and handed in his ears, which were recognized on account of their size.

Although the young officers could not write much, the old generals could usually write their names, or something that represented names.

When a person of even more than ordinary intelligence examines, for the first time, the signatures attached to some of the old Spanish archives at San Antonio, he is very much puzzled. Each signature is accompanied by an elaborate and complicated flourish that is utterly unlike any thing that he has ever seen before, and which is more in the nature of a Chinese puzzle than any thing else.

One might suppose that the Spanish official of a century ago was never allowed to sign his name, except when he was suffering from delirium tremens. Another explanation for the Spanish official using so much time and writing-material is, that both were paid for by the government, and hence it was a matter of indifference to him how much of them he used. Some of the scrawls, or flourishes, look as if it was impossible for one man to have made them, unless some other man was pounding him on the back while he wrote, or else the writer, whenever he was required to sign his name, mounted a bucking-pony, and wrote his name while the animal was trying to stand on its head. The official's name was written without any care whatever; but the complicated flourish, or scrawl, was probably intended to be the proof of the genuineness of the signature, for it was almost impossible for anybody else to write it. A mere glance at the flourish was sufficient for identification to most of the Mexicans, to whom writing was one of the lost arts.

I have before me an ancient archive, the royal decree changing the status and name of the town of Fernando to a city, under the present name, San Antonio, and making it military headquarters. The document bears date of Nov. 18, 1811, and is adorned with the historic signatures of Salcedo, Herrera, Bracho, Veramendi, and Zambramo. The body of the document, which is on coarse but serviceable paper, is written in a remarkably clear and even style of penmanship; and it bears the stamp of Carlos IV., king of Spain.

Gov. Salcedo, whose head, stuck on a pole, subsequently adorned the Military Plaza of San Antonio, has the most modest signature of the lot, as will be seen by a glance at the accompanying facsimile of a part of the decree above referred to.

Don Vicinte Travieso appears to have taken great pains in writing his name. If the affairs of Spain were as complicated as the signature of Don Travieso, it is no wonder that Spain lost her American possessions. If Travieso wrote in that way when he was sober, I would like to see what his signature was like when he was otherwise.

Doce reales.

SELLO SEGVNDO, DOCE REALES, AÑOS DE MIL OCHOCIENTOS SEIS, Y OCHOCIENTOS Y SIETE.

DOCE REALES

R.l Despacho el Rey - D.n Bartolome D. Caraba.a y Mesa Juez D. Comercio D.ho en las Islas D. Canarias el Marq.s D. San Mig.l D. Aquello me ha representado q.e con motibo D. haver Embiado los Franceses el Año Pasado D. mil Setecientos y Diez, y Nueve la Prov.a D. los Texas, y Nuebas Philipinas en la Nueva España Obligando aque la Abandonacen los Soldados q.e la guarnecian, y las Seis Misiones Erigidas en ella le Confirio, en mi R.l Nombre, el Marques D. Valero Siendo mi Virrey D. aquel Reyno los Empleos D. Gov.or y Cap.n Gral D. las Referidas Prov.as y la D. la Conquista haviendo logrado Sus Pacificaciones, y la D. los Texas, Bahia D. Espiritu S.to y Presidio D. S.n Ant.o Cuia Prov.a Se hentrego a mi Dominio, D. Tandolas fortificadas con los precidios Correspondientes, no la el Centro D. los Texas con Veinte y Seis hombres Suia el Resguardo D. las Misiones, Otro en los Adais con Ciento y otro con Noventa enta Bahia D. Espiritu Santo Cu

disposicion del Rey nuestro Señor. el-do
minio y Señorio de esta Provincia de q.l
se hallavan apoderados los malevolos y mer
gentes, como todo por menor consta al
expresado Señor Comandante General.
Sala Capitular 18 de Octubre
de 1811

Fran.co Xavier Clem.te Delgado

Vicente Xavier Fran.co Moncel de ola

Fern.do Bexamendi Jose Flores del Arroyo

Manu.l del Nuñez Fran.co Delgado-amente

Jose Maria Grateau

Jose Ant.o de la Garcia

Francisco Veramendi, whose daughter, Ursula, married James Bowie, who fell in the Alamo, also wrote with a grand flourish. If his affairs were as flourishing as his signature seems to indicate, he must have been in clover when he signed his name.

"Let us have some more of your military experience," said the doctor to the reporter one evening, as we lay in camp, resting from the fatigue of a very hearty supper of canned beef, biscuit, and straight coffee.

"If you really want to hear it, I can narrate some really thrilling military adventures that I have been engaged in."

"Go on," said the doctor; "but we hope you will not recount such another bloody battle as that of Norris's Bridge."

"From my earliest years," said the reporter, "I possessed an aggressive disposition. I was renowned for deeds of prowess at a very tender age. When I was nine years old I met the Mexican foe for the first time in deadly conflict. Between the Mexican boys, on the west bank of the San Pedro Creek, and the American boys, on the east side, there was war all the time. I was a San Antonio schoolboy then. The schoolhouse was a small adobe building on Commerce Street. It has long since disappeared, and a row of fine stores now occupies the site of the old schoolhouse and grounds. During recess it was the custom of us overworked youths to repair to the shady groves that skirted the flowery banks of the classic San Antonio River to seek relaxation, and rest our weary brains. The relaxation consisted, for the most part, in bombarding with slings the residences of the peaceable citizens on the opposite bank. The rest of the time was completely taken up in carrying on an artillery duel with the seekers after knowledge who attended an opposition free school, also on the opposite bank of the classic stream. The San Antonio boy of that period was much more vivacious than his successors of the present day. He lived in a chronic state of warfare with the Mexican boys, the police, and other public enemies. The boy of the present day uses a 'nigger-shooter' in making himself an object of veneration to everybody who lives within range. The boy who made life and property unsafe in 1857 would have scorned such a plaything. His toy was the sling, — not the kind of

sling that men get slewed with, but a weapon identical with the one with which David made such an impression on Goliath. It had long strings, and could create ruin and desolation over a circle of a quarter of a mile, taking the boy motor as the centre point. It carried a projectile about the size of a bottle of mucilage. After five or six skilled performers had serenaded a house for a few minutes, it was customary for the owner to have it reshingled. Those boys were the friends of the workingmen.

"It was at recess, about the middle of a very warm day; but the climate had no depressing effect on the boy with a sling. Instigated, no doubt, by the Devil, one of the boys suggested that the residence of Mr. Schleicher, on the bluff bank of the creek, was within easy range. Another one of the gentle lads, whose name modesty prevents me from parading before the public, prepared a sling, and, merely out of curiosity to see if the building was within range, propelled a bowlder in that direction. A servant-girl was carrying the soup for dinner across the yard, when the missile bounded over her head, and passed on into the house, through a window that some careless person had forgotten to open. The soup was dropped in a hurry, and the frightened female fled into the interior of the castle.

"In a few minutes a large, portly gentleman, in his shirt-sleeves, and armed with a palm-leaf fan, appeared on the opposite bluff. He made a few appropriate remarks somewhat tinged with bitterness and invective. He called his hearers 'young vagabonds.' He made a most impassioned appeal, and promised to cultivate closer relations if we gave him any further opportunity.

"Now, the prejudice against Germans existed even at that time. The speaker was continually interrupted by remarks from the audience, which reflected somewhat on the nationality of the orator, and on his physical peculiarities. But the San Antonio boy of that period was never idle. A messenger had been sent hurriedly to procure ammunition. As soon as it arrived, those boys with overworked brains settled down to steady work. Shingles flew from the roof, branches of trees

were cut off, and, having at last got the range of the speaker, he withdrew.

"There was delirious joy at the defeat of the German. But the exultation was premature; for in a few minutes Mr. Schleicher came out again, with a pistol in his hand. This was a feature of the programme about which we had not been consulted. He raised the pistol, and deliberately fired across the river toward us. I have no idea that he fired with the intention of hitting anybody; but the besieging army was harassed with doubts on that subject, and fell back behind a stone wall, very much shocked at the utter disregard of law displayed by the corpulent foreigner. Just then the bell rang to warn the recuperated youths to resume their studies. They returned to the schoolhouse in a pensive mood. As if by inspiration, it occurred to me that the enemy might make a flank movement over Commerce-street Bridge, and disturb us in our studies. It was a singular coincidence, that it flashed simultaneously over my memory that I had been earnestly requested to come home at recess, and that there was no time to lose, as Schleicher might put in an appearance at any minute. Just as I got outside of the gate, his tall form loomed up on the bridge. The subsequent proceedings are described by an eye-witness as being particularly interesting. Schleicher made a speech to me. He depicted in glowing terms the necessity of frontier protection against savage tribes of schoolboys, and intimated that his policy in the future would be to cross over, pursue the banditti to their hiding-places, and chastise them severely; also that he would hold the Mexican Government (the schoolteacher) responsible for any further outrages. The speech created a profound impression. From that time on, the Schleicher mansion was neglected in the diurnal target-practice."

"You must have mistaken our meaning when we asked you for a narration of some of your military experience," said the doctor. "If you ever saw any real hard service, let us hear from you."

"Hard service!" said the reporter with a sneer: "I should think so. I belonged to the Alamo Rifles some years ago.

Those were the days, too, that tried men's souls; for we had to run to fires, and guard property. It warms an old veteran's heart to fight his battles o'er again. Here goes. Let the women and children, and all other non-combatants, be removed ten miles to the rear. This battery is about to open fire.

"In the first place, allow me to straighten out a little point in the history of the world. Shortly after I had ceased to assist Mr. Jefferson Davis in destroying the government, not having had enough of war, I joined the Alamo Rifles. We used to keep the people awake with a drum and fife, drilling in a large room in the rear of the Vance House. After we had used that locality for some time, we moved our armory to another part of the city. Some civilian (no doubt, some fellow who did not love the tented field and its dangers) put a low, scurrilous item in 'The San-Antonio Herald,' to the effect that the Alamo Rifles had changed their armory because there was a biting-dog near the place in which they used to drill. Other non-military men added to this vile slander the statement, that, in our new armory, we paid ten dollars more rent because there was no biting-dog within one hundred yards of our rendezvous. This went the rounds, and is going to become a part of the military history of the country, unless it is corrected now, while there are a few surviving old warriors by whom the truth can be established.

"Our reason for changing the location of our armory was an entirely different one. Let the truth of history be vindicated. We made the change because there was not a saloon within a quarter of a mile where we could get credit, and we did not care to march half a mile for a glass of beer. Underneath our new armory there was a beer-saloon, and the proprietor could take the rent out of what we owed him for the beer. That changing of the armory was a necessity, a strategic move, that showed military genius of the loftiest order.

"When I sometimes muse over the hardships we had to undergo, and then read what an easy time soldiers have of it nowadays, it makes me smile the pensivest kind of a smile.

"The campaign of 1872 will long be remembered by the old veterans of the Alamo Rifles. It seemed to me that we had

to double-quick away out into the suburbs of the town, to see that nobody but the owner carried off a burning haystack, or a chimney on fire, about once every few weeks, and usually at two o'clock in the morning. Occasionally we would have the luck to be called out in the middle of the day. It was our duty to scare anybody, if only the small boy who tried to burst the hose by standing on it without the countersign from the brigadier-general in command. Those were stirring times. It stirs the blood of age just to think of them.

"I am told that a proposition has been made to build a monument to the heroes of the Alamo. As soon as enough assets have flowed into the coffers of the memorial association from the patriotic citizens, I am going to engage an artist to get up a design for the monument. Some old fogies will want statues of Travis and Crockett cheering on their men, but my idea is much better. I am going to have the figure on the monument represent an Alamo riflist in full uniform: in fact, I am going to have a whole group commemorative of a thrilling incident of the campaign of 1872. In the month of July there was an immense conflagration of a Mexican jacal on the west side of the San Pedro. Among the articles rescued from the burning summer-palace of the Aztec was a broken-legged chair, and a cheap picture of St. Anthony, etc. These precious relics were carried out into the street, and an Alamo riflist, with glittering bayonet, put on guard over them, to prevent anybody from carrying them off. In a few minutes the steam fire-engine had washed the burning shanty out of existence, and had formed a large lake on its site. The proprietress of the picture and crippled chair, an aged Mexican of ninety-nine summers, wanted to take off her chattels; but the Alamo riflist refused to obey any order that did not come from his superior officer, who had taken a furlough in a neighboring saloon, where the firemen were celebrating their victory over the fire-fiend. The old Mexican woman, not being well posted about military jurisprudence, attempted to rescue her property; but the stern sentinel kept her at bay with his bayonet. The mayor of the city, and several other influential men, begged him on their knees to relax his discipline, so that the old woman could get

her property; but all the answer he made was to polish his bayonet on his sleeve, hinting thereby that he was getting ready to introduce it into somebody. Now, my idea is, to have the statue on the proposed Alamo monument represent the Alamo riflist, with one foot on the chair, his bayonet levelled

A SUGGESTION.

at the breast of the hireling Mexican foe, who begs for mercy and the other things.

"A great many of our citizens were not partial to the Alamo Rifles. The idea of their being present at fires was displeasing to some of our merchants, who hinted that the only thing that kept the company together was the hope of being called to stand guard over the contents of liquor and cigar stores; and some said that the company was the cause of the high rates charged by insurance companies. The Alamo Rifles applied to the city council for thirty dollars a month alimony. The

owner of the armory was beginning to be unpleasant about back rent. The city council said they could not conscientiously vote us the money. Just about this time a grocery-store on the Alamo Plaza did actually catch fire. As if by magic, the whole neighborhood glistened with bayonets and uniforms. Hundreds of boxes of cigars, whiskey by the barrel, and all kinds of liquors, were carried across the street to a vacant lot. The riflists formed a Macedonian phalanx of glittering steel around these provisions, and a battery of artillery at close range would not have impressed them. The owner of the goods started the rumor that there were two thousand pounds of blasting-powder in the cellar; but the boys saw through it, and kept on lighting twenty-cent cigars, and sampling a high-priced article of whiskey. Unfortunately my position was in a bed of large red ants. As it was night, there was not sufficient light for me to find this out sooner than I did; and, as it was summer, I was not burdened with underwear. The ants found this out: so did I. They accompanied me all the way, so to speak; for I retired in good but rapid order to my home, where I removed about twenty-five of the enemy with a pair of old bullet-moulds. I had seen as much of grim-visaged war as was good for my health. I resigned, but I couldn't use my legs fluently for several days. There was some talk of trying me by court-martial, and having me shot, for having left the whiskey and cigars without orders; but some of the staff-officers had been near that same ant-bed, and had to be taken home in wheelbarrows: hence I was not shot. But I might have been.

"There it is again! When an old soldier gets to telling about his battles and sufferings, there is no stopping him."

The reporter gave us many other leaves from his biography. His war experience lulled us to sleep every night for a month. After supper, when we would be encamped in some sheltered spot, and when, tired and sleepy, we would stretch ourselves on our buffalo robes, the conversation usually turned on war; and then the reporter was sure to start a recital of one of his many bloody engagements, and in a few moments we were asleep, and dreaming of carnage.

The luxury of these sleeps in the open air I shall never forget. "Sleep makes us all pachas," as the Eastern proverb runs; but only those who have slept out of doors in Western Texas can understand the full meaning of the proverb. When going to sleep on the prairie, you are not distressed by thoughts of to-morrow. Therein lies the luxury and pleasure of a buffalo-robe couch, away from the corroding cares and harassing restraint of an effete civilization. As you lie down, and turn your gaze on the star-spangled firmament above, you are not distressed by the thought of having to get up early, that you may have time to get shaved before going to the office. No milkman, with a sleep-destroying bell, wakes you up at an early-worm hour in the morning; and at no season of the year, as you go to sleep with your feet to the camp-fire, does the thought that to-morrow will be the first of the month trouble you. You are unmoved by those things regarding which the rest of the terræfilial race worry and fuss and fret themselves.

One morning about daybreak, as we lay in camp on the bank of a creek, we observed a herd of about twenty horses, led by a magnificent black stallion, come down the opposite bank, and go into the water to drink. There would not have been to us any thing remarkable in this circumstance, had we not noticed, as the horses played around in the water, that none of them was branded. They were wild horses,—the first we had ever seen. A noise made by the doctor startled them. The leader gave a snort of alarm; and in a moment all the horses in the herd stood in line, with their heads towards us. For a second they stood still; then, apparently in obedience to orders given by their leader, they dashed up the steep bank, the black stallion taking position in the rear. There are very few wild horses in Texas now, but some men still continue to make a living by hunting and capturing them.

I have met old men who told me, that, when Americans first began to settle in Texas, immense herds of wild horses were to be found all over the western portion of the State. Companies of men were organized to hunt the horses. These men were called mustangers. They drove the horses into strongly built pens. Another mode of capturing them was called

"walking them down." The hunters followed them for several days, driving them in a circle, and giving them no time to eat, drink, or rest. The result of this was, that the horses thus pursued became so fatigued that they were finally lassoed with comparative ease. To accomplish this, the hunters changed horses at points where, by previous arrangements, their companions had fresh saddle-horses in waiting. Juan Gonzales, a Mexican, near Fort Concho, Tex., is said to be the champion lassoer of the world. He throws a lasso two hundred and twenty-five feet in length with the precision of a skilled marksman firing a rifle-ball.

The buffalo is also becoming scarce in Texas. Forty years ago the plains were covered with them. In the spring they went North, returning to Texas with the first signs of winter. Stockmen, with their herds of cattle, have driven them farther west every year. Millions of them have been killed for their skins, the carcasses being left to the buzzards. A man named Long, of Fort Griffin, is said to have killed three thousand buffalo in one winter; and Big Jim White, a professional buffalo-hunter, killed eight hundred in one month. Those who hunt the buffalo for the hide go in parties. Each member of the party has special duties. Some drive the wagons, some cook, others skin the slain animals; and the best marksmen have nothing to do but shoot.

The killer, as he is called, rides as near to the herd as he can without alarming the buffalo. Then he dismounts, and creeps to within rifle-shot. He first shoots the leader of the herd if possible. If he is successful in killing the leader, the others remain until probably forty or fifty of them are killed, before the herd stampedes.

It is a shame that Congress does not enact a law prohibiting this wholesale slaughter of a useful and valuable animal. The day is not far distant when the American bison will be extinct. The buffalo, and his fellow-nomad the Indian, must inevitably make way for the advancing hosts of white men who are steadily and irresistibly moving westward.

We left the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass, and turned our faces north-east. For ten days we rode through a country

THROWING THE LASSO.

that is very sparsely settled. Only an occasional sheep-camp or cattle-ranch indicated that we were in an inhabited country. Through the Mexican town of Dolores, past Fort Clark, over the Las Moras hills, through canyons, into mesquite *chaparrals*, and over high plateaus, we wended our way northward at the rate of about thirty miles a day. There were days, that, beyond those of our own party, we did not see a human face. We were delighted beyond measure when we met any one; and we would stop and squander half a day, enjoying the most commonplace conversation with the stranger.

I remember one poor, ignorant Mexican *pastor* (shepherd) who must have thought we were mad. We met him after having been two days without seeing a stranger. When I saw him riding along, I was delighted. I said to myself, "Now, I'll enjoy a talk with this man; for he is, no doubt, a simple, honest stockman, and will not hurl puns at me, as the doctor does, nor give his war experiences after the manner of the reporter." As I approached him, I saw he was a Mexican. I shook hands with him in a very cordial manner; and I said, "*Buenos dias.*" That was all of the Mexican language I knew then.

He, replying in a quiet and conciliatory tone of voice, said, "Doggonit." That was all of the English *he* knew. He said it as if he were proud of knowing so much of our beautiful and expressive language.

We stood and talked, bowed, smiled, and gesticulated for an hour, the Mexican doing the same. He did not understand a word of what we said; and we did not understand what he said, except the words above quoted, which he repeated several times, being apparently possessed with the idea, that, if there was any more of the English language, it could only be some auxiliary terms not necessary to the carrying-on of a friendly conversation.

No matter how ignorant or commonplace the people were whom we met, we were glad of their society. They were not all, by any means, either ignorant or commonplace.

It is wonderful how many educated men, and men of rare talents and attainments, are to be met in sheep-camps and

cattle-ranches on the plains of Western Texas. Love of adventure, pursuit of health, and poverty hand in hand with pride, are some of the causes that bring these men to the ends of the earth. I have seen an ex-student of Oxford University butchering a sheep in the Nueces valley. I met the son of a member of the British Parliament driving a team in Uvalde County. I know a man, now living in a tent, and herding five hundred sheep on the prairie, who ten years ago was editor of a prominent Parisian newspaper, and one of the popular society men of the gayest capital in Europe. Digging around the roots of his grape-vines in Kendall County, a certain German baron finds more satisfaction and profit than he could in the land of his fathers.

The following incident will illustrate the facts stated above:—

When we were in Fort Clark we met a tramp. He was about thirty years of age. He wore shoes down at the heel and broken on the sides. His hair was long, and bore traces of recent contact with a haystack. His clothes were seedy, and he smelled like a livery-stable. He differed but little from the ordinary tramp who spends his leisure in walking from town to town, in resting his shoulders against corners, and in lying on his back by the roadside, smoking a short clay pipe. I would have passed him unnoticed, had he not approached me, and asked me for means to procure bread and a place of shelter. As I stopped to hand him a silver coin, I looked in his face, and recognized the wreck of an old friend and school-fellow. I had known him fifteen years before. Then he wore fashionable clothes, and parted his hair in an equatorial way. We, his contemporaries, used to envy him; and when, with a twitch of his eyebrow, he let his eyeglass drop to the end of the cord that held it, and, referring to an acquaintance, said, "Cawn't expect a fellow to know such a cad as that, you know; can't afford it, by Jove!" we were filled with unutterable awe, and looked on him as on one inspired. Before we, his equals in age, had ceased to take pleasure in marbles, he was staggering, so to speak, under the weight of the experience he had gained in the playing of countless games of billiards. When we were sipping our matutinal coffee under the paternal roof, he was

bracing up on B. and S. down at the Essex arms. A certain *bonhomie* and geniality of disposition, natural to him, made him popular with his own set. Young ladies admired him, schoolgirls adored him, and tailors dunned him. Taking him altogether, he was a young man of great promise, — at least, so his creditors said. The wreck of this gay young man was before me in the person of the tramp. Evidently he did not

THE TRAMP.

recognize me. I asked him to walk with me towards the hotel that I was stopping at. As we were walking along, he said his name was Brown, and he gave me a fictitious history of his family and himself. It was pitiful to hear him wind long and dismal lies out of himself, — all of them, more or less, excuses for his present dilapidated condition.

Arriving at the hotel, I induced him to sit down on the stoop. I told him that he reminded me so much of a friend I used to know, and that I thought surely he did not always

spell his name "Brown." He saw that I knew the secret of his identity, looked confused for a moment, then, gazing at me with intense interest, he recognized me.

The mixture of tramp and gentleman, of pleasure in recognizing an old friend, and of chagrin at being recognized, was a study. As I was not a studying man, I shook hands with my old friend, and in a few minutes learned his true story. As he spoke, there was none of the old affectation of voice and intonation. There was a sober earnestness, mixed with a shade of sadness, in his voice. He said, —

"Four years ago I had a row with the governor. I spent a great deal of money, as you may remember, and associated with a fast set. I was admired and flattered for my wit, smartness, and good looks, as I then thought. Now I know my popularity was based on the suppers, the drives, the opera-boxes, and other good things that my father's money furnished to my friends. I thought that I knew a great deal more than my father did. I looked on him as an old fogy with a ridiculously exalted idea as to the value of money, — very good in his way, and useful about the first of the month, but much, very much, behind the times.

"On one occasion I became angry because my father expostulated with me regarding my extravagance. In my wrath, I made the assertion that I could and would be independent of his assistance. I sailed for New York, arriving in that haven of the world's scapegraces with a few pounds in my pockets. I spent all the money I had, before I tried to procure work. I had no very definite idea, at the time, of what kind of work I was best suited for. I had a rather general idea that I was capable of almost any thing, from the running of an iron-clad war-ship to the steering of an ox-team, and that, when I would condescend to engage in business, I would find quite an amount of competition for my services. During the past four years I have accumulated a great deal of experience. I have learned the value of money. I know that it takes three hours' hard work at a wood-pile, and several blisters on my hands, to earn a single silver quarter, with some profane compliments thrown in because some of the sticks are too long for the dining-room

stove. I know that in Texas half a dollar will purchase the privilege of sleeping with the old man in the room, with 'Harper's Weekly' illustrations on the wall, a draught under the door, and a hole in the roof, while a quarter will only secure the use of a horse-blanket on the back gallery with the dog. Yes, I have had a varied experience, — taught a school, drove a street-car, been on one coasting-voyage before the mast, painted patent-medicine fence-advertisements, was three months with the rangers, sang in a minstrel show, taught a class in boxing, and filled many other positions more peculiar than lucrative. I am one of the blanks in life's lottery. I am too proud to acknowledge my failure. Some day I may go home to gladden the heart of my good old father; but by that time, perhaps — well, I must be moving. God bless you, old boy! Good-night."

I had intended dovetailing a moral on to the end of the tramp's story. The narrative is painful enough, however, without that: so let us diverge.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE NEXT story was told by the newspaper-man, whose trials and tribulations figure so extensively in these pages.

It was at the beginning of the war. His regiment was marching through Louisiana by forced marches; for it is a solemn matter of fact, that the first troops that went out from Texas were in very much of a hurry, because they feared that the war would be over before they could reach the tented field. They were afraid that the Virginians would swindle them out of their share of glory in taking Washington. While the Northern people were talking about a ninety-days' war, the Texans thought it hardly worth while to start out, as the war would be over before they could get a chance to strike a blow. But to the story, which is best given in the language of the newspaper-man himself: —

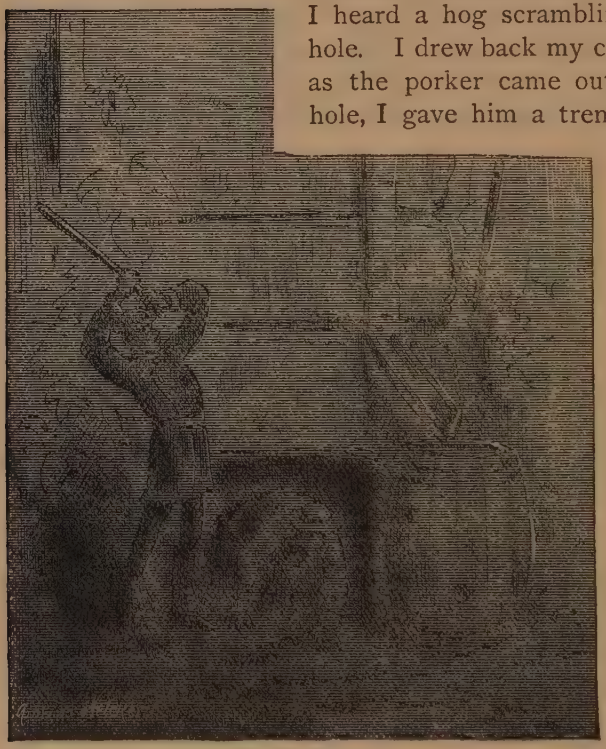
"Just before dark one afternoon, we passed a comfortable-looking farmhouse, the owner of which was busily engaged, with a very anxious expression of countenance and a long pole, in driving a number of pigs under the house. The impression that forced itself upon us, on observing this conduct, was, that he thought the pigs would be safer, and last longer, as far as his selfish wants were concerned, under his immediate super-

vision, than in any place where we could get at them. One of my comrades, who was trudging along by my side, Bob Beasley, — a proud, high-strung, sensitive fellow, but as honest, nevertheless, as the day is long, — was stung to the quick by the action of the farmer; and, turning to me, Bob said, 'That is an insult to our sacred cause, and to every honest man in the regiment. Let us resent it. Let us teach this man to respect us. Let's go back there to-night, and steal one of his darned old hogs, to show him that we won't stand any of his insinuations.'

INSINUATIONS.

"I saw that Bob's feelings were hurt by the ungenerous conduct of the rustic, and endeavored to calm him down, but in vain. His blood was up. I agreed to assist him in wiping out the insult, on condition that I should have one-half of the pork. We camped a few miles from the house; and that night, although we were very tired, we cheerfully trudged back to the house where we had seen the farmer trying to steal the pigs from us. We quietly called a council of war, and agreed upon a campaign plan. It was thought best not to make any unnecessary noise, as it might induce the farmer to come out and still further irritate us. All we really wanted was the hog. Bob Beasley was to crawl through the hole under the house, and drive the hogs out, because he was more familiar with the habits of hogs than I was. I was to assume an offen-

sive position, with a club, at the outside of the hole, and as soon as a hog came out I was to stun him with a blow, after which he was to be despatched, and carried to camp. Bob crawled in on all-fours, and pretty soon I heard a hog scrambling toward the hole. I drew back my club; and, just as the porker came out through the hole, I gave him a tremendous blow. Bob Beasley gave a grunt, for he was the hog. I had only dislocated his shoulder, instead of knocking his brains out. The farmer, it seems, had added insult to injury by removing his hogs from under the house. He did not think they were safe even there.



"I'VE GOT HIM."

"Bob expressed himself very forcibly. He used language to me which no soldier should use to a comrade. He was evidently much disappointed at not finding the hogs under the house. In the excitement of the moment I spoke emphatically, in a low tone of voice, of what I thought of the conduct of the farmer. I had a good notion to inform the colonel of our regiment, and have the agriculturist imprisoned as a traitor. I should certainly have denounced his treachery; but I was afraid, that, if I said any thing about the affair, our motives for trying

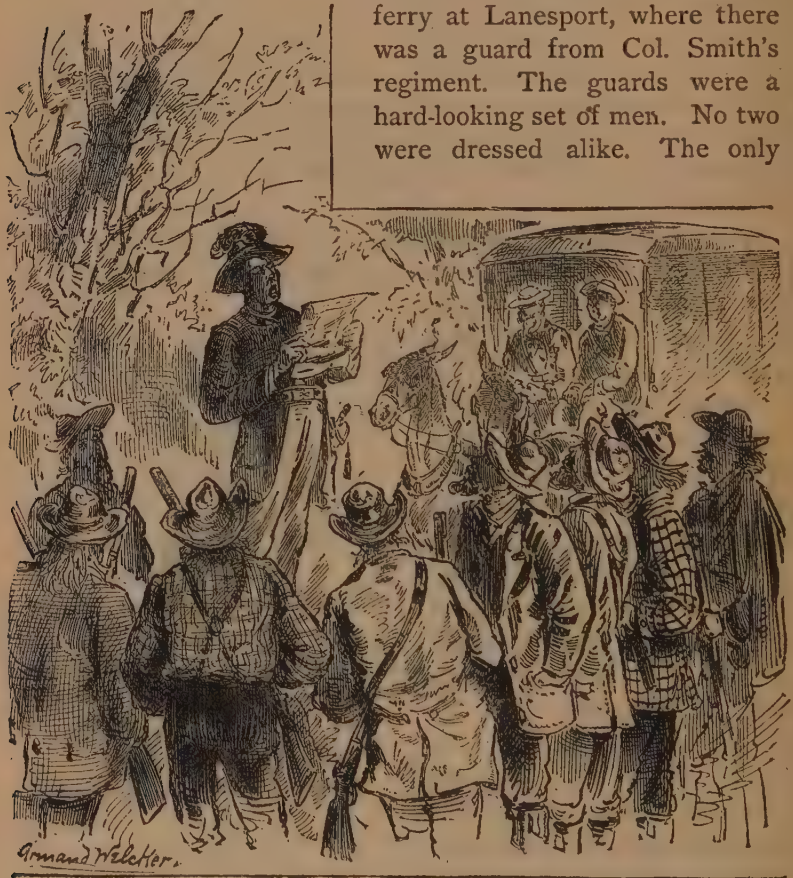
to kill the hog might have been misconstrued. I volunteered to carry Bob Beasley to camp on my back, which was only two or three miles off. I would not have volunteered if Beasley had not given me his solemn word of honor that he would assassinate me if I did not carry him cheerfully. When I got to camp I had acquired a permanent curvature of the spine, which is one of the offerings I cheerfully laid upon the altar of my country. Our devotion to principle was not appreciated by our comrades, who would jeeringly call out, 'How's your hog?' whenever we passed along the line. From that hour I instinctively felt that the cause of the Confederacy was hopeless."

The distinguished San Antonio lawyer then told his story. He, too, had been in the Confederate army during the time that the Northern and Southern States suspended cordial relations. He said, —

CARRYING BOB.

"I belonged to Col. Duff's regiment, the Thirty-third Texas cavalry. Our colonel was an old United-States officer, and by his knowledge of military matters, particularly the manipulation of red tape, had managed to obtain for us first-class uniforms, splendid fire-arms, and the ill will of the rest of the Texas troops. As he kept us well drilled, and preserved strict discipline, our regiment was like one in the regular United-States army, and very much in contrast with other regiments of the brigade, which were without uniforms or discipline. There was much bad feeling in consequence, but not on our part. The brigade was ordered into winter quarters, in 1863, on Red River, near Lanesport, which has Texas on one side, — and is opposite the boundary-line of the Indian

Territory, — and Arkansaw on the other. Our camp was in Arkansaw, in a bend of Red River, about ten miles from Lanesport. One day I was detailed to accompany Col. Duff to Clarksville, in Texas, and to return with the empty ambulance. We proceeded up Red River to the ferry at Lanesport, where there was a guard from Col. Smith's regiment. The guards were a hard-looking set of men. No two were dressed alike. The only



CALLING THE ROLL.

uniform things about them were the long hair that hung around their shoulders, and the grease on their tattered clothes. There was a company of them stationed at the ferry; and, just as we drove up, they were gathered together around a stump, on top of which the captain was standing, calling the roll. We were

told, with some pride, by the officer in command, that so rigid was the discipline, that very rarely a week passed over without the roll being called. We passed over the river, and, after a brief drive, reached Clarksville, where we put up at a hotel. Next morning Col. Duff proceeded on to San Antonio, and we started on our return to camp with the ambulance. By 'we,' reference is made to the driver and myself. The driver's name was Smoot. He was a middle-aged man, adorned with a great deal of baldness about the top of his head, to make up for which, however, he had an immense yellow beard that covered his breast, and seemed to have received its color from misdirected tobacco-juice. He had little twinkling eyes, and was a professional stage-driver.

"After we had enjoyed a really excellent breakfast — something with which we had not been familiar for a long time — at the hotel in Clarksville, Smoot picked his teeth with great satisfaction and a large bowie-knife, and remarked that we might as well be thinking of sailing out. He also remarked, incidentally, that the 'spare-ribs' were good. Anybody who had been banqueting for several years on the blue beef and sour cornmeal of the Confederacy would have been willing, and even anxious, to proclaim the excellences of that breakfast from the housetops. I remarked that I was prepared to sustain him in the position he had taken.

"As we rode along, Smoot seemed to be turning over something in his mind. After a while he spoke out, and proceeded to unfold the devilish plot that he had been hatching in his mind. Said he, —

"'You saw all those hogs feeding along the road between here and the ferry? What's to hinder us from killing one, putting him in the ambulance, and taking him right into camp? The guards at the ferry will never notice it, and we won't call their attention to it.'

"'We may be caught by the provost-guard, and put in the bull-pen. Besides, it ain't right to — to be caught,' said I.

"'That's so. But nobody who is not caught is put in the bull-pen. It's only them that's caught that's on the inside.'

"Smoot was as persuasive as he was ungrammatical; and I

liked fresh pork so much myself, that I yielded to his wishes, and we formed a partnership to go into the pork-trade at once. I would have felt much easier in my mind if we could have taken in the guard at the ferry as a third partner. Perhaps the simplest way to have avoided the whole trouble would have been to take the owner of the hog into our confidence, as a member of the firm, and to pay for the hog; but it was not customary for soldiers to commit such reckless acts of extravagance. It is not good to have too many partners in one small pig.

"'But suppose the owner of the pig interrupts us?'

"'We won't let him. We will interrupt *him* if he attempts it,' said Smoot.

"'But suppose he does, anyhow?'

"'If wuss comes to wussness, we can offer to pay for it in Confederate money.'

"'Suppose he won't take it?'

"'Arrest him for trying to depreciate the credit of the Confederacy.'

"Still I had misgivings. It seemed to me impossible that the blessings of Heaven would light upon the enterprise, even if we fooled the guard. We noticed some very large fat hogs in the suburbs of Clarksville, but Smoot said he preferred country hogs. Unlike most stage-drivers and Confederate soldiers, Smoot was distressingly particular about what he ate. We passed numerous hogs as we drove along, but they were all more or less objectionable. Not being beggars, we could afford to be choosers. Some of the hogs were too small, others too lean; some were too far off; and some that would have suited precisely insisted upon remaining as near a house as possible, from which I inferred that we were not the first Confederate soldiers who had passed along that way. We did not care to molest any hog near a house. Our object was to get the pork, not to disturb the owner. Thus it happened that we came within five or six miles of the ferry without having been guilty of any lawlessness whatever.

"'We have got to kill one now, or not at all, for the provost-guard at the ferry has got away with all in that vicinity,' said Smoot.

"We passed a comfortable-looking farmhouse, in front of which an aged patriarch, leaning on his staff, was engaged in feeding his flock of chickens. The old man gave us a suspicious look as we drove past. After we had gone about two hundred yards, we perceived a lot of hogs rooting by the roadside. They evidently belonged to the farm we had just passed.

"'I reckon we will be compelled to take one of them along. They are not fat; but we haven't got time to stay here until they do get fat,' said Smoot.

"'But the old cuss can't help seeing us from the house.'

"'Then, let him go inside: nobody's hindering him. I wonder if he is a crippie. Somehow, I would have more confidence in myself if I knew he couldn't run fast.'

"'I tell you, Smoot, we might scare the old man by shooting so close to him. The house is too near us.'

"'It's too late now for us to move it away. — Here, suke, suke!' And he took out an ear of corn, and threw some of the grains on the ground, to inspire the hogs with confidence. They hastened to the banquet with joyous grunts, and twirled their tails with delight. Such kind-hearted men as Smoot, who liked hogs, were scarce in that region. The pigs really seemed to enjoy the corn as they ran out and in among the wheels of the ambulance, and called for an *encore*.

"Smoot shaded his eyes, and took a view of the house and the patriarch, murmuring, 'I wonder how he is off for rheumatism. If he was only deaf, he needn't be rheumaticky at all. An old man like him ought to be deafer than a post.'

"Smoot drew my revolver from the scabbard, and examined it as if he wanted to buy it.

"'Now, keep your eye on the old coon, while I have a personal difficulty with that speckled shote that is eating up my corn.'

"Bang!

"Smoot had shot the hog near the eye: but it did not fall dead, as was expected; at least, I inferred not, for never in all my life did I hear such direful squeals. The noise was so keen and piercing that I had to put my hands on my ears. It scared the mules: they wanted to run — and so did I. I thought

we were lucky not to have come across a big hog if a little speckled shote made all that fuss.

"'Drive on,' I cried: 'that hog doesn't want to go along.'

"'Not much,' said Smoot. 'Just jump down and cut his throat.'

"The shote, frantic with pain, charged right upon me; and, purely in self-defence, I made a pass at it with the knife, that nearly cut its head off, killing it instantly. All this was done very quickly; but we had neglected to watch the old man. We had not paid as much attention to him as he deserved. But it seemed that he was more attentive to us, as strangers, than we had any reason to expect.

"I'LL TEACH YOU VILLAINS TO STEAL HOGS!"

"'Oh, you ——— ——— scoundrels! I'll teach you ——— ——— villains to steal hogs!'

"I looked over my shoulder; and there was the profane old scoundrel within ten yards of us, making astonishing time for one so aged. He was too close for us to put the hog into the ambulance: so Smoot drove around the curve in the road, and I cut through the wood to meet him, being still closely

followed by the dead animal. This time, however, I held it by the hind-leg. The old man gained on me so rapidly that I felt constrained to adopt his suggestion, and 'drop that hog,' which I did, jumping into the ambulance with Smoot, and rapidly driving away.

"'Whew! that must have been a pet pig,' observed Smoot dryly.

"'I hope it won't follow us up any more.'

"'Why didn't you stop, and offer him ten thousand dollars Confederate money?' said Smoot.

"We laughed heartily at first about an old man with a stick robbing two Confederate soldiers of their rations; but, somehow or other, I was full of misgivings that there was going to be a side-show or concert after the principal performance was over. I remarked to Smoot, that, if the old fellow kept on after us at the rate he was travelling when I last saw him, he was probably at the ferry already. We made the mules travel as they never travelled before. We drove down the steep bank of the river into the ferryboat, in which the grim sentinel was lying stretched out asleep, with his trusty musket beside him. We woke him up, and showed him our passes, which he carefully read—upside down. The boat pushed off, and we began to feel as if a load of anxiety was removed from our minds.

"'What a voice that hog had! I can hear it yet,' said I to Smoot. Then I suddenly observed a painful change come o'er the tablet of his thoughts, as if he had been eating cucumbers. Four horsemen, waving their guns, galloped up to the bank we had just left, and called to the ferryman, 'Stop them fellers! Stop them fellers!'

"'I wonder what all the enthusiasm is about now,' said Smoot, smiling in a sickly way.

"'They stole my hogs,' bawled out our pursuers.

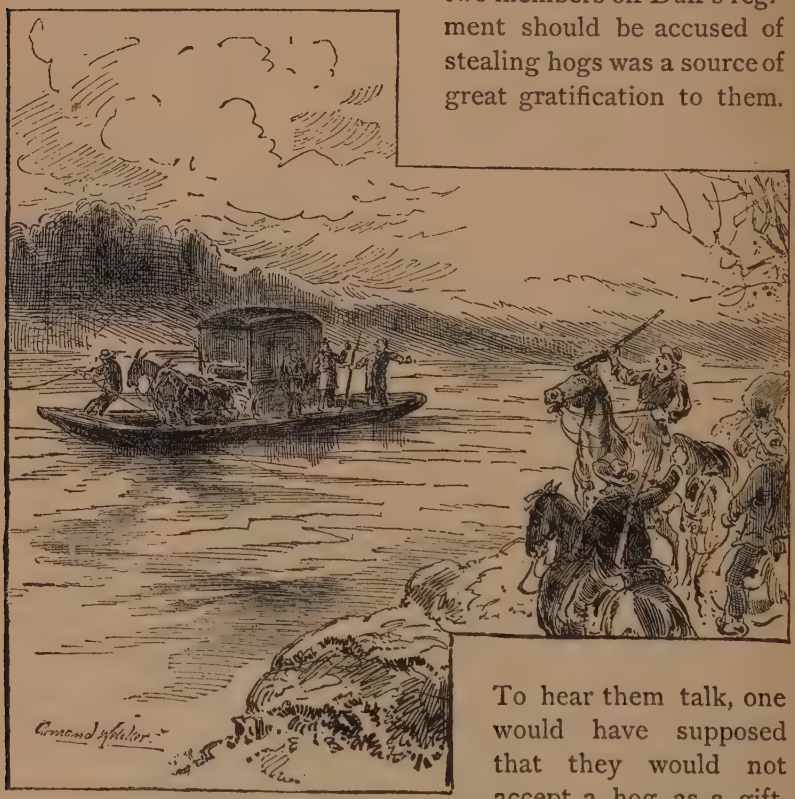
"'It's a lie,' said Smoot.

"Even as we gazed at the opposite bank with direful forebodings, who should canter up, as gay as a youth of sixteen, but our old friend the patriarch.

"'That kind of old man,' said Smoot pettishly, 'ought to be put in the army, and sent to the front.'

"'He seems to be coming to the front as fast as you want him to,' remarked the guard.

"The guard 'took us in out of the wet,' as he expressed it; and the boat was sent back to bring over the avengers of blood. The tatterdemalions gathered around us in high glee. That two members off Duff's regiment should be accused of stealing hogs was a source of great gratification to them.



"STOP THEM FELLERS!"

To hear them talk, one would have supposed that they would not accept a hog as a gift. They were profoundly shocked at the gravity of the charge made against us, and they were unanimously of the opinion that the Confederacy would gain its independence before we got out of the bull-pen. The officer in command took down the testimony of the aged hog-man, which was all unfavorable, particularly to me. We denied every thing, and insisted on proof. The old man was eloquent about the depravity of the Confederate soldiers, and

he hoped to live to see the Yankees come and protect the people from their Confederate protectors. Some of his remarks were also personal in their nature.

"The ambulance was searched for more evidence, but Smoot had hidden the knife. He was very shrewd, except with his mouth. He blurted out, 'Oh, yes! you are hunting for the knife with which we killed'—

"A judicious punch in the ribs stopped him just in time. We were finally urged to get into our ambulance, and drive to the brigade camp, an escort of two mounted men accompanying us. We were to report, under guard, to Gen. Gurley, who was in command.

"'This sorter reminds me of a funeral procession,' said Smoot.

"'It will be a funeral procession, sure enough, if you don't hobble that mouth of yours. From this moment you keep the brake on, and let me drive. You nearly upset every thing three or four times.'

"'All right. If they ask me if I killed the hog, I'll not open my mouth.'

"About dusk we reached the camp, and were introduced to Gen. Gurley in his tent. He was a raw-boned, red-whiskered man of about forty-five or fifty years of age.

"'This is a very serious charge against you,' he said, after reading the letter of introduction from the officer who arrested us. We thought so too; although Smoot was going to explain that it was a very small speckled shote, and not at all fat, when I gave him a look that halted him in his mad career. But he broke loose again, and was saying that 'it was not as serious as it might have been if the hog'— I punched him again, and proceeded to converse with the general, regretting that the *corpus delicti*, the pig, accompanied by the old man, was not brought face to face with me, so that I might fill them with confusion. I made such a plausible speech that I saw the general was moved. Smoot told me several years afterwards, that, after my speech, he had never been able to persuade himself that he had any thing to do with the transaction. After I had given the case to the jury, Gen. Gurley fixed his piercing gray eyes on me, and said in a deep graveyard voice,—

"'Didn't you shoot that hog?'

"Smoot tried to correct the general, that it was only a speckled shote, and not a hog, that we killed; but I kicked him on the sly.

"'Didn't you shoot that hog?' repeated the general.

"As it was Smoot who was guilty of the bad marksmanship, I raised up my hand, and swore that I did not shoot that hog; and I did it with a solemnity that would have convinced the old patriarch himself that the hog had committed suicide. I appealed to Smoot to speak right out, and say if I was guilty. Smoot, who was improving in diplomacy, stated that he was with me all the time, and he would have been bound to see it if I had fired the shot.

"'And you didn't see anybody shoot that hog?' asked the general incredulously.

"Smoot had a relapse of stupidity; for he was about to explain how I was looking at the old man when the shot was fired, when I broke in with most earnest protestations of not having seen anybody shoot.

"Gen. Gurley was fully convinced of our innocence, ordered our release, and spoke seriously of having charges preferred against the officer who arrested us. But I interceded for him, alleging that he was very ignorant, and filled with zeal for the Confederacy; that it would, perhaps, be best not to discourage him. I heard afterwards, that, when Gen. Gurley learned the real facts of the case, he said he was astonished at how much ability and talent there was among the rank and file of the army."

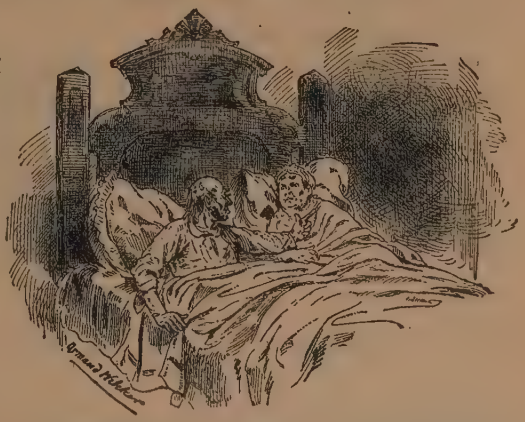
"Did you ever see the old patriarch again?" asked the doctor.

"Once, about two months afterwards, I had that pleasure. Half a dozen of us had received our furloughs, and started for home. We did not go by Lanesport, but struck across the country. Just about night we reached the main road, and, stopping at a farm, obtained permission to stay all night. When we sat down at the supper-table, whom should I perceive at the head of it but the old patriarch. During the meal he recognized me. He stared at me in speechless amazement.

Then he reached over, and, handing me a plate, asked, 'Won't you take some spare-ribs?'

"I did take some, and praised them more than they deserved, complaining that we never got any pork in camp. I was in the best of spirits, and told many humorous stories of soldier-life, which frequently convulsed the aged spouse of the patriarch, who would not have been so liberal with her applause if she had known who I was. The old gentleman kept on passing me spare-ribs. He was a jolly old customer, and had forgiven me; for he gave me an indescribable wink, as much as to say, 'This is our joke.'

After supper, being much fatigued, we retired to our apartments. Mine was next to that of the aged couple, but I could hear every word that was said in the next room. The old lady said, giggling, —



"OLD WOMAN, HE IS THE ONE THAT KILLED OUR SHOTE."

"'What a funny fellow that little one is!'

"'Old woman,' was the response, '*he is the one that killed our shote.*'

"Next morning, at breakfast, the old lady sat perfectly rigid, with a hard, stern expression of countenance. The old man was very reticent. His wife had evidently been exerting her influence over him. Like a delegate to a convention, he had been instructed. Being in one of my most reckless moods, I asked him if the passing Confederate soldiers ever killed any of his hogs. He said very emphatically that they did not do any thing else.

"'This is the first time I ever heard of Confederate soldiers committing such an outrage,' I remarked with astonishment.

"'You never stole our speckled shote, either?' screamed the old lady.

"There was universal astonishment, and I boldly denied the base insinuation. All of my comrades put in a good word for me. Sergeant McLaren said that he had raised me, and that I had never stolen the value of a pin during my whole life. Another said, that, if there was one man in camp who would never do a wrong act, I was the guilty party. Still another proved a complete *alibi;* stating he was with me in San Antonio, five hundred miles distant, when the hog was killed.

"'Have you got a twin-brother?' said the old patriarch.

"'No twin-brother.'

"The subject was dropped at this point. When we were leaving, the old man came close to me, and, whispering in my ear, said, —

"'All I've got to say is, that, if you ain't killed while you are out stealing hogs, you are going to be the very best lawyer in Texas.'"

CHAPTER XLIII.

We found extensive beds of magnetic iron ore in many of the counties bordering on the Rio Grande. Iron ore exists in vast quantities in many parts of the State. Smelting the iron ores of Texas has been attempted only on a small scale. What has been smelted has yielded from sixty to seventy-five per cent of metallic iron. The coal that is found in Texas is not suitable for smelting purposes, as it contains more or less sulphur. In different parts of the State, beds of lignite exist. Lignite is useless for smelting purposes, and, so far, efforts to convert it into coke have failed: but no doubt some chemical process will be discovered to make coke of the lignite; and then the vast iron deposits, now valueless, can be utilized.

I could tell a great deal about the copper, iron, silver, lead, and coal that are lying down under the prairie-flower and mountain-cactus in Texas: but to do so I would have to speak of the azoic rocks, jurassic period, cretaceous era, permian formations, tertiary strata, and words to that effect; and that would only be taking advantage of the reader who does not know whether the old red sandstone is found above or below the carboniferous series, and to whom it is a matter of indiffer-

ence whether foraminiferous shells of the *Fusulina cylindrica* occur in abundance in the siliceous limestones, or are only to be found in small quantities in the paleozoic series.

I have considered the matter, and have concluded that it would not be right for me to talk that way, as I am neither a geological survey nor a mineralogical bureau: so I simply dismiss the subject with the statement, that, if the possession of undeveloped mines abounding in vast quantities of precious metals and valuable minerals, is indicative of wealth, Texas is one of the most opulent corners of the earth.

The doctor had a great admiration for journalism. It was his opinion that the press was a powerful agency in the dissemination of intelligence. He thought the most convincing proof of the great intelligence of the American people was to be found in the fact that there were so many newspapers published all over the country, just as some people regard the vast number of religious beliefs in the United States as proof of the great piety of the people. The doctor took quite an interest in our journalistic acquaintance; and, as we rode along, he interrogated him at considerable length in regard to journalism in Texas.

"I suppose," said the doctor, "that your experience on the Texas press has been varied?"

"Yes, varied and painful. The world little knows what some of us have to suffer. You have heard of the celebrated doctor who tried all his newly discovered medicines, and combinations of medicines, on his apprentice. Well, some editors do that sort of thing. When I was local on a San Antonio paper, the editor used to try his editorials on me until I was almost reduced to a skeleton."

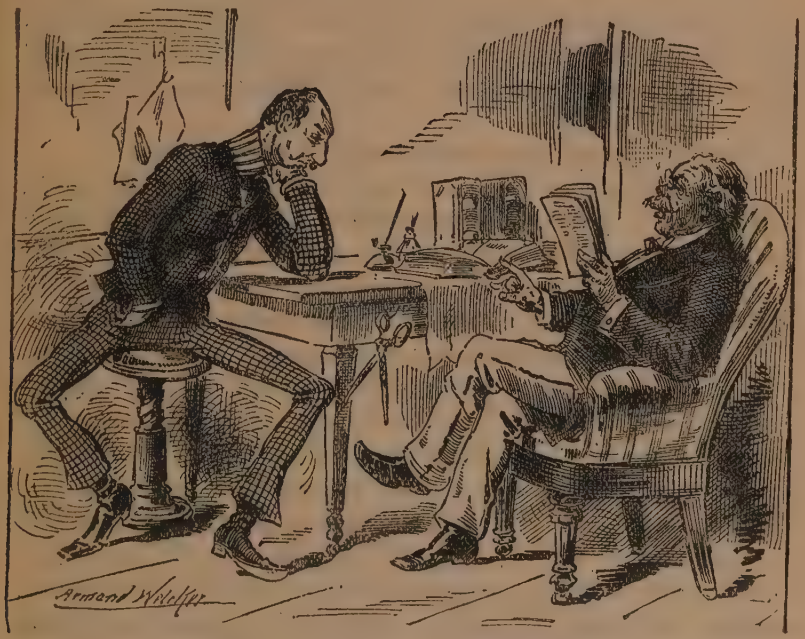
"Tried his editorials on you?"

"Yes, he tried them on me. I would be busy endeavoring to capture a joke, and pull it into my local column backwards by the tail. The editor would stop me in my mad career, and ask me if I didn't want to hear him read his editorial aloud. If I had told the truth, I would have said that I preferred a dose of castor-oil, and he would have thought that my heart was not in the success of the paper. So I would smile as if I

had been invited to an oyster-supper, and say, 'Certainly, colonel, don't disappoint me.' And he never did."

"Were his editorials so profoundly uninteresting?" queried the doctor.

"They were profoundly exasperating. If the colonel had ever attempted to read one in public, he would have been lynched. But what caused me the most suffering was the way he administered them. I could have borne it if he had merely



TRYING HIS EDITORIALS ON THE REPORTER.

read them over once; but, with a refinement of cruelty that would have done credit to a Spanish inquisitor, he read them to me by sections. He would read ten lines at a time, then stop to consult the dictionary as to whether he should spell a word with one *l* or with two."

"Why didn't you refuse to listen to him?" asked the doctor.

"Nice advice, that, from a peace-loving Yankee who is always deprecating lawlessness in the South! I did hint to the colonel, once, that I had to hurry off to write an official

account of a cock-fight; but the old fellow flung the paper-weights around, and got mad. He also flung out hints that my princely salary was too much for the concern to stagger under, — draining its life-blood, he said. Always after that, when he offered to read an editorial to me, I encouraged him to do his worst."

"You spoke of his peculiar way of reading the editorial. I did not quite understand."

"He would read the first ten lines. After I had listened to that in an entranced sort of way, silently gnashing my teeth, and wishing for death, he would perpetrate ten lines more, and then, with a cheerfulness that I utterly failed to share, he would say, —

"'Would you like very much to hear a little more?'

"I intimated that life would be a barren waste without it, and then he would continue the assault. Now, if he had begun where he left off, I would not have complained so much; but he began again at the very beginning. He even read the head-lines over to me. Then he would indite ten more lines, and go back to the beginning and re-read it all over, until he had inspired me with a two-column article on some such live topic as 'What Salmon P. Chase thought of Charles Sumner.' It was like paying compound interest on a note for which you had never received the slightest compensation. Cutting off a dog's tail by inches would have been a much more merciful proceeding. If, after he had got through, I didn't say that it was superior to the leading editorials of the New-York press, and beg him to read it over, so that I could become thoroughly saturated with its beauties, I was sure to hear ominous panegyrics on a talented young journalist from the North, who was in town, and offering to work for a nominal salary. My salary, which I never got except in homœopathic doses, was phenomenal — phenomenally small."

"What became of the paper?"

"It is dead now. There was, however, one green oasis in that dreary Sahara of journalism. On the colonel's desk was a file, or rather a straight, upright wire, upon which he used to impale all the live items and choice selections from the ex-

changes. Our sanctum was on the second floor of the building; and it had one window facing the distant Gulf of Mexico, and another opening on the street. The colonel's desk was right between these two windows. All day long the Gulf breeze was going through the office. This was a pleasant change, for usually that was the sheriff's business. The principal occupation, however, of the breeze, was to distribute the clippings that the colonel had carefully filed. It seemed to me that the breeze did not blow until the colonel had all the clippings on the file; but then it distributed faster, by a great deal, than the post-office clerks do when the public is waiting for its mail. The breeze would wrestle with the clippings, and, taking the topmost item, — a dainty bit of wit, perhaps, from 'The New-York News,' — would make its escape from our dull sanctum out into the street. A recipe for making blackberry-brandy, or a cure for bots, would gradually work itself up to the point of the file, and out it would go, as if it feared the colonel was going to read one of his editorials to it. Then, perhaps, an article on the 'History of Oddfellowship in China during the Middle Ages,' or the 'Pan-Anglicanism of the Early Martyrs,' would slide out. The colonel, being a little short-sighted, was utterly oblivious to all this. He would slap a clipping on the file with the remark that 'somebody must come in at night and steal the clippings off the file;' and, even while he was speaking, the Gulf breeze would be struggling with that very clipping. Everybody about the office was unjustly suspected."

"Why didn't you explain to the colonel about the breeze?"

"That would have deprived me of my only source of amusement. It kept me in good spirits to observe the dazed look on the colonel's face when the foreman called on him for copy, and he reached for the clippings that had just floated out of the window. Like Don Quixote's books, they had gone off with a wicked magician, who was jealous of the owner's fame. If it had not been for the fun that the Gulf breeze and the colonel were having with each other, I would have died. Another reason why I did not interfere was, that on a former occasion, when I made some suggestions, I was told by the colonel, that, if ever he needed any advice from me, I would be officially

notified through the proper channels. On the other hand, the Gulf breeze had never given me any offence: so why should I tell on it?"

The newspaper-man continued, "There was one thing on that file that was too heavy for the Gulf breeze. It was at the bottom of the file, and was one of the colonel's ablest editorials, which was being held over. I think it was about 'The Time-honored Principles of the Democratic Party.' Day after day the breeze fought in vain with that heavy editorial. At last it had found its match. Not a leaf fluttered.

"One day a small cyclone struck San Antonio. It twisted off old cottonwood-trees that had shaded the monks who had settled San Antonio. It blew the roofs from houses with mortgages on them. The centre of the cyclone struck our office, and blew out the window-sashes, and hurled paper-weights across the street. It struck that heavy editorial, but it did not move it an inch. It was like so much solid lead. The cyclone gave it up in disgust, and there was an immense calm."

"Whew!" said the doctor.

"But those clippings did a heap of good. The choicest American newspaper literature was scattered all over that part of town, much to the enlightenment and amusement of the inhabitants. On the lee-side of the 'Herald' office the people were ten times more intelligent than those to the windward. You could not go ten steps without seeing either a poem or some interesting paragraph. Wherever you looked, you saw men walking along slowly, absorbed in something they had stumbled upon. Hardly a day passed but somebody was run over by a hack; and so interesting was the reading-matter that they hardly noticed the accident. The colonel was the most talented man with a pair of scissors that I ever saw. All the subscribers in the west end of town quit taking the paper. They picked up their education on the streets. They had no need of the newspaper. They found all the news they wanted as they went along. A great many made large scrap-books from the material furnished them by the colonel and the Gulf breeze. That was kept up all summer, and until it got to be too cold to keep the windows open."

"Do you like the position of local editor?"

"If a local editor tries to please everybody, he is going to make a failure of it. It requires a great deal of experience to find out what people want. For instance: one day an old patron of the paper, living in the country, came into town for relaxation. He relaxed himself, galloped his horse through the principal streets, yelling, and shooting off his pistol. It took five policemen to show him the way to the bastile. As he was a friend to the paper, I gave him another name in my report, and toned down some of the most damaging details of his spree. He was fined; and, in the goodness of my heart, I suppressed that fact entirely. Now, what do you suppose that old outcast did?"

"Gave you a new suit of clothes?"

"Pshaw!"

"Presented you with a gold-headed cane?"

"That comes nearer it. After he pranced into the office, with blood in his eyes, he bawled out, 'Stop my paper! I've been taking it for fifteen years; but, if ever I read it again, I hope I may be hanged. Here I come to town, and create the biggest kind of a sensation. There hasn't been as much enthusiasm in the place during the last ten years. No telling how many extra copies of your blamed paper you have sold in consequence; and how do you repay me for my enterprise? You go and give the credit of the whole affair to some other man. I don't believe there is any such man as you have put down there. You just did it to swindle me, to break me down in the estimation of my friends. You want to disgrace me. You never put in about me shooting a piece off a dog's tail, and me a-gallopin'. You left out all that part about it having taken five policemen two hours to get me to the lockup. Why didn't you put in that I sassed the recorder, and dared him to come out into the street?'

"I told the agitated patron," said the reporter, "that we had changed the name, and left out the worst items, so as not to hurt his feelings. When I told him that, he at first got mad, and said I insulted him; but then the absurdity of his feelings being hurt by newspaper criticism struck him, and he laughed

heartily. He explained that his object in raising the row was to gain prestige among his people out on the frontier. He was running for sheriff, and wanted to make political capital; and we had spoiled his plans by suppressing his name. He was appeased by a promise to get his name right in the weekly edition, not omitting even the most nauseating details; and he paid in advance for two hundred copies, intending to circulate them as a campaign document.

"On another occasion I left out from the recorder's court proceedings the name of an old patron who had been fined for being drunk and disorderly; and, next time he came to town, he complained too. His neighbors, not seeing his name, as usual, among those who had been fined for being drunk, insisted that he had never been to town at all."

"You gave the full particulars and correct name in future, I suppose," said the doctor.

"I tried that; but it didn't answer, either. It made things a great deal worse. A post-trader, who gave us all his job-printing, came to town and put up at a hotel, and, out of gratitude for some more job-printing we expected to get, I gave him a flaming notice; said it was one of the most important events in the city since the fall of the Alamo; hoped that his stay would be as pleasant to him as it would be advantageous to the San Antonio mercantile fraternity. He bought all his supplies in San Antonio.

"He came around, raving like a maniac. He wanted his paper stopped. It seemed that he had a great many creditors in town that he didn't want to see. He expected to pass through without disturbing them; but, when they read in the paper that he was in town, they called on him on an average of three a minute. He informed our staff, that, when he wanted his name in the paper, he would let us know. The rival office got two hundred dollars' worth of job-printing.

"The only safe way to do was to call on the man himself, and ask him if he wanted us to get out an extra, announcing his arrival. Very often he would reply, 'No; but you can state that I am still at Fort Concho, and will not be down for six months.'

"I tell you, doctor, when it comes to suppressing intelligence, the press is a wonderful engine."

"I should think," said the doctor, "that it would be very difficult to find editors in Texas."

"Difficult to find editors in Texas! It is only difficult to find them when you have a bill against them. It all depends on who is looking for them. If you mean that there are very few men willing to assume the arduous and responsible duties of the profession, then you are mistaken. Every man who is not a newspaper-man believes, that, if he were to take hold of a dying paper, he would soon have it rivalling 'The New-York Herald.' I refer particularly to those who have money, and put it in a newspaper for safe keeping. There is money in the newspaper business — if you put it there."

"But I should think the paper would stop when the appropriations were exhausted," said the doctor, somewhat bewildered.

"It can't stop any more than the interest on a note can stop. There is a change of administration at short intervals, but the paper keeps right straight on. Every few months there is a new editor. One editor is tendered a lucrative position on the staff of some sheep-man, to herd sheep at the rate of twenty dollars a month. What is fame as a journalist, compared to all that fatness? The editor then writes his valedictory, to the effect, that, owing to over-work, he has been forbidden by his medical adviser to write any more; that he needs rest; and that he will spend the season where pure air and exercise may benefit him. So he resigns his crown and sceptre, and leads a happy and contented life, moulding the destinies of a sheep-ranch instead of those of the nation. But, as I told you, when one door shuts, another opens. There is always some ambitious man aching to run the paper for a while, anyhow."

"But is there no offset to these disadvantages? I've heard that admiring friends frequently present the editor with gold-headed canes and other valuable presents, and I am always reading of his being invited to entertainments and banquets."

"Yes, that's what the outside world thinks. It is a popular delusion that congressmen and other public men are continually arresting the unwilling editor, taking him to clothing-

stores, and fitting him out from head to foot, regarding it as a personal insult if the editor does not pick out the most expensive suit in the house. It is also supposed, that, after the editor is arrayed in his new garments, the congressman forces open the clinched editorial fist, and places in the palm thereof a thousand-dollar check. That's why so many men sigh to become editors. Now, I have elected three or four congressmen, and I know all about it. I started the boom, and kept it up until I got them into their seats in Congress. One day, when there was a large crowd present (I think they had been invited for the occasion), one of the elected, knowing I did not smoke, presented me with a cigar. No doubt the average editor would betray the country for thirty pieces of silver, and he often gets credit for having done so."

"Then, you are positive that there is something else in the life of the Texas editor besides roses and complimentary presents," said the doctor.

"Yes: the general impression is, that all day long country wagons are standing in front of the sanctum, unloading pumpkins and other tropical fruits. But the wagons are not there, and the editor is happy that they are not. In regard to the entire newspaper business, distance enchants. Occasionally a sturdy old farmer brings in a watermelon for the editor. He places it on exhibition on the counter, where it is to stay, for the whole city to come and stare at, until it gets to be too stale to eat. The old farmer represents the berry to be most unique, and remorselessly gives details regarding its pedigree, and tells how he and the climate succeeded in raising such a wonderful product.

"If all the bankers, clergymen, lawyers, and the rest of the *élite*, do not swarm over to the office in battalions, to see with their own eyes what the old farmer can do, with some slight assistance from the soil and climate, he thinks the paper has no influence. He converts the sanctum into a public hall, and delivers agricultural addresses to all who come in."

"It seems to me," said the doctor, "that you are not disposed to encourage the hard-working tiller of the soil."

"He does not need it. It is the editor who ought to have

troops sent to his relief, and be patted on the back. The editor can bear up under visits from the sheriff: he is used to that. He can smile when a man comes in with a gun to procure an explanation of some personal item; but, when the wagon of the honest farmer drives up, a cold perspiration gathers in drops as big as marbles on the editorial brow. If the watermelon were a bombshell, it would not produce so much consternation. You can form some idea as to when the shell will go off, but you can never tell when the old farmer and his watermelon will go off. If he should take a drop too much (which he seldom fails to do), then, of course, the ceremonies are much more impressive. And all this time the printers are calling for copy, and the old farmer keeps on delivering his agricultural address. If you interrupt him, he will stop his paper; and you are not anxious to antagonize the agricultural interests of the State. At the same time two watermelons a day would ruin the paper.

AN AGRICULTURAL ADDRESS.

"I once suggested to the editor of our paper, and also to the comptroller in charge of the business department, that we would make money by mutilating the granger with a club, and getting out an extra, with full particulars of the outrage, at five cents a copy."

"What is there so dreadful about the honest old granger?" asked the doctor.

"Besides what I have told you of his relentless spirit of persecution, he expects a lengthy notice about that watermelon. He stays over one day so as to get the daily paper containing it. When he reads the notice, he is dissatisfied: it abounds in personal insults, such as not mentioning the year that he came to Texas. As he proceeds to read it, he becomes more and more exasperated. There is no mention of his having taken Sam Houston aside, and advised him to fight, anyhow, at San Jacinto. As he gets through reading the article, he approaches the editor, and says, 'You haven't said a word about my bein' a candidate for constable. Last year I gave the other paper a melon that lacked five pounds of being as heavy as this one, and it said I was a gentleman of the old school. No, gentlemen, I see you don't want to assist the struggling agricultural interests.' And, backing his wagon, he asks you to help him lift in his watermelon. Then he takes it down to the rival office.

GOING OVER TO THE OPPOSITION.

"I reckon," continued our journalistic friend, "that, like the proprietor of the big watermelon, I am a little too diffuse. Don't you want me to go off by myself somewhere?"

The doctor protested, that, if there was any thing that pleased him particularly in Texas, it was the utterances of the reporter. It was so rare nowadays, he said, to find a man who adhered rigidly to the truth, that, when he met one such, he loved to listen to him.

"The Texas editor must have a hard life of it," said the doctor.

"Yes: there is 'The Bugle,' for instance. The new editor

always feels certain that he is able to revivify that debilitated newspaper, and restore it to vigorous life. All he can do, however, only keeps it from dying. 'The Bugle' still lives, although it has taken the sheriff into partnership a dozen times.

LOST THE COMBINATION OF THE SAFE.

"The financial condition of the institution makes it a part of the duties of the business-manager sometimes to go off fishing on Saturday evenings, or to lose the combination of the safe."

"'The Bugle' must have owed everybody," said the doctor.

"It was worse off than that: it owed five men out of every four."

"You mean four men out of every five?"

"No: I mean five men out of every four. I know that of my own knowledge. It may afterwards have succeeded in owing six or seven men out of every four; but I know of it owing five men out of four. I heard them say so," remarked the newspaper-man with much emphasis.

"I don't understand that," said the doctor. "You must have a new kind of arithmetic down here."

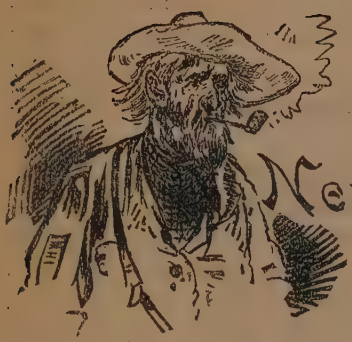
The reporter was perfectly serious. He replied, "I would not have believed it myself, if I had not seen it. One day there was a financial crisis in 'The Bugle' office. There used to be a financial crisis — a change of ministry — every few months. I was coming down Commerce Street, when I met Copeland, the live-stock editor. He said, 'Have you heard that "The Bugle" has got the sheriff on its staff again?'

"I answered that I had not, but was in no way surprised. Just then Clandon, who used to be on a Houston paper, strolled up; and, presently, Gould, who was on the 'Express,' came along; and we all stood there, and talked about 'The Bugle' and its financial problems. I remarked that 'The Bugle' owed me fifty dollars. Copeland said, 'Put me down for about forty dollars. I am not bragging about the amount, but I don't care to be left out in the cold.'

"Then Gould said that 'The Bugle' had got into him for a hundred or so during the time he was local editor. Clandon spoke up, and said, 'I've sued for the two hundred and fifty dollars they owe me.'

"I exclaimed then, 'Here are four of us, and "The Bugle" owes each one of us: we are all "Bugle" sufferers.'

"Then Clandon burst out laughing, and said, 'There are five. I've just received a power-of-attorney from Bickley to sue for what they owe him; so he makes the fifth, as I legally represent him. In this crowd of four there are five "Bugle" sufferers.'"



CHAPTER XLIV.

Near FREDERICKSBURG there was added to our party an old frontiersman, who was going to Austin. He had not seen a railroad for twenty-two years. The old man rode into our camp one evening while we were at supper. From the moment we first saw him until he had wiped his mouth on his sleeve, after sharing our supper, the only word he spoke was, "Howdy." He seemed to take it for granted that he was welcome, and that he had a right to a share in our supper.

The meal being disposed of, the doctor and myself were soon engaged in conversation with the old hunter, a veritable Leather-stocking. His face seemed to be constructed of leather. His small, keen, deep-set eyes, overshadowed by shaggy, terrier-like eyebrows, and his general appearance, made an extraordinary impression on the doctor. Here was a man who had hunted, fought, and tramped over almost every foot of ground, from the Rio Grande to the Pacific. He had crossed the trackless "Staked Plains," and hunted grizzlies among the Sierras. The doctor had a particular reason for cultivating the acquaintance of the hardy frontiersman. As the reader has, no doubt, already discovered, the doctor imagines that he is a poet; while the fact exists, that he is only about as much a poet as a cobbler is a shoemaker.

He claimed to have written a poem descriptive of a thrilling scene on the Staked Plains. It told of a cruel Mexican maiden

at the Presidio, a town on the Rio Grande, who promised at a ball to become the bride of a young man, conditional on his bringing her a flask of water from the Mustang Spring on the Llano Estacado. I had explained the geographical obstacles and the palpable absurdities in the alleged poem. I contended that even the wildest kind of poetry ought to have some slight foundation of probability. The doctor refused to make any change in the poem until he could consult some better authority than I was. He had recited the thing all along the road until I was sick at heart.

"Now, doctor," said I, "here is a man who knows all about Mexicans, the same as if he were one himself. He has been over the Staked Plains, and has doubtless officiated at many a fandango. Just try your poem on him, and see what he says. Turn yourself loose. I'll try and stand it: I've got hardened. But we had better brace up the old man first. Hand him that flask."

The doctor was delighted. At last he would be vindicated. So he recited, with much pathos, as follows:—

"'If I may trust your love,' she cried,
'And you would have me for a bride,
Ride over yonder plain, and bring
Your flask full from the Mustang Spring;
Fly, fast as the western eagle's wing,
O'er the Llano Estacado.'

"He heard, and bowed without a word;
His gallant steed he slightly spurred;
He turned his face, and rode away
Toward the grave of dying day,
And vanished with its parting ray
On the Llano Estacado."

"Whar did all these 'ere tuk place?" asked the old frontiersman.

"In the last verse, it says at Presidio."

"Presidio," said the old man, "is on the Rio Grande, 'bout five hundred miles south of the Staked Plains; and, ef he was to travel west, he would fetch up on the Gulf of Californy some-

whar, — the durndest place for snakes and no grass you ever seed. Moreover, he could travel nowhars after dark, specially if he was sarchin' for some pertickler spring. Besides, ef he really wanted to marry the gal, he mought have gone down to the river and filled the flask, and, after playin' hookey, brought it back. How could *she* tell what sort o' water thar was in a spring nobody could get to, pertickerly as all water is mostly alike? I know all about their fandangoes: I've been thar. I never noticed that them style of Mexican wimmen what attends them *bailes* was ever anxious for water. Now, ef the flask had some mescal in it, which is wusser than Jersey lightning, thar mought hev been some sense in the thing. — Kurnel, just reach me that flask some more." And the old trapper refreshed his memory with a strong, healthy pull.

ON THE LLANO ESTACADO.

The doctor was somewhat discouraged, but he proceeded to recite, —

"Night came, and found him riding on;
Day came, and still he rode alone.

He spared not spur, he drew not rein,
Across that broad, unchanging plain,
Till he the Mustang Spring might gain,
On the Llano Estacado."

"So he rid all night, hunting for a spring on the Staked Plains, did he? He must hev jest come out from the States. Why, the durned fool would have got lost, and never come nigh no spring. I reckon, maybe, he follered up the street-lamps or the telegraph-poles. Very likely he stopped every once in a while, and asked a policeman whar the spring was."

DOCTOR READING POEM.

Then the old man laughed what was intended for a very sarcastic laugh.

The doctor, with a heroism that was truly sublime, continued, —

"A little rest, a little draught,
Hot from his hand, and quickly quaffed:
His flask was filled, and then he turned.
Once more his steed the Magues spurned,
Once more the sky above him burned,
On the Llano Estacado."

"So he got thar, did he?" said the old hunter, refreshing himself once more. "Well, ef a feller could start out over

night, and find the place in the dark, thar must hev been a big waggin-road. It seems he got thar next morning. I've rid three days and nights without no water, and didn't think any thing of it. After his horse had filled up and ate some grass, he orter got back that night. So I don't see nothing to make no poetry or other fuss about. He didn't hev no trouble gitting back, did he? He could make the trip by daylight, that is, ef the Staked Plains was in Mexico; but, bein' whar they are, he would hev ter travel about two weeks before he could get to the outside edge of 'em. Look here, stranger, I'm an old man, and I don't want no tricks. Ef you think, because I'm sorter old and feeble, you can get off any of them rigmaroles on me, thar will be a difficulty right hyar, now." And he glanced significantly at a Winchester rifle.

I calmed him down with a drink, and explained to him that the doctor was merely in pursuit of information, while the doctor, in a tremulous tone, read, —

"How hot the quivering landscape glowed!
His brain seemed boiling as he rode.
Was it a dream, a drunken one,
Or was he really riding on?
Was that a skull that gleamed and shone
On the Llano Estacado?

"'Brave steed of mine, brave steed!' he cried,
'So often true, so often tried,
Bear up a little longer yet.'
His mouth was black with blood and sweat:
Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet,
On the Llano Estacado!

"And still, within his breast, he held
The precious flask so lately filled.
Oh for a drink! but well he knew,
If empty it should meet her view,
Her scorn; but still his longing grew,
On the Llano Estacado.

"His horse went down. He wandered on,
Giddy, blind, beaten, and alone.

While upon cushioned couch you lie,
Oh, think how hard it is to die
Beneath the cruel, unclouded sky
Of the Llano Estacado!

"At last he staggered, stumbled, fell,—
His day was done, he knew full well,—
And raising to his lips the flask,
The end, the object, of his task,
Drank to her: more she could not ask.
Ah! the Llano Estacado!

"That night, at the Presidio,
Beneath the torchlight's wavy glow,
She danced, and never thought of him,
The victim of a woman's whim,
Lying, with face upturned and grim,
On the Llano Estacado."

As soon as the doctor finished, the old frontiersman chuckled until we thought he was going to have a fit; and the doctor was evidently very much depressed because he did not. I asked the old Leather-stocking if it was not possible for the man to have perished on the Staked Plains. He said,—

"I understand the hull thing. The fellow had been sent, for a flask of mescal, to the Mustang Spring,—the name of the benzinery probably. That mescal was powerful stuff. I hev had some experience. He likely got on his horse with the flask, and, after whooping around the presidio, fell off, and had a devil of a time generally, until he was scooped up by the police; and then he must hev writ that stuff before his head got clear next mornin'. That's mostly the way with poetry. I've noticed you can't mostly tell whether the galoot what made it was drunk, or jest gittin' over a drunk, when he writ it, it's so tangled up, an' never no sense in it, nohow. Gimme another pull at that flask of water from the Mustang Spring."

The doctor had strolled off before the criticism was finished.

The old hunter told us that he was going to Austin to try and find a man who had lent him ten dollars twenty years before. "I hev been a-huntin' of him," said he, "fur years; an' I

heerd of him in one place, and then in t'other, but I've never ketched up with him yet."

"What do you want to do with the man when you catch him? — want to borrow another ten dollars from him?" said the reporter.

"No. I want to pay him back the ten dollars."

"Pay back what you borrowed twenty years ago! I didn't think people ever did that. I'm afraid some of my debtors will take more than twenty years to find me."

"I thought newspaper reporters never lent any money," I suggested.

"Sometimes they do," said the reporter sadly. "It is only a month or two ago that I had some unfortunate experience.

"A man borrowed two dollars and a half of me, under promise of paying it back in two weeks. He said, 'Of course I'll pay it back: I wouldn't for the world have you write me up in your sarcastic style — not for forty dollars.'

"The facts are about as follows: some two months ago I went down to the office about ten o'clock. The editor told me that 'there has been a man here five or six times to see you. He says he is connected with the Galveston "News."'

"'Who does the gentleman look like?' I asked.

"'He does not look like he had ever been a gentleman,' was the ungrammatical and candid reply.

"I arrived at home about twelve o'clock; and the first thing the lady of the house said was, 'There has been a fellow here four times to see you. He says he is connected with the Galveston "News."'

"'What sort of a looking gentleman is he?'

"'He looks like a tramp.'

"Just then there was a knock at the door, and the gentleman from Galveston was shown into the parlor. He was tall, seedy-looking, and wore a rather singular cap with a peak to it. He also wore a long, peaked, insinuating nose; and his whole appearance was decidedly malarious. Knowing that the Galveston 'News' was one of the leading papers in the South, I asked, rather incredulously, if the gentleman was a representative of the Galveston 'News.' Then he stretched forth his hand, and

spoke for himself. He was not exactly a representative of the 'News,' but he had been connected with the paper. From the way he talked, one might have thought that he was the original founder. He had been a printer on the 'News,' but he had been discharged. He had frequently set up very amusing articles that I had written for that paper. He thought them the best things he had ever read. It soon began to dawn on me, that, in spite of his unattractive wearing-apparel, my visitor was a man of fine literary tastes and excellent judgment. He also thought I could draw five thousand people, if I would only consent to deliver a lecture. San Antonio was too small for me: in fact, Texas was not large enough. I ought to go to New York. I began to think the stranger very much of a gentleman, and hesitated to interrupt the flow of his eloquence. He then touched lightly on his own financial complications. After he had been discharged from the 'News,' he determined to visit San Antonio, as he had never seen the sacred spot where the heroes of the Alamo laid down their lives. On arriving at San Antonio, he found himself without a cent. He had been obliged to pawn his garments, and he showed me a pawn-ticket. He did not know anybody in the Alamo City but myself, and me only through my literary reputation, which extended, he said, from Canada to Texas; but, on account of our connection with the 'News,' he would ask a temporary loan of two dollars and a half, to pay his fare from Harwood to Cuero, where a very lucrative position awaited him. I am not remarkably bright at figures, but it seemed to me that there was a missing link somewhere. I failed to perceive clearly the missing link, that connected a pecuniary responsibility on my part to pay the travelling-expenses of an intelligent compositor, merely because he had been discharged by the 'News.' But my contemporary, so to speak, drew forth a late copy of the 'News,' and began a most flattering commentary on an article of mine that it contained. To cut matters short, he got the money, upon his agreeing to refund it within two weeks. He is doubtless numbered with the dead, for he has never refunded it. I did not suffer much on account of the loss of the money, but there were other mortifying experiences.

"Immediately after I had parted with my admirer, and bade a farewell to my two dollars and a half, I had some conversation with my wife.

"'Did you lend that fellow any money?'

"'Y-e-s.'

"'How much?'

"'Only two and a half.'

"'I had a presentiment that that was what he was after. Hand out the rest of that money. You are not to be trusted with money, anyhow. Two dollars and a half! And there's Alex. needs a new coat, and the taxes are not paid. What's his name?'

"'I forgot to ask him: he seems to be a very clever gentleman.'

"'A tramp, that's what he is. We ought to have a big sign put up, "Money lent, and no questions asked." I reckon he told you that he had read those articles of yours in the "News." I knew that sneak would soft-soap you.'

"This was not all; but the foregoing is a fair sample. The children had been contemplating the purchase of a Mexican donkey to ride about on, and were saving up money for that purpose. Next time one of them brought up the subject, I caught the significant remark, 'There is really no occasion for another donkey about the house.' From the direction of her eyes, I inferred that the remark was intended for me.

"From that time on, every thing that was purchased for household expenses was measured by the standard of two dollars and a half, the amount I had temporarily lent that distinguished stranger from Galveston. I learned, that, for two dollars and a half, you could buy meat for four days, or a load of wood, or a pair of shoes for the baby, or two new calico dresses. Never before did I appreciate how much could be obtained for a small sum in cash.

"I mentioned that it was a mere temporary loan, but was told it would be more in the nature of a permanent investment, which, in the light of subsequent events, was, I think, a correct prophecy.

"I saw my friend and benefactor next day, but he was not in

a condition to transact business; and I have not seen or heard of him since."

So ended the reporter's narrative.

I had a queer experience the night the doctor read his poem. We were camped on the prairie. I was lying on my back, looking up at the sky, and wondering if there were really enough poets in the world, when my attention was called to an extraordinary phenomenon. A peculiarly shaped cloud seemed to reach down from the sky, and then draw itself up again. I was very much interested in this meteorological perturbation, which I attributed at first to atmospheric influences; then it occurred to me that the peculiar cloud or waterspout might be nearer than the distant horizon. I took off my hat, and found that my surmise was correct. Fastened to the rim of the hat by its hind-claws was a charming little centipede about nine inches long. The peculiar meteorological phenomena were produced by the insect drawing itself up, and letting itself down, in its efforts to find a nose or some other feature to hang on to, in order to facilitate its descent. The centipede is built on the iron-clad plan.

THE CENTIPEDE.

Its head, or bow, comparing it to an iron-clad, is armed with a pair of pincers, which, besides being as venomous as the editor of a party organ, can bite the end off an iron safe. Each side is armed with about forty short legs, and each leg is armed with a sting like that of a wasp. The centipede terminates in a pair of hooks, which, like its pincers, are red hot—so I have been told by an innocent young man, who undertook to

pick one up by its stem. When a centipede anchors his head in the fleshy anatomy of a human being, throws out his two grappling-irons from his rear, and then draws its eighty odd, very odd, claws together, it will bring tears to the heart of an Irish landlord to see how the little pet holds.

The bite of the centipede rarely causes death, but it makes the bitten party wish he were dead, — for a short time, at least, — and it leaves an ugly sore. The statement that the bite of the centipede does not cause death is liable to correction. The centipede is very apt to become a "remains," after it bites a person, as there is quite a prejudice against it. For this reason, it is very much secluded in its habits, living in retirement among the rocks of old buildings. Its diet is believed to be insects that are not as heavily armed and iron-clad as it is. Why centipedes were created in the first place, and what good purpose they serve, are profound mysteries to the ordinary intellect.

They are comparatively rare in the well-settled portion of Texas, being usually found in a bottle of alcohol on the show-case of some druggist who has a taste for the beautiful. In this particular, centipedes differ from some men. They are much more peaceful and harmless when in liquor than otherwise. With centipedes, as with Indians, the only good ones are those that are dead.

Another of the most peculiar and interesting insects in Texas is called the "devil's horse." How he came by that name we are unable to state. He is, however, an old resident of Texas, having lived in this State during the days of the Republic of Texas; and, as is frequently the case with early settlers, his antecedents are involved in much mystery. For all I know to the contrary, there may be indictments under another name pending against the devil's horse in Arkansas.

I will not rake over the ashes of the past, or revive unpleasant memories, but proceed to describe the manner and customs of this mysterious bug.

The appearance of the devil's horse is very much against him, as he resembles man more than any other insect. His head shows a wonderful development of the bump of reverence,

which may account for the peculiar manner in which he carries his fore-legs. He holds them up in front of him as if he were engaged in prayer, and for this reason he is called "the praying insect," and is respected accordingly. It is a fact, that, like some other people who make a great outward show of religion, the devil's horse does the most of his praying with his hands: he uses his hands to seize his prey, and convey it to his mouth. The head of this insect is perched on a long neck, and seems to revolve on a pivot. His wings, which go to conform with his angelic nature, in spite of his diabolical appellation, resemble the long coat-tails of the clerical garment. If part of the hind-legs of the insect were shoved into a pair of black pants, and his long neck were bandaged up with a white tie, the resemblance of this unique insect to a New-England deacon of a Calvinistic turn of mind would be absolutely startling. As it is, while you look at the devil's horse, you are surprised that he does not get up and pass the hat around.

THE DEVIL'S HORSE.

I wish I could make more favorable comment on the moral attributes of this interesting insect; but I cannot do so conscientiously, as he has no sense of propriety whatever. He seems to think that man's lower extremities were constructed especially to afford devil's horses opportunities to climb, which uncalled-for familiarity is usually resented on the spot, with disastrous results to the intruder.

The devil's horse is a great seeker after light. When the lights are placed in the parlor, and the stars in the blue azure sky, the devil's horse crawls in through the shutters, and moves about in as annoying a manner as if he were the landlord, and there were several months' back rent unpaid. He seems to

like music; and, if anybody is playing on the piano, he will perch upon the music-rack, and, turning his ridiculous head on one side, will appear to pay as close attention as if he had composed the piece himself.

If, in resenting any familiarity, you strike the insect, he will place his hand to the back of his head, if that is the injured part, and roll his eyes around at you in a reproachful manner.

The redeeming trait in the character of the devil's horse is his animosity to those other nuisances, flies and mosquitoes. He seizes the hapless mosquito with his claws; and, having removed the wings and legs, he, without saying grace at all, eats the body in successive bites, and winks at you as he does it.

CHAPTER XLV.

WE drew near Austin, we passed through a country that showed few indications of being close to the capital of the State. There were farms here and there, and sheep and cattle ranches on the banks of the creeks; but most of the country was open prairie, or rough, cedar-covered hills.

The labor on most of the farms around Austin is done by negroes. The field-hand of slavery times is the negro farmer of to-day in the South. Those who were house-servants, and the post-bellum generation, have developed into city barbers, hotel-waiters, and preachers; but the negro whose early years were spent between the cotton-rows, still inhabits the rural districts, and farms "on the shares." In theory, farming on shares is a good thing for the colored agriculturalist. A white man furnishes land, teams, and implements; the negro furnishes the labor; the crops, when harvested, to be divided equally between landlord and tenant. In practice, and in the division of the shares, it does not work so satisfactorily for the tenant. The landlord gets the first share; the storekeeper,

who furnished coffee, bacon, and clothing for the tenant, while he was making the crop, gets the other share; and the tenant, for his share, gets cussed because he did not make more cotton and corn. The negro farmer has been heard to hint, that, if he could afford to keep a book-keeper, his share might be more satisfactory to himself.

The colored farmer is always fat, and out of chewing-tobacco. He wears mud-colored clothes, with black patches on the knees. He is usually possessed with a wild and uncontrollable desire to move slowly; and, with a cheerful resignation, he will endure ten hours of sleep out of the twenty-four, and has no ambition to become rich or to own land. He is satisfied if he can get enough corn-bread, bacon, and coffee to feed his family. If he can make a living by working two days in the week, he will not work three. There is no mortal more contented and happy. No calamity to the crop will ruffle his serenity; because he has nothing to lose, and only a living to make. He is calm and placid in presence of wire-grass in the cotton, unruffled and tranquil when surrounded by cockleburrs, patient and submissive when it rains (so that he cannot work), resigned and serene

THE COUNTRY NEGRO.

when the cow gets into the corn; and he will at any time curb a turbulent desire to hoe out ten acres of cotton, suppress a delirious craving to grub up roots, and choke back an impatient longing to destroy a patch of weeds, if the clouds show indications that catfish will bite.

The colored agriculturalist never allows pleasure to interfere with business. Of course, it would be more to his taste to hoe out weeds; but stern duty demands his attention at the creek, where the catfish is waiting to bite. With praiseworthy alacrity he will obey the call of duty, and dig up "wu'ms" and crawfish for bait, and trudge cheerfully to the creek, where he will toil diligently under the shade of a tree through the weary hours of a long summer day.

The colored farmer is never too poor to own a horse. He may be unprovided with shoes, and may be destitute in the matter of a shirt; yet he will, nevertheless, own a ten-dollar horse. The animal may be a superannuated plug, an unabridged edition of all the ills that horse-flesh is heir to, and fit only for the bone-mill; yet, if by the most liberal interpretation of the world he can be called a horse, his owner feels that he has advanced a step in the Darwinian race toward a higher life: and when he borrows a pistol and a pair of spurs, and rides to town on Saturdays, he feels that he is indeed one of a nation of sovereigns, previous condition to the contrary notwithstanding. The country darkey is not quite so uniformly dissipated in the matter of religious observances as his city brother, but in the course of a year he makes up a fair average. The camp-meeting is where he comes out strong. These meetings last usually from ten days to three weeks, and occur annually. His anxiety to take advantage of this means of grace, and of the watermelon-patches in the neighborhood of the camp-ground, is so great, that, in his religious zeal, he sacrifices his worldly interests, and allows his crops to "get in the grass," and his neighbors' cows to get into the crops. He feels that his never-dying soul is of more importance than his share of the crop will be, after the landlord and the storekeeper get their share. The colored farmer does not grieve over the glories of the past, as the white farmer of the South does. His ambi-

tion aims no higher than to get enough to eat in the present, and he cares not for the future or the past. One of his favorite sayings is, "De hoecake ob to-day am better dan de puddin' ob las' Sunday."

The "down-trodden African" who lives in the cities is brighter, not only in intellect, but in color, than his brother on the farm. Besides having colored policemen, Texas can boast of colored militia companies, whose arms are furnished by the State. One of these companies at San Antonio is called the "Coke Rifles," not because of the near approach to coal in the complexion of the members, but in honor of Senator Coke of Texas.

THE COKE RIFLES.

These negro militia companies parade with all the pomp and circumstance of war; and no objection is raised, so thoroughly reconstructed have the people of Texas become. These dusky sons of Mars, like congressmen, have sham-battles, which look very dangerous, but are really only child's play. On every possible occasion the down-trodden colored man obtrudes himself upon the public eye and ear. He is never bulldozed and deprived of his natural and civil rights, as he is in the East, where the infernal spirit of caste has not yet been cast out.

I might go on indefinitely, showing, that as far as giving the

colored man, not only his rights, but those of other people, no capital can be made for the Republican party in Texas. Not long since a Philadelphia man, who had never been South much, rode in an Austin street-car. From time to time he would hold his nose; and he innocently asked one of the colored men in the car, "How many more leaky gas-pipes are we going to pass?" Several of the colored gentlemen in the car imagined that this was a personal allusion: so they ejected from the car, with violence, the Northern gentleman, who had been in the habit of talking about the injustice with which the South treated the negro.

THE DOWN-TRODDEN AFRICAN.

While at Austin one morning, at a very early hour, I heard a succession of violent explosions. Everybody in the city was aroused from the slumber to which they are entitled by law. The explosions startled everybody. They gave everybody an early start. It was not later than half-past four. The people were puzzled. Some thought it was thunder, and thousands of respectable people went out for the purpose of fixing the pipes to catch cistern-water. Others contented themselves with wondering how the Fourth of July happened to fall, this year, so late in the season. What does the Northern reader suppose was the cause of all this racket? It was the down-trodden negro firing a salute with a cannon, borrowed from the Democratic governor of the State of Texas. How is that for oppression of the negro in Texas? The Dark Rising Sons of Liberty, a colored organization of some kind, were celebrating their anniversary: so they took the liberty of disturbing everybody within a radius of three miles, at half-past four A.M., with an old piece of artillery. That looks like bulldozing the poor negro, does it not?

In Texas the negro has really got more civil rights than are good for him. He can carry on any legitimate business. In proof of this assertion, I would call attention to the fact that there are colored gambling-establishments in the larger cities in Texas. These establishments are granted the same immunity from police interference that is allowed the white gambling-houses. If a negro has money, or political influence, and he commits a murder, his neck is just as safe as that of a white man under similar circumstances.

As far as depriving the negro of his vote is concerned, white Democrats have no such desire. On the contrary, they sometimes encourage the colored voter to vote as often, and in as many different places, as is possible on election-day. Is this what you call bulldozing the poor colored man?

In conclusion, I will state that there is in Texas a disposition, on the part of some of the most influential Democrats, to do every thing in their power to improve the colored race; and the fact that in the larger cities, and particularly in Houston, many of the negroes are nearly white, should certainly convince the most sceptical that there is no prejudice against the race.

In a pasture near Austin we saw about twenty camels. In our journeyings through Texas we had seen many strange things, but nothing so strange and foreign as a camel-rancho. To meet a camel in a menagerie is not surprising; but to come suddenly on a herd of camels, quietly grazing on an American prairie, is certainly startling.

In 1857 the United-States Government purchased forty camels in Asia Minor, and brought them to the United States. This was in accordance with an Act of Congress, appropriating a certain amount to enable the secretary of war to try the experiment of introducing camels on this continent as beasts of burden, and for military purposes. The pacha of the district from which they were shipped presented ten camels to the United States. In May, 1857, the fifty camels, with Greek and Arab attendants, reached the port of Indianola, Tex., in the United-States store-ship "Supply."

The camels were first used in transporting stores over the

Staked Plains and the Journada de Muerte (Journey of Death), for the surveying-parties under command of Gen. J. E. Johnston, then commanding the department of Texas. In four years the original fifty had increased, by birth, to one hundred and twenty.

In 1861 the Confederates seized the camels at Camp Verde, and, during the war, used them in carrying cotton to Mexico. Each camel carried two bales of cotton. After the war the United-States Government again took possession of the camels, and sold them in three lots. Those that we saw were being bred and raised for sale, the purchasers being circus and menagerie men. The price of a good Texas-raised camel is about two hundred and fifty dollars.

The Texas camel is a voracious feeder. His principal food is the prickly leaves of the cactus, and the beans of the mesquite-tree; but he does not confine himself altogether to a vegetable diet. When opportunity offers, he will reach up after the glass insulators of a lightning-rod or telegraph-pole, and conceal them in his commissary, or he will stand by the hour meekly chewing up a wagon-sheet, when he cannot get a chance to eat the well-rope or a wheelbarrow.

A camel will carry a man ninety miles from daylight to dark; but either the camel or the man requires to be well padded, or the rider will succumb under the fatigue consequent on the jolting motion of the brute.

The chief objection to using camels as beasts of burden in Texas is, that horses usually run away at sight of them. This is bad for the horses, and worse for the pilot of the camel if the owner of the horses should have his pistol with him.

The prickly-pear, on which the camel feeds, belongs to the slab-sided, razor-back breed of cactus. It can be found in Texas on the Rio Grande, where there is a strip of territory, sixty miles long and about twenty wide, on which nothing else grows but prickly-pears; and so thick are they, that the traveller cannot leave the road, which is hedged in by them. When a Western-Texan, who has seen prickly-pears every day of his life, afterwards happens to travel in Europe, and is shown, as a great curiosity, one sickly little prickly-pear plant in a flower-pot, it makes him laugh away down in his boots.

In order to flourish luxuriantly, the prickly-pear asks for a semi-tropical climate and a poor soil. The more tropical the climate, and the poorer the soil, the bigger and higher the plant grows, and the more thorns it has to the square inch. Over in Mexico, where the soil is poorer than an amateur concert, the prickly-pear grows six feet high, and the leaves are as big as those of an extension-table; while in Texas it only grows of a convenient length to sit down on.

There are some purposes that the prickly-pear is good for, and there are others for which it is not. The fruit, which is about the size and shape of a hen's egg, is of a rich purple color. It looks as if it might have a delicious taste, but a moderately fastidious hog would elevate his nose at it. The plant is covered with long, keen needles of assorted sizes, that, for sharpness and meanness, may well cause the blush of shame and envy to mantle the cheek of a wasp. Never sit down on the prickly-pear bush to rest yourself. Take my word for it. I tried it once accidentally. It was many years ago, but the memory of it haunts me still.

THE CACTUS.

The prickly-pear is useful to man and beast. It can be fed to cattle in an emergency, after first burning off the thorns. As a poultice for sores and wounds, it is unrivalled.

The doctor, the reporter, the old hunter, and myself arrived in Austin at noon, on a cool, breezy day. The doctor and I put our mustangs in the hands of an auctioneer, and then placed ourselves in the hands of the owner of a clothing-store.

We hardly recognized each other when we got clothed in the garments of civilization. I detected quite a respectful tone in the doctor's first remarks to me after I had put on a

turned-down collar. We were actually polite to each other for an hour afterwards.

Our little ponies, that had carried us so far and served us so well, were tied in front of the auctioneer's store. A placard hanging on the back of each informed the public that they were for sale. During the hour we staid at the auctioneer's place of business, we could have disposed of the ponies twenty times. No one offered us any money for them, but twenty men offered us twenty different "trades." One man had a miscellaneous lot of kitchen furniture, that he offered to trade for the ponies: and another wanted to trade to the doctor an eight-horse power threshing-machine for his mustang; that is, he offered to let the doctor have the machine for four hundred dollars, taking the pony at twenty-five dollars, and the balance in cash. As we were not prepared to begin house-keeping, and had no small grain-crop to harvest, we declined these trades.

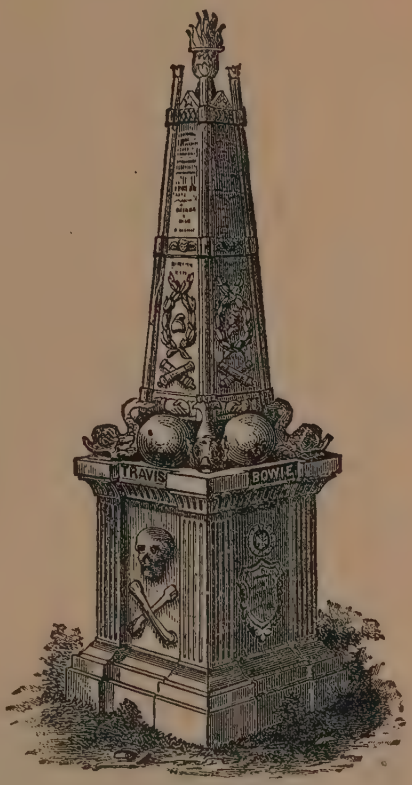
The auctioneer's assistant rang a bell; and the auctioneer, riding one of the ponies and leading the other, howled around the street until fifty dollars had been offered and accepted for both animals. It was very affecting — our parting with the two mustangs. We remembered the many hard thoughts we had of them at different times during our journey, and remorse was our portion.

The scenery around Austin is the most beautiful and picturesque in Texas. The city is built on a number of hills, and is surrounded by a circle of higher hills, clothed with the evergreen cedar, and crowned with rugged rocks. The Colorado River winds out and in among these hills, and sweeps around the southern part of the city.

Austin claims a population of ten to twelve thousand. The stores and public buildings are almost all of limestone. Congress Avenue, the principal street of the city, runs from the river to the Capitol, and is very broad and level. To a man who has lived in San Antonio, Congress Avenue looks like a prairie.

A San-Antonian, who had for years climbed the precipitous pavements of the Alamo City, once visited Austin, and was very much disgusted with the ridiculously smooth, broad side-

walks. Unexpectedly, however, he came to a place where a rock house was in process of construction. Irregularly-shaped pieces of rock were lying about (just as I am lying about it), from the size of a wardrobe down to that of a small pocket-edition of the New Testament. The San-Antonian was delighted, and kept stumbling about, sitting down when he didn't expect to, and enjoying himself for half an hour. As he finally limped off, with a sprained ankle, in the direction of a drug-store, he exclamed, "This is glorious! Now I feel as if I was at home, — as if I had been promenading on Commerce Street in San Antonio."



THE ALAMO MONUMENT.

The view from the Capitol Hill is beautiful, unless you allow your gaze to rest on the Capitol itself,[1] — a miracle of architectural absurdity, that, at a distance, looks like a corn-crib with the half of a large watermelon on top of it. When you come nearer, after making this comparison, you feel like apologizing to the corn-crib.

Standing at the entrance of the State House is a monument to the heroes of the Alamo. Its base is constructed of stones taken from the Alamo building, the upper part is made of plaster of Paris, and the whole structure is only about ten feet high. The monument bears the following inscriptions: —

[1] When we visited Austin, and when this chapter was written, the old Capitol was still standing. It was shortly afterwards destroyed by fire.

T T

DAVID [illegible] MEMORIAL LIBRARY

TO THE GOD OF THE FEARLESS AND FREE
IS DEDICATED THIS ALTAR,
MADE FROM THE RUINS OF THE ALAMO,
MARCH, A.D. 1836.

BLOOD OF HEROES HATH STAINED ME:
LET THE STONES OF THE ALAMO SPEAK, THAT THEIR
IMMOLATION BE NOT FORGOTTEN.

BE THEY ENROLLED WITH LEONIDAS IN THE HOST
OF THE MIGHTY DEAD.

THERMOPYLÆ HAD HER MESSENGER OF DEFEAT:
THE ALAMO HAD NONE.

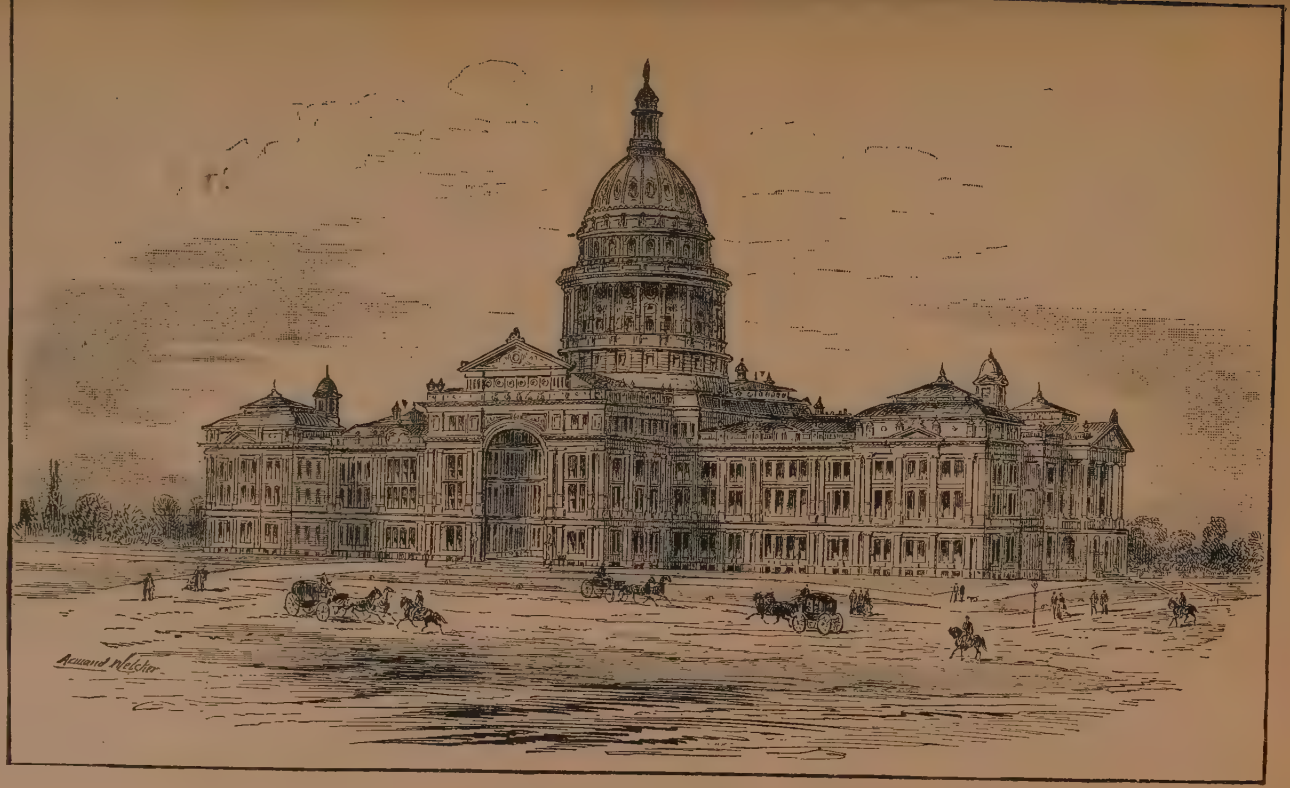
CROCKETT. BONHAM. TRAVIS. BOWIE.

Texas should be as much ashamed of this petty monument as of the fact that the Alamo itself is rented to a merchant who stores miscellaneous groceries in it.

The interior of the Texas Capitol is in a very dilapidated condition, — the floors are damp; the walls are cracked; the plaster has fallen off in many places; and hundreds of bats inhabit the legislative halls, and fly above the heads of the Texas statesmen.

OLD STATE HOUSE, AUSTIN, TEX.

Three million acres of land in Texas have been appropriated to be used in building a new State House. It is to be an immense building, with a frontage of five hundred and sixty-six feet, and a height of three hundred and eleven



NEW STATE-HOUSE, AUSTIN, TEX.

feet from foundation to top of dome. It may therefore be reasonably expected, that, at no distant day, Texas will have the finest State Capitol in the United States.

There are half a dozen oil paintings in the Capitol. On the wall in the House, to the right of the Speaker's chair, is a large picture of Gen. Sam Houston. He is sitting down, with his hat and cane in his hands, enveloped in the ample folds of a large cloak. The likeness is said to be excellent. It agrees exactly with the kind of a man Houston was. You see a face full of intense energy, amounting almost to savagery; a bold, fearless glance; and, above all, you perceive in the lines of the lips the evidences of determination and a strong will. There can be no hesitation in pronouncing the verdict, — here is a natural-born ruler of men.

In the Senate, on the opposite side of the President's chair, is a large oil painting of Washington. It is the stereotyped picture you have seen all your life, — one hand holding a sheathed sword, while, with the other, he makes a motion which may either refer to his refusal to act on a petition to commute, that lies on the table; or may be intended to scare off the impetuous bootblacks with which Austin is infested; or may mean, "No, gentlemen, I make it a point never to enter a saloon by daylight." Everybody may suit himself as to what the gesture means. The face of the father of his country has evidently been taken from a three-cent postage-stamp.

There is also a picture of Gen. Tom Green, — a fine, manly face, in which frankness and tenderness are touchingly blended. From the Senate I went over to the House. Imagine my consternation at seeing Washington, whom a moment before I had left in the Senate gesticulating at the bootblacks, standing on guard, in identically the same position, to the left of the speaker of the House. There could be no mistake about it. There was the tall, commanding figure, the same postage-stamp cast of features, the same defiant refusal to commute, or whatever the gesture might mean, only he had changed some of his clothes.

"How many George Washingtons do you keep on the premises at one time?" I asked of a legislator, pointing to the picture.

"That's not Washington: that's Sam Houston," he replied.

So it was; but the father of Texas in this picture was certainly dressed to imitate the father of the United States.

There is also a life-size painting representing David Crockett dressed in buckskin, and accompanied by a rifle and two dogs. The dogs look natural enough, and there is a great deal of fidelity to life in the rifle; but, when it comes to David himself, there is something wrong. Here, in the full blaze of the nineteenth century, are we to suppose that David Crockett, for whom even hungry "bars" had an intuitive awe, actually parted his hair in the middle, like the effeminate youth of the present day who sucks the end of a cane? What a vast amount of trouble in hunting enough remains together to hold an inquest on, the coroner would have, if the original David Crockett were to appear in the flesh, and meet by chance the imaginative artist who painted his picture! The mouth is so large that it looks as if it might have been partial to watermelons.

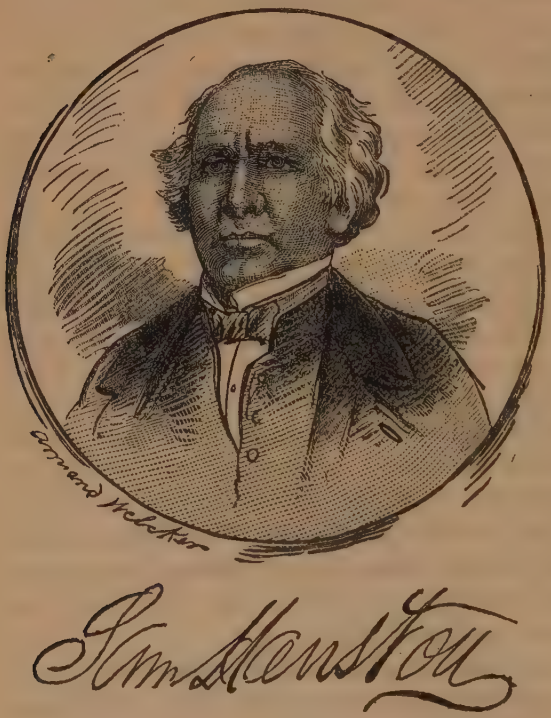
The most prominent figure in the Texas revolution, on the side of the Texans, was Gen. Sam Houston. A history of Texas without Sam Houston would be as the Book of Exodus without Moses. If the life of Houston were written as it should be written, it would excel in interest the most thrilling romance that was ever penned. The following is a bare outline: —

Sam Houston was born in Rockbridge County, Va., March 2, 1793. His ancestors, both on his father's and mother's side, were Scotch-Irish. They emigrated from the north of Ireland to Pennsylvania about the year 1688. Sam inherited the fine physique, the courage, the enterprise, and the firmness, — some called it obstinacy, — that are some of the physical, moral, and intellectual qualities that the race he came from are generally credited with possessing. Houston's father fought in the war of 1776. He was a man of but moderate means; and young Sam was kept at work on the farm until he was thirteen years of age, without any educational privileges, except so much as he could take advantage of at the little country school during the winter season.

He preferred tracking rabbits to tracing geometrical lines, searching for signs of deer in the forest to searching for Latin roots in the school-books, and he liked better the study of natural history in the woods than the study of the rules of grammar in the school. Probably twelve months in all would be an excessive estimate of the time Houston attended school. When he was thirteen years of age his father died; and shortly afterwards his mother, with a family of nine children, emigrated to Tennessee, then a frontier country. The Houston family located near the boundary-line between the white settlers and the Cherokee Indians. Sam worked on his mother's farm, and went to school at intervals. During this time he found a stray copy of Pope's translation of the Iliad, and became so enamoured of its heroic recitals, that he asked to be allowed to learn the language in which the Iliad was originally written. His mother, having probably little faith in the utility of such learning, refused her consent; whereupon the future soldier and statesman swore he would never, while he lived, recite another lesson. On his refusal to return to school, his brother compelled him to serve in a store. The confinement incident to the life of a clerk in a county store did not suit him; and the result was, that he suddenly disappeared, and, when next heard of, was living with the Cherokee Indians. He lived some three or four years with the Indians, conforming to all their customs and habits, and being acknowledged by the chief of the tribe as an adopted son.

He continued to live with the Indians until he was eighteen years of age, once or twice a year visiting the white settlements to make purchases of clothes, ammunition, etc. During these visits he incurred a debt which he was anxious to pay. That he might obtain the means to pay his indebtedness, he determined to go back to the settlements, and teach school. For a boy of the scant scholastic training that Houston had, to propose to teach others, seems an absurdity. To some, education is not a matter of rod and book; and great things can be done, and seemingly insurmountable obstacles overcome, by one who has self-confidence and determination: therefore, when Houston's character is taken into account, and his determination to

do the thing he attempted to do is considered, it will not seem such an extraordinary matter that he succeeded, and that he soon had more pupils in his school than he could give attention to. His pupils paid him eight dollars a year, payable, one-third in corn, one-third in calico, and one-third in cash. He closed his school as soon as he had earned a sufficient amount wherewith to pay his debts.



In 1813 Houston enlisted in the United-States army as a private. He was soon promoted to be drill-sergeant. He distinguished himself in the war against the Creeks, and was commissioned as an ensign. At the battle of Horse Shoe Houston was the second to scale the breastworks, behind which were intrenched a thousand Indians. He was shot through the leg with a barbed arrow. The arrow was pulled out with difficulty, and left a wound that did not heal for years. When Gen. Jackson learned that Houston was wounded, he ordered him to the rear; but Houston refused to remain inactive, and again returned to the front in time to take part in another charge, in which he fought until he was shot twice in the shoulder.

He remained in the army until 1817, when he was appointed Indian agent to the Cherokees, but shortly afterwards resigned

this office, owing to some misunderstanding with the government. He began the practice of law in Lebanon, Tenn., when he was twenty-five years of age, and in a few months afterwards was elected district-attorney. In 1823 he was elected to Congress without opposition, and re-elected in 1825. In 1827 he was elected governor of Tennessee by over twelve thousand majority. During his term of office as governor, he married Miss Allen, a lady of good family and estimable character. A few months after his marriage he sent his resignation to the secretary of state, left his wife, and went back to his wild life among the Cherokees. He remained with the Indians some three years. In 1832–33 he arrived in Texas, and began the practice of law at San Augustine.

When the war between the Texans and Mexicans broke out, Houston was elected commander-in-chief of the army.

He led the army in person at the battle of San Jacinto, where he captured Santa Anna, president of Mexico.

Houston was then elected president of the Republic. After the annexation of Texas, he represented Texas in the United-States Senate. He was subsequently elected governor of Texas, and died at Huntsville, Tex., in August, 1863.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LATE years it has come to be acknowledged that Texas is the broadest, widest, deepest, and most intensely gorgeous State in the Union. Her cattle are upon a thousand hills, and there are more than ten thousand cattle to a hill; her historic battle-fields are more numerous, and every field more gory, than those of other lands; her rattlesnakes have more rattles, and the rattles are bigger, than those of the snakes of other climes; her bayous and swamps produce more ague than those of other countries, and there are ten per cent more shakes to the ague; her sons can swear deeper and yell louder than the army in Flanders; and her daughters, in equestrian exercises, *à la* clothespin, are said to equal the Amazons of old: but it is not on these things that Texas rests her claim to be the top rail of the fence in the federation of States.

Latent poetic genius, that has been slumbering in the breast of one of her daughters, has been discovered, and, with some little encouragement, has burst into an incandescent flame of poetic fire, culminating in "The Spinning Song, and Other Pieces," by Mrs. P. C. Allison, Austin (Texas Capital, Pub.), — a book that I picked up while at Austin.

England boasts her Shakspeare; Germany, Goethe; Ireland, Moore; Michigan, the "Sweet Singer;" and in the days that are to come, Texas, with her fifty million inhabitants, will boast of her Allison; and once a year her citizens will celebrate the natal day of a poetess, who, to use her own language, "knocked 'em all."

This poetess — whose gems of inspiration, clothed in the exuberant fancy and language of the gods, are destined to scintillate through the realms of thought, and grow brighter and brighter as future ages learn to appreciate their worth, — this female genius — first saw the light in Travis County, Tex., in 18—. Her early life is shrouded in mystery. Enough, however, is known, to indicate that she exhibited signs of budding genius at any early age; but it was not until mellow middle age that she "dropped into poetry." A happy inspiration turned her thoughts to the muse. That she took the step believing she was fulfilling her mission, is evident. Hear her defence of the poets:—

"There's nothing wrong in making a song:
It don't take long, if wit and learning's strong.
If you've wit and education, though poor your situation,
There's nothing in creation will give you a better recommendation.
A good grammar scholar is a head out of hollow,
If they don't own a dollar, but half enough to swallow."

Here she affirms at the outset that the maker of a song is not necessarily guilty of any transgression. "It don't take long." See the superiority of the genius of our poetess! We have been taught to believe that all the great poets labored hard, and burned the midnight oil, as they laboriously measured their verses off by the feet; but our poetess scorns this traditional snail's pace, and possesses so much of the divine *afflatus* that she just runs poetry off by the yard as it were, and can afford to throw in (as she does) a few extra feet in some lines for good measure.

In this age of slipshod English, it is gratifying to find a great mind presenting so forcibly the advantages of a grammatical education. How could the grand truth be more strongly presented than in the touching stanza just quoted? And how comforting the lesson of the world-without-end, everlasting justice and equilibrium of circumstances taught in the assertion, that, even if the proficient grammarian is lacking in pecuniary resources, yet still he has the satisfaction of feeling that he "is a head out of hollow"!

In keeping with the foregoing is the sentiment in the follow-

ing, which we quote from one of the song-gems contained in the volume : —

> "If we are asked to another, we must go if its further,
> Assist a brother, or a neighbor, or a mother.
> If we show we are tight, they'll treat us right;
> They'll quit us quite, feel inclined to slight."

Worthy of our admiration is the childlike confidence in her fellows, shown by the great and trusting heart of this woman. "If," she says, "we show we are tight, they will treat us right." Even in the powerless condition of inebriation she will trust herself in their hands, feeling confident that they will conduct themselves toward her with rectitude, as it were.

In the ballad of the "Conscript" we find this pearl : —

> "We are like a swarm of bees that has lost their king,
> Though we will humble to our knees; and to God let us sing.
> And I claim that home for mine. [The chorus.]
> Like wine in a bowl that's set and lost it sever,
> If God will take my soul, welcome, Yankees, to my liver."

See the strong vein of piety that runs through these lines. The martyrs of old, at the stake, were oblivious of their surroundings, and cared not for the future disposition of their anatomy, when the fire was kindled, and their last chance to bribe the sheriff or break jail was gone. With some such feeling, with her heart full of forgiveness to her enemies, and with unheard-of generosity, does our poetess close the pious chorus, with a free offer of her *liver* to the foe. Instead of the morbid melancholy that characterizes most of the world's great poems, we find a cheerful spirit predominant in all the works of this wonderful woman. Witness the following : —

> "I am resolved to end my life in quietness and peace;
> So, when I'm called to leave, no strife, but cheerfully decease."

Even the grim tyrant cannot rob her of her peace and equanimity. She is resolved to face the old scythe-man himself, and "decease" in a manner characteristic of the cheerfulness of her life and writings. With that delightful air of unconventionality and frankness to be found only in the land of the

setting sun, she speaks of her enemies, disdaining to conciliate the foe: —

"If I'm killed by a Yankee, I'm killed by a foe;
Would God give thanky to them that do so?
If I lose a few days here, I'll gain them there;
I'll live in safer care, have better fare."

The air of resignation and the spirit of faith that are expressed here in terms of lyric fervor is something worthy of commendation. By the act of the enemy she may lose a few days here; but she is content to do so, for will she not gain them *there*, where, as she claims, the fare is of a superior quality?

Among the meteors of fancy that flash through the pages of the volume, we find a graphic description of the death of an officer on duty. I quote a few lines: —

"A noble officer of Lockhart town, that never bled a heart
(He now is sleeping under ground, from many friends did part),
On July 7 some distance went, his duty to fulfil.
A dreadful ball, with vengeance sent, the noble man did kill.
He'd captured the object of pursuit, his visible arms laid down;
But one was hidden in his boot — unfortunately, never found.
Preparing for to make him fast, he asked to take a chew;
Quick his hand his pocket past, the deathly weapon drew,
Murdered him quick as thought: in death the victim fell;
No sight of wife or mother caught, as he sighed to the world farewell."

See the minuteness of detail in this hair-curdling description of a desperate deed. Who but a master-mind would have thought of mentioning that ordinary but significant incident on which, probably, the after-fate of the murderer hung, — "he asked — he asked to take a chew"?

It is evident that the writer had but two objects in view when she published this little volume. First, she saw that there was an aching void in literature that wanted filling, and she determined to fill it with useful truths and moral facts; for morality is the strong point — the head and front, as it were — of these poems. Again, she desired to add to her depleted exchequer so much of this world's dross as might accrue from the sale of

her poems; for, though a good grammar scholar, and, as a consequence, satisfied even if she "don't own a dollar," yet she had learned from experience that a little money lubricates the cares of life.

The cheerful, not to say hilarious, poetry of Mrs. Allison is in marked contrast with the dolorous literature that passes current for poetry in this age.

Most of the poetry manufactured in the present day is written by women. A marked feature of almost all of it is gloom and low-spirited woe. There is nothing cheerful about it. Women never pen a joyous carol or a merry lay. They confine themselves to raking up the cold ashes of a dismal past, and harrowing our feelings with dolorous prophecies regarding a joyless and insolvent future. This would lead one to believe that the average poetess is bilious; but such is not the case. I have known some women who were the light of their respective households, the life of the social circle, — women who would darn socks with hilarity, and construct a rag-carpet with exultant glee, — women whose buoyant spirits were as sunshine in their homes; and yet these same women, when they sat down with pen in hand, and when the poetry began to boil up inside them, would become unhappy, and be filled with gnawing sorrow, bitter grief, and a brand of misery that would register away up above proof.

The first thing a poetess who thinks she understands her business does, is to go back into the storeroom of her memory, and resurrect some corroding care or effete heartache that should have been thrown out into the alley long ago. She ponders over this until a gloomy anguish takes possession of her, her heart begins to bleed, and severe pangs of unhappiness course through her veins. Her whole being becomes permeated with a mournful sadness, and an army-sized wail begins struggling to get out of her. Then she is ready for business; and the poetry begins to flow in short-metre lamentations about how cold and drear every thing is, and how much she pines for solitude and death; and, as she warms to her work, she will probably have something to say about "faded flowers," "leafless boughs," "blasted hopes," and "a hollow world."

There is too much of this unshed-tear style of poetry going around. We know that the world is hollow, and that it is a fleeting show, and that women are fickle, and that all men are liars, and that life is but a weary interlude, and that death will be a relief (especially from this class of poetry); but Job and David and Solomon told us all that long ago, and I protest against these time-worn and dismal truisms being repeated every hour, and thrust on me with all their defective rhyme, halting rhythm, and no reason at all.

Let there be a revolution in this matter, and the world will be all the better for it. Let us have something cheerful, — some poetry with hope and joy and gladness in it. Although the rose has thorns, don't grieve over that, but rather remember that it has beauty and a sweet odor. Banish the clouds, sweep out the dead autumn leaves, and give us sunshine and budding flowers.

I noticed one very peculiar feature about Austin. The police-station is up on the top of a mountain, while the saloons are all down in the valleys. I seriously contemplated addressing a communication to the mayor, calling his attention to how much better it would be to have the saloons on the top of the mountains, and the lockup down in the valley. Everybody has seen how hard it is sometimes to induce an intoxicated reveller to go to the lockup, even when it is quite handy to the saloon, and on the same level: therefore, what a wear and tear it must be, on the police and their clothes, to persuade an intoxicated man to climb up a mountain at an angle of worse than forty-five degrees! In fact, it would seem impossible, unless the saloon below was connected with the lockup with a pulley and a long rope; and then there would be no fun in it. On the other hand, if the saloons were upon the dizzy mountain-heights, and the lockup down below, all the police would have to do would be to take the reveller, and drop him down into the jail-yard. The distance, as the crow flies, is only a few hundred feet: so, with a little practice, a policeman could hit the jail with an inebriate nine times out of ten. And yet here these simple people have been bringing men to the lockup with a derrick for the last forty years. On reflection, I have come to the conclusion that

saloons are low places, anyhow. Still, I am not dictating to the Austin city council. They may have their reasons for keeping the saloons where they are.

I believe I stated that Austin is a city of ups and downs, and this is the case in more respects than one. I will try and explain. I was driving out with a gentleman who lived in Austin. I noticed that the houses were very neat, and I called his attention to one very pretty little cottage. "Yes," responded my companion. "Poor fellow! he could not build much of a house: he paid fifty cents when he failed. Just wait until I show you the mansion of a fellow who failed on fifteen cents on the dollar."

SCENERY ON THE COLORADO, NEAR AUSTIN.

Pretty soon I saw a fine-looking house with spacious grounds, and I was told that the owner paid thirty cents on the dollar. At last we came to a palatial residence. The house was of cut stone; the windows were of plate-glass. There were fountains and flowers and shrubbery. In short, the property was worth probably fifty thousand dollars. The owner, as soon as he had it built and

furnished, failed, paying ten cents on the dollar. As I said, Austin is full of ups and downs.

One of the most interesting things I saw while at Austin was the treaty between England and the Republic of Texas. It is not a very voluminous document, but it is gotten up in gorgeous style. It is in a box by itself, has blue and red ribbons, and the signature of Queen Victoria attached to it. The treaty was signed by Victoria on the 25th of May, 1842, just about the time Wales was busy getting his teeth at Buckingham Palace. The handwriting is rather large for a lady. Queen Victoria signs herself familiarly "Victoria R.," the "R" being provided with a downward flourish, as much as to say, "Thank goodness, that's done." The letters, being more regular than round, look as if written by a German. I think I know how that occurred. It was just after breakfast in Buckingham Palace, when a knock was heard at the door. Victoria, thinking it was a sewing-machine agent, peeped through the shutters, and perceived Lord Palmerston with the treaty in his hand. She instantly rushed to the back door, and called out, "You, Albert! oh, you, Albert von Coburg Gotha Sigamarin von Kuhschwappel Moltenburg, come here this minit!" And upon his coming up she told him, "Here's Palmerston, and that treaty with the savages in Texas, and I hain't got the breakfast-dishes washed, nor my hair done up, and Wales is howling for his — for his nourishment. Do, Albert von Gotha, take Palmerston into the parlor, and sign that thing for me: that's a good feller." And it was his duty, and he did it. That accounts for the peculiarities in the signature. In the treaty the word "republic" is spelled "republick."

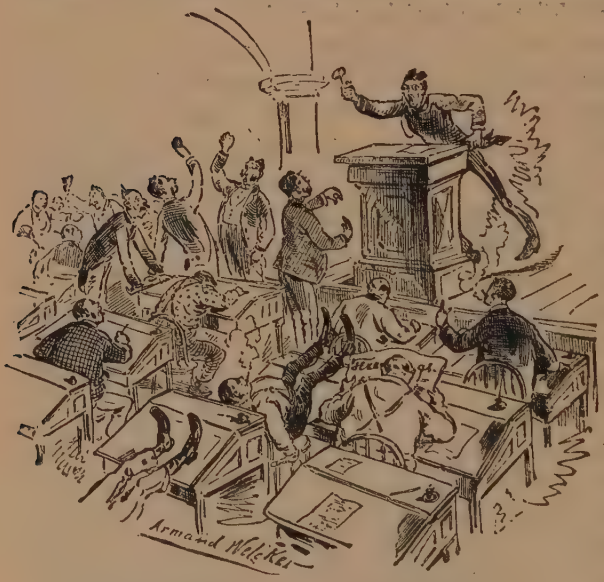
But the seal was what surprised me. It was staked out to the treaty with two ribbons, and was in a round tin box as big as a dinner-bucket. You took off the cover, and there was the seal in yellow wax: but, owing to the inclemency of the weather, the wax had run; and that imposing female, Britannia, armed with a pitchfork, was mixed up so with the lion and the unicorn, that you couldn't tell them apart. I didn't try.

I was also shown the treaty with France. It, too, had a seal that would require a dray to move. Louis Philippe's signature

is gorgeous. It looks as if he had given the whole of his mind to it.

The king of the Netherlands signs himself simply "William," with a flourish that looks like a window-shutter struck by lightning.

The treaty of annexation is there too. I hope Daniel Webster can prove an *alibi;* but the average juryman would decide that he was guilty of having just dined before he signed his name to it. John C. Calhoun's signature is a very modest one. He could write a book with the ink Louis Philippe used.



A SPIRITED DEBATE IN THE TEXAS LEGISLATURE.

I went to see the Legislature when in session, and obtained some interesting statistics.

There were seventeen members in their shirt-sleeves, of whom five had their vests off. There were two who had their boots off, and thirteen were smoking. There were three who seemed to be asleep, and two were snoring in different voices. I don't blame them much for that. The question arises, Why should not the members be required to treat the Speaker with the same courtesy that they expect of him? What would the members think if the Speaker had a cigar in his mouth, and spent half the time holding up his feet for them to inspect the bottom of his boots?

After you have conversed with legislators, and listened to

the row going on at the Capitol, you insensibly absorb, not only a great deal of crude wisdom, but a wealth of parliamentary slang. After I had listened to a spirited debate in the House, I went to my hotel, or rather the hotel I was stopping at, for dinner. I ordered some soup; and the waiter, owing to a pressure of business I suppose, forgot to bring it. I arose to a point of order, and moved the previous question. He understood what I meant, for he moved to lay it on the table at once. A man who was eating at the same table asked me to pass the butter; and, without thinking what I was saying, I told him he could get nothing passed unless there was a quorum present. If he desired, I would have the rolls (nice "warm French rolls") called. He looked at me rather hard, and moved his seat nearer to the door, so that he could get out quickly. He thought I was crazy, but I wasn't. I had only been listening to the proceedings in the House.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM AFRICA HAD THE FLOOR.

Another fellow wanted some bread; and he, too, looked as if there was some ambiguity in my language, when I told him he ought to apply to his local representative, or he might refer the matter to the gentleman from Africa, who had the floor, and who was chairman of the board at that hotel.

I heard him afterwards tell the hotel-clerk that it was a shame that my relatives allowed me to wander about, making a fool of myself; but he supposed there was no room in the lunatic-

asylum. A man who was eating a large watermelon on the opposite side of the table asked me what I thought of the Legislature; and he seemed somewhat surprised when I replied mechanically, "I think it might pass, if every thing after the enacting clause were stricken out."

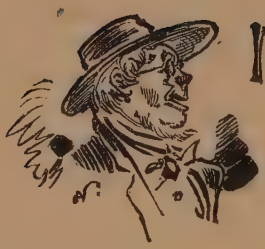
After I got through with dinner, and sauntered out into the hall, I was waited on by a delegation of newsboys, each one of whom presented me with a copy of the local paper; and, when they wanted a nickel, I thoughtlessly told them that there was no chance of their bill passing, unless it was tacked on to the general deficiency. As they still clamored for nickels, I informed them that the appropriation was exhausted. When I was presented with a memorial from the clerk of the hotel at which I was boarding, I made a little speech to the effect that the bill pass to its second reading, or that we could go into executive session and debate the question. The hotel-clerk was pretty well up in parliamentary usage; for he said he should consider himself a committee of one, with authority from the governor to veto my baggage.

Austin is most emphatically a pretty city, perhaps the prettiest in Texas. In some respects it has advantages over San Antonio. There is, in the first place, the beautiful mountain scenery. Then the location of the city on a number of hills is calculated to please the eye, particularly as these heights are crowned with family residences, the architecture of which is infinitely superior to that observable in the Alamo City. In San Antonio, when a man builds a fine house, he selects a piece of ground to fit the house (that is, of about the same size); and consequently he has to hang the family clothes out on the shrubbery in the front yard, the possible object being to astonish the passer-by with the amount of underclothing the proud proprietor can boast of. In Austin, however, the people do not appear to be so ostentatious (no intentional perpetration of a pun is designed): there appears an unwillingness to inform the public as to the extent and variety of their underwear. Possibly the Austinites do not wear many clothes in summer; but, at any rate, they build their houses on large lots, and have ample room for back-yards and clothes-lines.

Like San Antonio, Austin is provided with water-works, ice-factories, and street-cars; also with gas, which, like that of the former city, is evidently not intended for illuminating-purposes.

Austin is said to be the hottest place in Texas in the summer, and the coldest in winter. The wind does not blow much, except on Capitol Hill, where there is an unlimited supply of the article, particularly when the Legislature is in session. This is a meteorological fact of great significance. It has been proposed to utilize this immense natural force in drawing the street-cars up to the Capitol, and in extracting water from a fourteen-hundred-feet artesian well, one of the minor bores that are to be found in that neighborhood.

CHAPTER XLVII.



IN AUSTIN we made the acquaintance of Major L. B. Johnson. The major has a dog — an imported dog. It came across the Atlantic, accompanied by a document which shows that its father was a Gordon setter, out of Horehound, by Peruvian Bark, dam Borax, out of Bromide of Potassium, winner of the Astley stakes, and that its mother was a female dog equally rich in distinguished ancestors. To look at the brute, and hear its owner talk about it, I could not help getting the impression, somehow, that it was composed of about one-third restrained appetite, one-third dog, and the balance pedigree; but I anticipate. The major called on us, and invited us to come out to his plantation and spend a day with him. Then he added, as a glittering inducement, that, if we would go, he would take his new and imported dog out for the first time, and show us what intelligence and blood combined, in a game-dog, could accomplish.

"Has he never caught a rabbit before, major?" I inquired.

The major was indignant.

"Of course not, nor behind, either. Why, this is no rabbit-dog. He is not a greyhound. Haven't I told you that he is a pure Gordon setter? In fact, he is more Gordon than setter, if that is possible. Catch a rabbit? Faugh! Why, my dog is a game-dog: an imported dog sets game, you know. If you were to sic him at a rabbit, or turn him loose on a cat, he wouldn't move a muscle of his eye or a wink of his tail; but, when it comes to partridges and prairie-chickens, he is right there, and business all over. A Gordon setter, gentlemen, will set a par-

tridge the first time it ever sees a green field, or smells a feather. Instinct teaches them. It is hereditary intelligence, that comes to them from a long line of trained ancestors. Just as a retriever takes to water, or a sheep-dog to sheep, so a setter takes to setting game-birds. They don't make mistakes. You come out, and I'll show you."

THE START.

We agreed to go, for we were anxious to hunt for quail; not, however, because we had lost any quail, or because there was a reward offered for any quail that had strayed off and got lost.

We arrived at Onion Creek at eight A.M., where we formed a junction with the Johnson contingent.

Shutting one eye, and feasting the other on the Gordon setter, the major half way made up his mind not to take the imported animal along. "He is too fine, too valuable, I tell you, to take out with such a dangerous mob as this. He might get hurt; and, gentlemen, five hundred dollars in gold wouldn't buy a fifth interest in that pup. As he needs relaxation, however, I reckon I'll risk him; but be careful how you shoot, and don't interrupt him when he is setting."

THE IMPORTED DOG.

The procession started. It was not long before it halted at a mesquite and cactus *chaparral*, where the major said that he knew there must be quail.

"Now, gentlemen, watch him. — Set steady, s-t-e-a-d-y, Duke, s-t-e-a-d-y, sir."

Duke waved his feather-duster tail wildly in the air, barked several cheerful and triumphant barks, then holding up his nose as if he smelled a rat or saw something brewing in the air, which he was determined to nip in the bud, he uttered a prolonged howl, and, leaping with a joyous bound into a bunch of prickly-pears, he flushed an entire covey of quail, and also a jack-rabbit, which he remorselessly pursued across the prairie. Major Johnson was also flushed, but perhaps that was the effects of the demijohn.

There was an angry glitter in the corners of the major's mouth as he puckered it up, and whistled for the imported dog to return; but nobody except the rabbit seemed to have any influence with the brute.

DUKE.

He had got his Gordon up, and he was bound to overtake the rabbit, or die in his tracks. The major started after the valuable animal, followed by such suggestions as, "Don't disturb him while he is setting. Steady, major, s-t-e-a-d-y!" "You needn't try, major: you know you couldn't sic an *imported* dog on a rabbit."

At least half an hour slipped away into eternity before the major, accompanied by Duke, returned. He received in silence the congratulations of his friends upon the recovery of the priceless animal. It was only when his brother, Tiff, who was one of the party, in a plug hat and a playful mood asked if the rabbit had been captured, that the major displayed emotion. He said, "Tiff, you always were a —— ——, and you are not improving as you grow older;" and then he proceeded to cut a large sapling, without stating whether it was for Tiff or the descendant of the winner of the Astley cup. Then followed a painful interview between Major Johnson and the son of Horehound by Peruvian Bark. Tiff looked as if a load were

lifted off his mind when he found that the club was for the dog.

It seemed that Duke, in addition to his value as a hunting-dog, possessed musical ability. He howled a touching solo while the major tapped him with the mesquite sapling; and the audience applauded the major, and soothed him with such remarks as, —

"Don't hit him on his pedigree, major."

"He can't help it: it's his hereditary sagacity that makes him do it."

The major got through instructing the dog, with the remark that he thought he had given him a lesson he wouldn't forget; and the procession moved on.

"DON'T HIT HIM ON HIS PEDIGREE, MAJOR."

The hunters for quail were about to retire from the business, when Duke flushed a cow; and while he, the cow, and the major formed a moving tableau out on the prairie a mile to the left, the excursionists killed several quail. But, after Duke and his owner rejoined the procession, the same sad scenes were enacted over again, the major using his cartridge-belt this time, as it had been fully demonstrated that slamming the dog against trees, and beating him against the surface of the United States, had failed to convey the desired hint.

It was suggested to the major by his brother, that the punishment might alienate the affection of the dog, and that he might run away and not return; but the major replied that he had no fears of that, as Duke was very much attached to him.

A few more quail were shot while the dog was giving his attention to other business, but the sport was much retarded by the major's interviews with the dog. We seriously contemplated buying shares in the valuable animal, so that the major

would be prevented from punishing him without a majority vote of the stockholders. We compromised, however, by appointing a delegation to wait on the major, and suggest that next time we came out for a day's sport with that dog, in order to save time, either the dog be properly instructed with a crowbar before starting out, or else that the major keep a running account of the brute's indiscretions during the hunt, and settle up with the setter all at once, after he got home, taking half a day and a plank to it.

The reader will suppose that twenty minutes have elapsed, during which time we were seeking refreshments at the wagon, when we were startled by an exclamation from the major. The dog had made a dead set at something. His tail was as straight as a party ticket, and he seemed to take an absorbing interest in a bunch of long grass. He was prevailed on by encouraging words to attack the bunch of grass. There is a moment of breathless excitement, then wild commotion, as a small, four-footed animal leaps from its concealment, trips up the major, and runs over him in its mad career across the landscape, with Duke in pursuit. A vast solitude of smell surrounds us, and then we hurriedly start for the wagon. The polecat kept on, while the spotted dog still pursued her. In addition to the dog flushing the polecat, and the entire party of sportsmen being flushed by the cat, the team and wagon had been flushed by the combined commotion, and the driver was making desperate efforts to prevent them from climbing over the horizon. When we at last got into the wagon, and the major had recovered his dog, and a large share of the prominent characteristics of the polecat that came back with him, we were gratified to find that the demijohn was one thing that had not been flushed. It was the only thing in the country that had a natural smell.

Duke was tied to his owner's cartridge-belt by a short rope, to keep him from escaping after any more game. It was a sad journey back to town for the major; and the remarks made about "hereditary intelligence" in dogs, and the influence of "trained ancestors," seemed to pain him. Our return was marked by no incident worth mentioning, except the jumping

of the dog out of the wagon, his object being to flush another rabbit. As the dog was very much attached to the major, — by a rope, as before stated, — the major accompanied his faithful animal.

Next time I go shooting quail, I shall take several imported dogs, if they can be obtained. I find that they add much to the interest of the sport.

While in Austin, I borrowed a history of Texas for the purpose of verifying some historical dates. It was called "The Pictorial History of Texas," and written by the Rev. H. Thrall. As a history, the book is unique. It contains three hundred pages of compilations from Yokum's "History of Texas," one hundred pages of portraits and biographical sketches of old veterans and colonists, whose chief merit seems to have been that they furnished names for the new counties created in Texas in 1860 and 1872. The rest of the books consists of descriptions of towns and counties as they existed in 1878. But it is the pictorial part of this history that is full of interest to the searcher after historic lore, and the true inwardness of past events. The appropriateness of some of these illustrations, and their bearing on history, might be questioned. Nevertheless, it must interest a foreigner, who seeks acquaintance with the history of Texas, when he pays five dollars for Thrall's "Pictorial History," and, opening the volume, finds a woodcut representing the unpretentious Masonic Hall at Palestine

THE DOG WAS VERY MUCH ATTACHED TO THE MAJOR.

(corner-stone laid A.D. 1875). When he turns over a few pages, and gazes at the Methodist church at Corpus Christi (built by subscription A.D. 18—), the artist's close adherence to nature will forcibly strike him, as he marks the uniformity of the pickets in the fence surrounding the church. These are little things, but evidently Mr. Thrall considered them parts of the history of a great country.

The engraving entitled "Scene on the Comal River" is one of the best and most appropriate illustrations I ever saw. In the foreground is a neat little sheet of water, with a rotten log sticking out of a hole in it. The edge of the water is fringed with nondescript trees; and a small boy, with an unnecessary amount of bare legs, is in the act of catching a very large fish. This is a good illustration, because it is appropriate to any river in the world. No one could prove that it was not a scene on the Thames, or a glimpse of the Ganges. Not so fortunate was Mr. Thrall when he selected the second-hand plate that he used to illustrate "A Scene on the Trinity River." He inadvertently overlooked the fact that there were some palm-trees in the picture, and palm-trees do not grow in Texas. So the illustration is not very reliable now; but it will be in the years to come, when the antiquary, unearthing a copy of the "Pictorial History," proves from its pages that back in the nineteenth century the climate was tropical, and that palm-trees flourished in the United States. Thus it is that history is made.

A few years ago the people of Texas gave themselves a constitution, one of the sections of which reads as follows: "The Legislature shall have no power to appropriate any of the public money for the establishment and maintenance of a bureau of immigration, or for any purpose of bringing immigrants to this State."

It is currently believed that the framers of the Texas constitution had moss two feet in length growing on their backs.

That such a provision as that quoted is to be found in the constitution of the State, is a disgrace to the people of Texas, and a painful commentary on their intelligence. I was gratified to learn that fifty-six thousand voters cast their votes

against the adoption of the constitution containing the anti-immigration clause.

Texas needs immigration, — there can be no question about that, — and the kind of immigrants Texas wants are men who will produce something, — men who will add to the intrinsic value of the land by cultivating and improving it, — men who will get up early in the morning, and work six days in the week, and who will not think it too much trouble to milk a cow, that they may have cream for their coffee, — men who will not be content merely to scratch the ground, and make a bare living, but who will plough deep, and cultivate the land as the rich and productive soil of Texas should be cultivated. Texas wants these men to bring with them money enough to buy land, fence it, and put it in cultivation, and wants them to have ambition enough to aspire to something better in the future than a "corn-bread and fry" diet.

Texas wants any number of strong, able-bodied men who can plough and dig, and sow and reap, — men who are willing to accept reasonable wages, and who are neither ashamed nor afraid to labor on a farm, drive a team, or work on a cattle or sheep ranch, — men who will rent a farm, and who will live economically for a year or two, content to use molasses now, that they may have butter after a while.

Texas wants capitalists, — men who have energy and enterprise to utilize the irrigation facilities that most of the rivers and streams afford, — men with money to build cotton and woollen mills, to run saw-mills, to make leather, to build narrow-gauge railroads, to utilize the immense water-power, and to develop the mineral resources of the country.

Texas wants the farmer, because there are sixty-five million acres of land that need cultivating. Texas wants to add to her wealth by having cotton, corn, wheat, etc., raised on the sixty-five million acres that are now unproductive.

Political economists claim that the average immigrant is indirectly worth to the State he settles in one thousand dollars. This valuation of the immigrant is certainly not an over-estimation; for the labor of one man, one year, breaking and fencing, will add five hundred dollars to the value of a

piece of prairie-land. Every laborer, farmer, and stockman will, by his labor, add something to the wealth of the State; they will to some extent increase exports; and, as a consequence, every citizen will, either directly or indirectly, be benefited. It could easily be shown how the merchant, the artisan, and the professional man, are all benefited by immigration; but it will be to the land-owner that the most immediate and direct profit will accrue. He will sell some of his land to the immigrant, or, if he does not, the value of his land will be enhanced by the immigrant settling near it.

Texas wants the stockman, because he will raise cattle, horses, and sheep on the great prairies, where millions of acres of grass are now unused; and, shipping these cattle to foreign markets, he will bring back gold, or the necessities and luxuries that gold will buy.

The immigrant who has money enough to buy a farm can obtain land in Texas as rich as any in the United States at from fifty cents to five dollars an acre, according to location. He can buy the land, and pay for it in instalments extending over a term of from three to ten years. His farm will not need manure during his lifetime. The average yield of Texas farming-land per acre, according to statistics carefully compiled and published by the government, is as follows: cotton, 275 pounds; wheat, 24⅛ bushels; corn, 39⅞ bushels; oats, 56⅛ bushels.

Texas offers the immigrant a climate that will allow of work in the fields three hundred and odd days in the year. Texas offers work to the poor man who is without money. Farmers will give him lodging and board, and pay him good wages, or they will rent him all the land he can cultivate, furnish him with teams and implements, and a house for his family to live in. For his labor they will give him one-half of the crop that he may raise. They will furnish him and his family with provisions, receiving payment for the same out of his share of the crop when it is marketed.

To the stockman, Texas offers grass that is green all the year round; and, for the small sum of from fifty cents to two dollars an acre, he can get a deed to the grass and the land it

grows on, — a deed that will hold it to him, his heirs and assigns, until Gabriel makes the last grand "round-up." Texas offers a home to the oppressed of all nations, — a home where they will be free from the tyranny of landlords, and the arrogance of the alleged superiority of birth, and where they will be free men, with a voice in the government of a country destined to lead the nations of the world.

We took the train on the Central Railroad at Austin, and we rode a day and a night before we crossed the Texas line. All along the road the land is rolling prairie, rich and productive. The farms are better cultivated than those in Southern Texas; and there are more evidences of thrift and enterprise surrounding them than are to be seen in the southern and western parts of the State.

My last night in Texas was spent in lower berth No. 7, in a Pullman car, between Hearne and the gate-city of Texas, — Denison.

I was lying in my berth, looking out at the moonlit landscape, trying to picture to myself the future of the great State of Texas; the man in upper No. 6 was snoring with the regularity of a death-watch; the porter was turning down the lights; the passenger in the berth above had just retired; and the wheels of the car were reciting that monotonous and soothing lullaby, "rickety-clack, rick, rack," — when the wand of Morpheus touched me. The noise of the wheels, as they jolted and bumped over the worn-out rails of the Central Railroad, became more and more indistinct, until I ceased to be conscious of its existence.

Then there appeared to me the spirit that presides over dreams and visions. He invested me with supernatural power of vision and of intuition; and then, taking me by the hand, he carried me up above the earth, and, with that absurd incongruity that characterizes dreams and visions, time and distance had no measure. In a few moments we passed over the whole length and breadth of Texas; not the Texas I had known before, but the Texas of the year 1950, — Texas with fifteen thousand miles of railroads, — Texas with seventy-five million acres of corn, cotton, and sugar fields, — Texas with fifteen mil-

lion inhabitants. I saw cities and towns that had sprung up since the century's birth, and become great manufacturing and commercial centres. In these cities and towns I heard the whir of innumerable cotton-spindles; the purring sound of molten metal, as it was poured into mould and matrix; the clatter of hundreds of sewing-machines, as they made into garments the cotton and woollen fabrics manufactured on Texas looms. I passed by great buildings, noisy with the rattle of machinery that manufactured all manner of articles fashioned of iron and steel, and brass and copper. In one city the manufacture of pottery and glass was the principal industry: in another, it was paper, leather, and agricultural implements.

We stopped for a moment on the magnificent monument erected on Capitol Hill, Austin, in 1895, by the State of Texas, to commemorate the heroic deeds done at the Alamo. From the summit of this imposing pile, we looked down upon the capital of the largest, richest, and politically the most powerful, State in the Union.

An old man stood beside me on the parapet, talking to a boy. He said, —

"My son, the advantages that surround you should give you much cause for thankfulness. When I was your age, a large majority of the men who held office, and who made our laws, were old fossils, who were fit for little else than to tell lies about how honest the citizens of Texas were, and what good times they had, in 'the palmy days of the republic.'

"They retarded the growth and progress of the State by their moss-backed laws, illiberal policy, and short-sighted statesmanship; but, thank God! these things could only delay, not prevent, the progress of a State with the wonderful natural advantages that Texas has. In the time I speak of, much of our great wealth of public land was squandered. The State did very little to educate her children. The doors of the public schools were closed nine months in the year. We had not a public library in the State; and the man who was so ignorant that he could not write his name had the same voice in the government of the country that the most intelligent citizen had. In those days the law said, in substance, that twelve of

the most ignorant men the sheriff could find were to be selected to act as jurors in murder cases; and the courts virtually decided that the stealing of a pony was a crime deserving of more severe punishment than the killing of a man. Then intelligence was transmitted long distances by means of the old-fashioned and cumbrous telegraph-wires; and the best motive power we had to run our railroad-trains, and all kinds of heavy machinery, was the dangerous and expensive steam-power that you have, no doubt, read about.

"But you, in this year of grace, have inherited the grand inventions of the last one hundred years, — inventions that are equal in power and usefulness to those of all the preceding years in the world's history. The generation now taking hold of the politics and business of the State has benefited by the magnificent public schools that were established twenty-five years ago, and that have been nurtured and perfected by wise legislation since. The intelligent, the educated, the best men in the State aspire to seats in the legislative halls, and you, therefore, enjoy the blessing of intelligent and just laws; and, as a consequence, the name of Judge Lynch is now only a tradition. Of all the 'goodly heritage' that has been bequeathed to you, there is nothing that you should be more proud of than the sight that greets your eyes as you look over to yonder hill, and see the towers and domes and spires of the Texas University, — a seat of learning that has no superior, except in age, in the United States. My son, you have much, very much, to be thankful for."

We left the old man and the boy on the monument, as we passed over the State House, built in 1890, and which, in beauty of architectural lines, vastness of extent, and richness of material, is a great contrast to the old State House that formerly stood on the same spot. On, over plains covered with waving corn, and past fields white with cotton-bolls, where mechanical cotton-pickers were each doing the work that formerly twenty negroes did not do as well, — out to the mining-regions of the West, where the hills are pierced, drilled, and honey-combed with shaft and tunnel and pit; where tens of thousands of mines are rifling the strongholds of the everlasting hills of their treasures of gold, silver, copper, coal, and

iron, — down along the irrigated valleys of the Rio Grande, and up the low coast-line of the State, we sweep, until we pause for a moment at the city of Galveston, the great seaport of Texas. We see fleets of ships from all parts of the world anchored at her wharves, and being loaded with cotton and wool, corn and wheat, and hundreds of minor products that Texas has become famous for. We see the representatives of wealth and fashion driving on the magnificent beach, lolling on the bâlconies of the immense hotels, or promenading on the iron pier, while we hear the newsboys calling, "Yere's yer 'Galveston Illustrated Daily News!' Twenty-four pages fur a cent!" We listen for a moment to the bands playing, and above the roar of the ocean we hear, "DENISON! PASSENGERS FOR THE NORTH — TWENTY MINUTES FOR BREAKFAST!"

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